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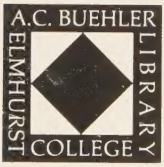

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REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CHICAGO AND VICINITY

Edward Gale

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CHICAGO AND VICINITY

EDWIN O. GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. E. S. TROWBRIDGE

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October

TO MY SIX SONS,
WHO HAVE ALWAYS TAKEN
SO MUCH INTEREST IN MY STORIES OF
EARLY CHICAGO, THESE REMINISCENCES
ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

"Youth, like softened wax, with ease will take
Those images that first impressions make."

The evolution of Chicago from an insignificant trading post to what it is to-day, occurring, as it has, during the continuous residence within its borders of a person who, as Holmes would say, is but 68 years young, seems more like a fairy story than an historical reality.

I shall not endeavor to make an exact chronological statement of the incidents of our remarkable development, but rather to view the ground in its primal state and speak of the early toilers who planted the seeds which have produced the results so marvelous in themselves and of such interest to us and posterity.

My purpose is to draw the curtain (every day becoming more difficult to do), which conceals the slowly fading past from the rapidly changing present, that the reader may acquire, as I did, some knowledge of the characteristics of the men who planted the orchard whose fruit is now the wonder and admiration of every land.

It was at an early age that I began to make mental record of events connected with our growth, and but a few years later, when I commenced to jot down at my father's dictation, or in reply to the questions I asked him, many of the facts which I shall now at-

tempt to combine into a plain, though truthful narrative of the early days of our city and vicinity. And possibly, as the shuttle of thought plays through the loom of memory, weaving the present with the past, the fabric, upon completion, may resemble one of those crazy quilts of our dear old grandmothers, which represented a vast amount of painstaking, conscientious labor, for which we alway give them credit, though their handiwork may not appeal to a cultivated taste as particularly artistic.

It has long been the earnest wish of my children and the desire of some personal friends that I should do something of this kind; and being now released in a great measure from the cares of an intensely active business life, and having reached a quiet and unsolicitous age, I have no excuse for longer delaying a task, delightful to me, and that I think will be of interest to others.

As one who near the close of day
Shall pause upon some lofty knoll,
Thence turn to trace the winding way
By which he's reached his present goal,
May see behind him opening wide
The vistas dim of shaded wood,
While still beyond on every side
Lie crumbling trunks where monarchs stood;
So I, in turning now to view
The paths long years my feet have pressed,
Would look beyond all objects new,
On early scenes my eyes would rest.
I would not walk the present shade,
But where the sun with golden rays
The tapestry of God displayed,
Would talk with you of early days. E. O. G.

Bad R.
ESTERN
TERRITORY
Ruines R.
Monemon Vil.
Green Bay
Winnebago L.
Yahara R.
Wisconsin R.
Canard
Masgantonge R.
LAKE MICHIGAN
Kalamazoo R.
Grand R.
Marquette
HURO
SAGINAWS
Lake R.
Huron R.
LAKE

Section of Phelp's Map of the United States in 1832, showing the prevalence of the Indians and scarcity of whites in this vicinity.

INTRODUCTION

As a few historical facts concerning Chicago and vicinity at and before the time when these reminiscences begin, will be valuable to the reader in the pages that follow, I shall endeavor to give an idea of conditions as they were throughout these parts, and to briefly describe the most important events that preceded those which came under my personal notice. I have before me a wall map published by Phelps in 1832, "from the best authors," from which we can probably obtain a more comprehensive and concise idea of our surroundings at that time than from any other source. Instead of a multiplicity of cities, towns and villages in our vicinity, as we find in modern maps, we see scarcely anything except the names of lakes and rivers, and the settlements of Indian tribes, which are indicated in large characters extending in some instances across an entire state or territory, with a few forts scattered about for the safety of the venturesome and isolated settlers.

OTTAWAS AND CHIPPEWAS.

In very large capitals covers the entire western part

of Michigan Territory. East of them, around the Saginaw Bay section, we see

. . . . . .
. .
. SAGINAWS. .
. .
. . . . . .

On the St. Joseph river, Fort Joseph is the only evidence of the white man's presence; Detroit and Monroe, the only cities in the Territory; Spring Well and Janesville, on the trail between Detroit and Chicago, the only towns.

In Indiana, Onatinon on the Wabash river, and Wayne on the Miami are the only villages north of Indianapolis, above which there is not a single city. The inscription

. . . . . .
. .
. POTTAWATTOMIES. .
. .
. . . . . .

occupies the entire northern portion of the state, and the name

. . . . . .
. .
. MIAMIS. .
. .
. . . . . .

extends from them to the center.

As these were friendly tribes which had relinquished their title to the land, though still permitted by the treaty stipulations—as was the usual custom—to occupy it for 20 years, it required only Fort Adams,

located south of Wayne, to maintain the sovereignty of the Union.

In Illinois, Fort Dearborn and Chicago are mentioned, with Preoris Ville on the Illinois river, besides which there is not a town or city north of Vandalia, the capital of the State.

SAC GREAT VILLAGE.

is at the mouth of the Rock river, south of which extend the

MILITARY BOUNTY LANDS.

Near the head of Rock river we read

ANCIENT MOUNDS.

where in early day

> "They solemnly and softly lay
> Beneath the verdure of the plain
> The warriors' scattered bones away."

Besides the names of various rivers, including Plain-aux-Plaines (the present Des Plaines), northern Illinois had nothing to denote the existence of the

white man. Higher up, on the Father of Waters, where the Ouisconsin (Wisconsin) joins it, is the village of Prairie du Chien or Dog-Indian Village. But over the entire region not occupied by the Menomines —between lakes Michigan and Superior—extending beyond the limits of the North Western Territory, in characters more pronounced than those indicating the title of the Federal Government, boldly ran the legend

CHIPPEWA.

Green Bay (Shantytown) and Fort Howard were swallowed up in the more important

MENOMINY VILLAGE.

The Pottawattomies, designated as occupying Northern Indiana, also extended to Chicago and made it and the vicinity their hunting and trapping ground.

Such was the territory tributary to the settlement at Chicago three years before I arrived.

Turning from this map, designating the homes of the Aborigines within my time, to a modern one giving no intimation that they ever existed save in the names of the rivers and of a few towns, we are reminded of the lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"Ye say they all have passed away
That noble race and brave.
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave.
That midst the forests where they roved
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters,
And ye may not wash it out."

On August 24th, 1816, the Pottawattomies ceded to the United States Government a tract of land 20 miles, wide between Ottawa and Chicago. The land upon which the densest part of the city stands, however, was conveyed by the Miamis to the Government on August 7th, 1795, by a treaty made at Greenville, Ohio, with "Mad Anthony"—General Wayne—and is described as "one piece of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chickajo river emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood," indicating that the French had fortifications at this end of the important portage between the lakes and the Mississippi before General Dearborn was wearing epaulets. Black Partridge, as an acknowledgment of his services in this transfer and of his friendship for the whites, received a medal from President Madison, of which he was extremely proud.

Scientists explain the causes of the various ocean currents, trade winds and many other wonderful and marvelous operations of nature, but few have ever been able to account for the early tide of immigration, or give a valid reason why the constantly growing current of humanity should flow to the little, shallow, obscure stream, known by the Indians

and trappers who dwelt in the vicinity or employed it in their portages as the Che-ca-gou. Some had unquestionably believed in its great future, their faith being attested by their presence. Yet but few early travelers or settlers have left on record their reasons for such faith. One man, however, in 1682—more than two centuries ago—predicted a wonderful career for our city, and gave such an argument for his judgment as to stamp him a person of such exceptional foresight that his marvelously accurate prediction seems almost the offspring of inspiration.

I quote from a letter of the brave and distinguished explorer, Robert Cavalier de La Salle, to a friend in France:

"After many toils I came to the head of the great lake and rested for some days on the bank of a river of feeble current now, flowing into the lake, but which occupies the course that formerly the waters of these great lakes took as they flowed southward to the Mississippi River. This is the lowest point on the divide between the two great valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The boundless regions of the West must send their products to the East through this point. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce. Everything invites to action. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, 'I act, I move, I push,' and there will be spread before him a boundless horizon, an illimitable field of activity; a limitless expanse of plain is here—to the east water and at all other points land. If I were to

give this place a name I would derive it from the nature of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place—ago, I act; circum, all around; Circago."

The recollections of this statement, imparted to an Indian chief, remained but indistinctly, and when the Americans who built Fort Dearborn came to these wilds, they heard what they thought to be the legendary name of the place, and pronounced it as did the Indians, Che-ca-go instead of Circago, as La Salle had named it.

Gladly among the brilliants of that prophecy do we find the jewel of our name. By the Circago of La Salle in its transition from the Latin "circum ago," through the Che-ca-gou of the Pottawattomies to the Chicago of to-day, is forever banished the "Wild onion" and the "Pole-cat" theories with which unfeeling nomenclators sought to blast us.

Let us be thankful to the gifted Frenchman for giving us a name so in harmony with his remarkable prediction and with the characteristics of our city and people.

In April, 1803, the United States supply schooner, Tracy, by many claimed to have been the first boat that had ever reached this place—a claim I think hardly substantiated—arrived with men and supplies for the purpose of building the original Fort Dearborn; so named in honor of General Henry Dearborn, then Secretary of War. The fort was completed about 1804, and occupied by a company of the First Regiment of U. S. Infantry, under command of its con-

structor, Captain John Whistler. There was at the time but one building in the place, a small log cabin built in 1779 by Jean Au Sable, a San Domingo negro, on the north side of the river and owned and occupied by a French Canadian trader, Pierre Le Mai, and his Pottawattomie wife.

In 1804 John Kinzie Sr., a silversmith and an Indian trader, came and purchased La Mai's cabin for his own family, which was the only white one in the place for several years, with the exception of that of Jean Baptiste Beaubien, an Indian trader who had preceded Kinzie by four years.

On August 15th, 1812, occurred the Indian massacre and the destruction of the fort, which was rebuilt in 1816.

John Kinzie, who had always proved himself a true friend of the Indians, and had consequently been protected by them at the time of the massacre, returned when the fort was completed, but found little to remind him of the past, excepting his long deserted house and the Indians strolling about as before. Among them he met Alexander Robinson, who had arrived two years previously, a half breed, friendly to the whites, and a chief possessed of great influence among the Pottawattomies. It was a long while after the return of the Kinzies before the post began to show signs of prosperity.

In 1827 the Winnebagos of the Upper Mississippi river were on the war path. At that time some 3000 or 4000 Pottawattomies were at Fort Dearborn to receive their annual land payments, and Big-Foot,

the head chief from Big-Foot (Geneva) Lake, assembled the leading men of his tribe under one of the fort locust trees and urged them to join their brethren of the north in exterminating the whites.

The few families of the place, most of whom were in the barracks (the soldiers having been sent to Fort Howard), were not fully aware of the northern difficulty and of the dangers by which they were beset. But Lewis Cass, the Governor of Michigan Territory, who had been apprised of the threatened trouble, had in the month of June left Detroit by canoe for Lake Winnebago, where he was to meet in council the Chippewas, Menominees and Winnebagos. Upon arriving at Green Bay, and finding that the latter tribe had already commenced hostilities against the white settlers in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, he immediately continued his voyage in a fifteen paddle birch bark canoe, ascended the Fox river, crossed the portage, and descended the Wisconsin to the Mississippi. He arrived at St. Louis after many adventures, whence he dispatched troops from Jefferson Barracks to the scene of difficulties, the Governor himself returning in the same canoe by the Illinois and Des Plaines rivers, through Mud Lake to the South Branch and to Lake Michigan, reaching the council ground in safety after taking a circuit of nearly 1800 miles. There, on the 15th of September, he concluded a treaty with some 3000 Indians.

Thus did the wisdom and intrepidity of Governor Cass, together with the influence of the powerful chiefs, Chambly—better known as Shabanee (pro-

nounced Shaw-Bee-Nay), Billy Caldwell (Sau-ga-nash), and Alexander Robinson deter Big-Foot from committing any depredations.

Five years later, in 1832, occurred the Black Hawk war. This alarming uprising, so frequently referred to in our early annals, threatened to be far worse than it proved. The fright, the hardships, the losses which the peaceful settlers, timid women and helpless children were called upon to endure could easily have been averted had the right men been in the right places. The cause of many of our Indian troubles, with all of their consequent horrors, can be directly traced to the bad faith of men in authority. Briefly stated this calamity was inaugurated by the following events:

In the spring of 1804 a Sauk Indian had murdered a white, and was delivered by his tribe to the military and taken to St. Louis, whither Quash-quame, a Sauk chief related to the culprit, went with another Sauk chief, one Fox chief and a warrior. These, without any authority from their tribes, conveyed to the Government a tract of land between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, the treaty being dated at St. Louis on the 4th of November, 1804.

Thomas Forsyth, the agent of the two tribes, states that "When the annuities were delivered to the Sauk and Fox nation of Indians, according to the treaty above referred to (amounting to $1,000 per annum), the Indians always thought they were presents, as the annuity for the first twenty years was always paid in goods, sent on from Washington, District of Columbia,

until I, as their agent, convinced them of the contrary in the summer of 1818. When the Indians heard that the goods delivered to them were annuities for land, sold by them to the United States, they were astonished, and refused to accept of the goods, denying that they ever sold the lands as stated by me, their agent. The Black Hawk in particular, who was present at the time, made a great noise about this land, and would never receive any part of the annuities from that time forward. He always denied the authority of Quash-quame and others to sell any part of their lands, and told the Indians not to receive any presents or annuities from any American—otherwise their lands would be claimed at some future day.

"The Sauk and Fox nations are allowed, according to that treaty, to live and hunt on the land so ceded, as long as the aforesaid lands belong to the United States." But in 1827 a few squatters seized what land they wanted near the mouth of the Rocky—now Rock—river, subjecting the peaceful Indians to every species of indignity and abuse, both in person and in property, without any retaliation upon the part of the sufferers.

Through Thomas Forsyth they made repeated complaints to General Clark, Superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis, who paid no attention to their grievances, heeding only the statements of the few whites, who demanded that the red men should be removed because they wished to purchase the land when it should be placed by the Government on the market. Yet, in the autumn of 1828, when the lands

in the vicinity of the old Sauk village were offered for sale, only one of the twenty families of squatters (if we except George Davenport, a trader who resided at Rocky Island) was able to make the first payment upon even a quarter section each, at the regulation price of $1.25 per acre. Therefore, the land remained the property of the Government—if it did not justly belong to the Sauk and Foxes; and in either event, the Indians had indisputable right to remain in peaceful possession. Nevertheless, in the spring of 1831, General Green compelled them to remove to the west of the Mississippi river. The following season some 400 of them recrossed with their families and belongings to visit their friends and relatives among the Pottawattomies, on the Fox river, as they had an unquestioned right to do. Thereupon General Stillman attacked them, before they had given any indication of hostility against the whites, and so began a war that was without excuse or justification.

It was well, indeed, for the whites that Captain L. C. Hugunin (one-armed Hugunin as he was called), who was living on the west side of the North Branch near the Forks, had enough influence over his comrade, Billy Caldwell, to induce him to remain neutral, instead of joining his friends, Black Hawk and Keokuk. The Sau-Ga-Nash was a very influential chief of the Pottawattomies, and had he gone on the war path with the large following he undoubtedly would have commanded the Black Hawk war would have proved to be a bloody uprising rather than a well founded fright.

When the war was ended the tide of immigration began to pour into the little burg. Fear of the Indians had driven nearly every family within fifty miles to seek protection in the fort, which they speedily vacated when General Scott arrived, with many of his soldiers the victims of Asiatic cholera. These two calamities being ended, the place contained from 100 to 150 persons, which number was soon augmented. The surrounding country filled up with a rapidity which it had never before known, until our town at the time of our arrival boasted of some 600 inhabitants.

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CHAPTER I

THE FIRST VIEW

The sight which upon the 25th day of May, 1835, greeted the few families that had taken passage at Buffalo on the brig Illinois, was not one to encourage the speculator who might be in search of real estate bargains, or the *pater-familias* seeking an inviting place in which to establish a prosperous business and a happy home. In fact, as Captain Jack Wagstaff lowered sails that beautiful Monday morning, and cast anchor about half a mile from the western shore of Lake Michigan, there seemed to be no special reason for his selecting that particular spot for terminating his long and monotonous voyage.

A shallow little stream, formed by the junction of two branches half a mile inland, moved in graceful curves to the eastward and added its modest contribution to the great chain of marvelous fresh water seas between two short unfinished piers, just south of where the brig was lying at anchor. Within sight of those on the vessel were countless numbers of Indian wigwams and their dusky occupants, while dark-skinned braves were paddling in the lake.

Along the shore was to be seen a succession of low sand hills, partly covered with a scrubby growth of cedars, junipers and pines. Beyond were detached

groves, mostly of small black oaks. A little farther west, reaching to the north branch of the river, were a few noble elms, while further up the stream a fine belt of hickory, maple, beech, and a variety of oaks spread gradually wider and wider towards the east until, joining the lake shore timber, they formed the southern outpost of that immense forest stretching to the north, covering the trackless regions of the

"TERRITORY CLAIMED BY HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY AND GREAT BRITAIN."

About opposite where the brig lay, not far from the north bank of the river, was a stately cottonwood tree, just north of an old residence, while south of the house, shading the remnant of its long, sagging porch, were four *Lombardy poplars, offering a pleasing variety to the wooded landscape. Across the stream, south of, and in close proximity to the Fort, were three large, wide-spreading honey locusts.

These locusts were marvels of grace and beauty, and I have always rejoiced that on one cold, cheerless autumn day, about 1841, when I was attending school at the post, one of my comrades, John Russell, whose father was the first landlord of the City Hotel, and I gathered a bushel basket full of pods from these trees, the beans of which my father planted on his farm at Galewood, now within the western limits of the city, where quite a number of vigorous trees are still standing, while on my home lot, on the north-west corner of Lake street and Kenilworth avenue, Oak Park, I

*I am told that some have denied the existence of these poplars, but I think the evidence of their being there is unquestionable, and those who deny it must have been arrivals of a later day.

The Kinzie House as it was in 1835.

have two very fine ones, transplanted from the farm about 1870, which I highly prize as souvenirs of Fort Dearborn and my early school-boy days.

It is currently believed that this historical cottonwood, for many years a prominent landmark, was planted by John H. Kinzie in 1811, when but eight years of age. We do not like to pluck the laurel from the brow of our most worthy pioneer, but Alexander Beaubien assures me that his mother, Josette Laframboise, then in the employ of the Kinzies, set the little tree out herself. As Josette was at that time a member of the Kinzie family, and as Mr. Kinzie once swore that he planted it, the probability is, considering the age of young Kinzie, that they both had a hand in it.

Near the south bank of the river, but a few hundred feet from the lake, stood Fort Dearborn, consisting of some half dozen barracks, officers' quarters and other buildings, with a blockhouse in the southwest angle, all constructed of wood and surrounded by high, pointed pickets placed closely together, which, with the buildings, were well whitewashed. Adjoining the Fort, near its northwest corner was a small, circular, stone lighthouse. Around these clustered a few cabins, like timid chickens that did not dare to stray beyond their mother's sheltering wings.

This feeble settlement, guarded by that simple fort, was the unpretentious nucleus of the city, which in many respects is the most marvelous of ancient or modern times.

There was then but little besides the fort to mark

the resistless in-coming tide of the white man and the moaning ebb of the Aborigines. The low shores along which were clustered the picturesque lodges of the natives; the small, one storied dwellings, mostly constructed of logs; the few stores, still less inviting; the quaggy ground and untilled soil, presented to the voyagers no enchanting views, no attractive surroundings, no promising outlook for future homes. Thoughts of the personal comforts to which they had been accustomed, the society and civilization of the East, the homes of their childhood, with all their hallowed associations, the faces of loved ones they had parted from, perhaps forever, all tended to sadden the heart, choke the voice, and dim the eyes of those who had come to these western wilds to gain for themselves, by years of honest toil, a competence which they deemed less attainable in older sections of the land. My own people, wearied by the 32 days traveling required to make the journey from New York city, and the necessarily poor fare and sleeping accommodations, together with the many other discomforts, including the confinement of 23 days on a small sailing vessel, realized that they were strangers in a strange land, and would still be compelled to endure many privations.

No wonder, as they compared the friends, homes and scenes which they had left behind them with the Indians, the wigwams and wilderness ahead, that they paused before they left the brig.

No suspicions had our homesick travelers, in looking at those forests and groves, that in their

prosaic shade some modern Aladdin had hidden myriads of his magic lamps with which, in the compass of a single life, to dazzle the world by the wonders they would display.

But while we were wondering and doubting, Captain Wagstaff had been working. He summoned the large birch-bark Mackinac boats and a few still more commodious lighters, which his crew industriously loaded for the French Canadians and half breeds, who landed their cargoes on the south bank of the river at La Salle street, where the goods were stored in the first building ever erected here for storage purposes.

While the unloading was progressing, Captain Wagstaff, impatient for us to land, pointed to a little cloud on the horizon, and earnestly said to his passengers, "You see that cloud sou'-west-by-sou', over there? That is a sure sign of a coming storm, and if you people want to get ashore within a week you had better hustle, for if I am driven out on the lake, when I can get back again the Lord only knows, and He wont tell." As our Lares and Penates were mostly ashore it did not take long to place the passengers in the Mackinac boats, with the injunction to "Sit still and not tip the canoe over," and we were soon landed at the brick warehouse.

Jack Wagstaff was not the only person on the brig looking out for squalls. Benjamin Jones was anticipating a complete assortment gotten up expressly to cry out the hours of the day and night for the benefit of his domestic serenity. His wife, who had

been quite uncomfortable in her cramped quarters, went the same day from the confinement on the ship to a confinement much more interesting. In fact she was scarcely comfortably domiciled on South Water street before she augmented the population of the place by presenting her husband with a son.

As soon as we arrived at the warehouse, we noticed a rather large man, put up in fine shape for an athlete, with dark hair and eyes, prominent nose, high cheek bones, large, firm mouth and a strong face showing great force of character, but withal, a voice and smile so pleasing that we took to him at once, as a child to its mother. "Who is he?" we asked of a by-stander.

"Why, that is the proprietor of the warehouse, Gurdon S. Hubbard. His Indian name is Che-mo-co-mon-ess. It was given him by Wa-ba, a Kickapoo chief, who, following the custom of his people, adopted him in place of a son who was lost in battle. He is just as nature labeled him. He can outrun or outwalk any Indian, takes difficulties as you would dessert after dinner, seems to hanker for them, is as true as steel, with a heart as tender as any woman's. He is worth 500 ordinary men to any town."

"And who is that small, lightly built, pleasant looking gentleman Hubbard is talking to, with light complexion and a face that suggests erysipelas?"

"That is George W. Dole. He built the first frame store in the place, and is one of our most prominent business men, beloved by everybody, with a heart as big as a load of hay. You can take a lantern

Mark Beaubien's Tavern, the Sauganash, in 1835.

and hunt the prairies over for a month and you wont find two better men than Gurdon S. Hubbard and George W. Dole." We may add that our acquaintance with these pioneers, extending through many years, confirmed this early tribute to their worth.

My father arranged to leave the things in the warehouse until he decided what disposition to make of them, and upon the advice of a citizen we all started for the Green Tree.

The Green Tree was at the Point, on the west side of the river at the head of Lake street, and was reached by a raft of logs between that street and Randolph, chained together but so arranged that the fastenings on the west side could easily be cast off, enabling the float to swing towards the east shore when a loaded canoe required to pass through. The empty ones had to be carried over the logs, however. As we reached the logs we noticed, seated in front of another hotel, the "Sauganash," leaning his chair against the building, a broad shouldered, medium sized man, with ruddy face and closely trimmed side whiskers, wearing a brass buttoned, swallow-tailed blue coat, just about the color of the wooden shutters above him. He was having a jolly good time with his fellow loungers, if one might judge from his laugh-provoking merriment. We soon ascertained that this rollicking individual was Mark Beaubien, the Superintendent of the bridge or raft, a younger brother of Colonel Beaubien; who had been here a long time. By his bubbling humor one felt safe in predicting that he would always feel a little younger

than anyone else, irrespective of what the church records might attempt to prove.

Mark, observing us, hastily approached, took off his hat and, executing a bow with a French grace that would have made Beau Brummel envious, he extended his hand to father, remarking: "Youse iz certainment une strangeers. I keeps zat Sau-ga-nash hotels, he's bang up good plaz youse stops. Mine madam, ze is une bully good cook, my pets zey pe gooses fedders. I eatz zu, I zleepz zu une dollair py pig folks ze day. Ze poys and gail I trows out by gar."

Whether father did not want to be eaten or whether he objected to having sister, brother and myself "Trows out by gar" I do not know, but he took us with him across the bridge, and we missed being the guests of Jolly Mark. Beyond the corduroy bridge, to our right, set back a little from the street and facing the river, was an imitation two-storied house, with a faded painting swinging from the post, which could easily have been taken for a black sheep, but for the painted legend of

. . . . . .
. WOLF TAVERN .
. . . . . .

which of course settled all zoological difficulties.

Ahead of us, also on the right, or north side of the street, was another frame, two-storied building. On the corner, sustained by a shorter post than the one by which the wolf was hung, was a sign bearing a

nondescript species of vegetation, while underneath we read

GREEN TREE TAVERN

We did not stop to question the veracity of the artist, but concluded it was a green tree and that the tavern was the identical one which we had traveled by land and water, between one and two thousand miles to reach.

CHAPTER II

THE GREEN TREE AND WOLF POINT TAVERNS

The Green Tree having no book for that purpose, we were spared the ceremony of registering. Nor was it certain that we could find accommodation until our host had returned from the kitchen, whither he had gone to consult with his efficient wife, who performed the never-ending duties of housekeeper, landlady, meat and pastry cook, scullion, chamber-maid, waitress, advisor and personal attendant upon all the ladies and children who took shelter under the Green Tree; while her liege lord filled the many positions of boniface, clerk, bar tender, butler, steward, walking encyclopedia and general roustabout.

The momentous council was at length ended and we were assigned a room adjoining the one we had first entered, which was the bar, reading, smoking and reception room, ladies parlor and general utility place, in one. Our room was about 12x12, with two windows 6x8, two doors, two beds, two red pictures, two chairs, a carpet worn in two and was altogether too dirty for the comfort of persons unaccustomed to

The Green Tree Tavern in 1835. On the Northeast Corner of Lake and West Water (now Canal) Streets.

such surroundings. Placing our hand luggage and two trunks inside, we returned to the family room and public rendezvous and took observations.

On the east and west sides of the room were the inevitable puncheon benches. The walls, ceiling and board partitions had evidently received a coat of whitewash when the house was built, but it would require more then occular evidence to establish the fact. Scattered around was an assortment of wooden chairs. Near the north end was a bar counter useful not only for the receiving of drinks, but also umbrellas, overcoats, whips and parcels. The west end of the bar was adorned with a large inkstand placed in a cigar box filled with No. 8 shot, in which were sticking two quill pens—steel being unknown here, though invented in 1830. This end of the counter afforded the only opportunity in the establishment for a young man to write to the girl he left behind, standing up to his work like a prize fighter with a host of backers and seconds around him to see that he had fair play. Near the inkstand were several tattered newspapers, the latest giving an account of a great snow storm in Boston. At the other end of the counter were a dozen or more short pieces of tallow candles, each placed in a hole bored in a 2x4 block and fortified by six penny nails, standing like mourners around the circular graves in which they had seen so many flickering lights pass away into utter darkness.

Hanging in a row against the wall were large cloth and leather slippers, which the guests were expected

to put on at night, that mud might not be tracked to every part of the house. Under the counter was a large wooden boot jack and a box containing two old-fashioned boot brushes and several pieces of hard, raw tallow, black from application to stogas. There was also a collection of old-fashioned, perforated tin lanterns. Though not equal to their glass descendants, they were a great improvement on the lanthorns of ye olden times, and certainly very useful in enabling one to distinguish the difference between the necessary stepping-blocks in the streets and the altogether unnecessary mud puddles.

There was also to be seen the indispensable tinder box, used fifty times a day, at least, for lighting pipes, when the old rusty bar stove was taking its summer vacation. Above the tinder box was one of the old-fashioned, square, cherry veneered Connecticut clocks. On the glass door beneath the dial plate was a purple horse drawing a blue plow, which a man with a green coat and yellow trousers was guiding. The men of the Nutmeg State were giants in those days, judging by this specimen, who was taller than the apple tree in the corner, which, in turn, was loaded with fruit larger than the man's head. Beneath the tree was a monstrous bull-frog, considerably larger than the crimson calf beside it. On the south side of the room was a long trough sloping slightly to the west, where a tin spout was adjusted to an opening through which the water flowed into an open-headed keg below, from the half dozen tin wash basins we now saw turned up

against the back of the long box by finical people who had performed their ablution. Resting on a broad shelf fastened at each end, were large pails of rain or river water, in which floated long-handled dippers, with rags crowded into spaces the rust had eaten through. Next to each pail was a looking glass, its frame veneered with mahogany. The upper portion of the glass contained, according to the texts, portraits of Washington and Jefferson, respectively. There those worthies of the early days of our glorious Republic were eyeing each other with constant scrutiny, preparing for the next battle between the Federalists and the Republicans. Hanging on wooden pegs were three or four towels of that shade so easily produced by dipping dirty hands in water and rubbing briskly in the process of drying. Tied to each mirror was a horn comb—requiring a new set of false teeth—and a yellow backed soft hair brush, for bald heads I should judge, for certainly the large amount of hairs these articles contained must have rendered many heads so by their use. Several dishes of soft soap were arranged along the back of the water trough. Though pretty strong for washing the hands of a "Tenderfoot," it was in great demand after greasing boots or applying tar to wagon axles.

In the middle of the room, standing in a low box filled with lake sand, was a large stove used in winter to good advantage not only for the warmth imparted to the room, but for furnishing hot water for toddies, shaving and washing as well. On the right side of the

door going into our room was a Cook County License, costing $5, which permitted the recipient to keep an inn and bar. It contained printed regulations as to prices:

For each ½ Pint, Rum, Wine, or Brandy	.25
" " Pint, " " " "	.37½
" " ½ Pint, Gin	.18¾
" " Pint, "	.31¼
" " Gill Whiskey	.06¼
" " ½ Pint "	.12½
" Breakfast and Supper	.25
" Dinner	.37½
" Horse feed	.25
" Lodging for each person one night	.12½
" Cider or Beer, 1 Pint .06¼; 1 Quart	.12½

By the time we had read our fate in the license figures we were called to supper by a large bell, which was rung by our host in a manner which required no explanation as to its meaning. In the dining room were two tables, the length of the room, covered with green checked oil cloth, loaded with roasted wild ducks, fricassee of prairie chickens, wild pigeon pot pie, tea and coffee, creamless, but sweetened with granulated maple sugar procured from our red brethren. These furnished a banquet that rendered us oblivious to chipped dishes, flies buzzing or tangled in the butter, creeping beetles and the music of the Mosquito Band. We paid no attention to pewter spoons and pewter castors containing such condiments as mustard in an uncovered pot and black pepper coarsely crushed by the good housewife, or to cruets with broken stoppers filled with vinegar and pepper sauce. Our appetites put to flight fastidious-

ness and, even though the case knives and forks had never been scoured, we took it for granted that they were washed after every meal and we paid strict attention to our own business, and soon after tea retired.

The present generation of housekeepers, using brass, iron or any modern bedstead, cannot imagine how much trouble and work it was to take down, clean and put up those couches of antiquity, the old fashioned bedsteads. Then the most careful matron had to use eternal vigilance, with considerable quicksilver, to keep even a private house free from vermin. The sack bottom was bad enough, but when you had holes through the side pieces of a common bedstead every six inches of their entire length, and rope through the holes, tightened with the wooden key and pegs of the period, and had to crowd the ends of side pieces into mortised head and foot boards, where they were secured by large six-inch screws turned in place by the massive iron key, you found something to keep you employed if you took down and put up these complicated machines as often as safety required. I think it would puzzle the genius of an Edison to invent anything better adapted for raising a big crop of *cimex lectularii* than those incubators of olden time.

We could not sleep, but as there was nothing between us and the adjoining public room but a board partition, we could hear the conversation going on between the landlord and one of the boarders; and we soon found ourselves learning reliable history in a manner more rapid than any other.

We heard a boarder ask:

"Landlord, was this the first tavern built in the place?"

"Oh! no! ther Wolf wuz ther fust."

"When was that built?"

"In '28, 7 years ago."

"Who built it?"

"Jim Kinzie and Archibald Caldwell. Kinzie wuz the oldest son of old John Kinzie, who died in January of ther year ther Wolf wuz built. They didn't call her the Wolf at fust; you know this used to be called ther Pint, an they called that air ther Pint Tavern, but when old Geese got ter running of her, he was bound ter let folks know it had changed hans, an so he allowed he'd change her name, too, but didn't know what on airth ter call her, till one day he went inter his meat room, an, by thunder, he foun a prairie wolf helpin hisself to some of his dresst prairie chickens. The old man wuz mad as ther wolf an they had it right out ther an then. Geese killed ther wolf an thunk that ud give him a bang up name, so he kinder drapped on the idee to call her ther Wolf."

"Dave, I think that is a fairy story. I have no doubt old Geese, as you call him, killed a wolf, most everybody has. I heard the same reason, but they tell me it is not correct; that he didn't come here till the Fall of '29, and it had been called Wolf Point years before that, after an Indian living here by the name of Mo-a-way, which they say is the Indian for wolf.* But Wolf Point being too much of a mouth-

*Mo-a-way was a nephew of Alexander Robinson.

WOLF POINT IN 1835. SHOWING THE WOLF TAVERN AND MILLER'S HOUSE, WITH THE CABIN OF REV. JESSE WALKER IN THE DISTANCE ON THE LEFT.

ful for every day use, they let the wolf run and hung on to the Point, till old Geese coralled the wolf again."

"You mought be right, John, you mought be right, but thet's ther way I heerd it."

"I see there is no tavern there now. Why don't they take the sign down?"

"I reckon they calkerlate, if they let her be a little longer, the old wolf'll come down on a run anyhow."

"Did Kinzie and Caldwell keep tavern?"

"I'll tell yer how twuz. Yer see at fust twuz er small one room affair, made er logs, clay chinked, and as Jim hankered ter keep store, nuthin ed do but they mus splice her, so they posted off to Walker's mill out ter Plainfiel, nigh onter 40 mile southwest er here, whar is ther nighes saw mill, and got ther lumber. Thur aint no pine groin roun here, so they had ter use hard wood lumber ter put up ther imitation two story addition."

"What do you mean by imitation?"

"Jist what I say. That's all 'tis. That air secon story, where ther gallery is, is all sham. Thur aint no rooms behin it. It just gin ther boys a place ter set down in front, an see thur wil ducks an Injuns paddlin roun in ther creek. They soon got allfired tired of ther job, tho, so Caldwell pulled out an lef, an on New Year's day '30, Old Geese tuk her fur boardin thur Kinzies. Th'old man tuk out thur fust license in thur place. Got her at Fort Clark; for yer see we wuz in Peora County in them days. He paid $7 fur her; that wuz January, '30, an wuz thur lars tavern license, too, we had tur go tur Peora fur, coz

yer know, Fust of Augus nex year Cook County wuz organize, an that kinder blocked Peora from gittin any mor uv our rocks. Well, as I wuz a sayin, arter runnin ther Wolf a year, Charley Taylor bought thur ole man out, an in a couple er years he sole ter Billy Wallace Wattles."

"Dave, you said there was no saw-mill less than forty miles from here. I thought there was one out at the Aux Plaine, where they get material for the piers."

"That's so, John, but its a small consarn and they can't turn out no more stuff nor ther Govenment an ther farmers wants."

But nature soon asserted herself and we were at length lost in troubled slumbers, imagining throughout the night that we felt the tusks of the wolf in every incision our flesh received, and we gladly welcomed the harbinger of day.

Should any desire to see the Green Tree Tavern (afterward the Chicago Hotel) they will find it at 31, 33, 35 and 37 Milwaukee Ave., in a pretty good state of preservation. It belongs to the estate of Cæsar Periolat, whose father, F. A. Periolat was in the grocery business at 126 Lake St. Seven and one-half feet is rather low for a hotel ceiling, but it enabled me to obtain a piece of cherry bark from a joist as a keepsake of the days when the Green Tree and the writer were two generations younger than they are today. Building demolished in the fall of 1902.

CHAPTER III

WE LOOK ABOUT TOWN. WHERE THE STORES WERE AND WHO OCCUPIED THEM

We were ready for an early breakfast of fried perch and bass just out of the river, and venison steak, and griddle cakes with wild honey and maple sugar. We made haste with our meal, eager to get out for a stroll in order to view our surroundings, and become acquainted with the place that we felt was to be our future home.

What strikes us especially on going out is the entire absence of streets, of which, properly so called, there is not one, no, not even a ditch to mark the roads. Moreover, there is nothing to indicate where they ultimately will be, save the surveyor's stakes. And, as there are no streets, so there are no sidewalks. Occasionally, near the houses, we come across stepping-blocks, short pieces of cord wood thrown down to keep pedestrians out of the mud, but by their use in the spring, they had, in most cases, been pressed down to near the level of the adjoining path.

Opposite the Green Tree we see a diminutive frame building that has formerly been occupied by Goss & Cobb as a harness shop, but is now empty. On the south side of Lake street, between Canal and Clinton, is a little mechanic's shop, proclaimed by a

sign to belong to Asahel Pierce. South of the Green Tree, nearer the river, is a log cabin occupied by Alexander Robinson, the Indian trader, chief and interpreter, and in many respects one of the most important personages in the village. In two or three cabins near his store live some of the members of the Pottawattomie tribe, connections of his wife. Near him on the south is the cabin of Joseph LaFromboise, also an Indian trader and friend of the Americans. Another neighbor is William See, the West Side blacksmith, who is also a Methodist exhorter, not a very scholarly man, yet conscientious and earnest, making up in lungs what he lacks in learning, and in blows any deficiency in ideas. North of the hostelry is Captain L. C. Hugunin, who has vast influence with the natives, founded upon their genuine respect for his judicial mind which enables him to decide fairly every subject presented to him. As he denounces the whites when they are to blame, his Indian friends more readily yield to his reasoning when he undertakes to show them that they are at fault. It may also be true that they respect him more for the fact that he is an excellent marksman. Near Hugunin's is a little log structure used occasionally as a sanctuary by the Methodists. This marks the northern limits of civilization, as far as our vision extends, although we are informed that along the Indian trail, yonder, Daniel Elston is living, who arrived in 1832, and pre-empted 160 acres of land; and that at a place called New Virginia, nearly

three miles north, on the West side of the North Branch, Archibald Clybourn resides.

As the West Side has nothing more to offer us, we again cross the log bridge. Near the river is a one and a half story log cabin, built in 1831, by John S. C. Hogan, the second Postmaster, and used by him until recently as a general store in connection with the Post Office. Now the Post Office is on the south side of Water street, and is in charge of Thomas Watkins, as Hogan, though nominally P. M., is giving his personal attention to his general store, one door west of the office. On the same side of Water street, west of Franklin, is a little building erected in 1834 by Dr. John T. Temple, a Baptist gentleman who thought that his church people might like to use it as a place of worship; but for the first year it was used mostly by the Presbyterians. Just south of this building, on Franklin street, we hear the merry ring of the blacksmith's hammer, where Clemens Stose, Sr. is hammering away, manufacturing calumets and tomahawks for the Indians. George W. Snow & Co. are starting a lumber yard near here. A little east of Wells is the dry goods firm of Moseley & McCord, gentlemen who stand high in the community, and who have a good neighbor in Philo Carpenter, who, in 1832, opened the first drug store.

In a small building constructed of ash and walnut on the opposite corner of South Water and La Salle, P. F. W. Peck has his store and real estate office. This building he erected in the spring of 1833, and

it is reputed to be the third frame in the place. It was in its second story that Chaplain Jeremiah Porter organized the First Presbyterian Church, June 26, 1833. Nine citizens and twenty-five members of the garrison took part in the first service. Mr. Porter came here with the troops in 1833.

On South Water, near the corner of Clark, a book store is being fitted up, soon to be occupied by Stephen F. Gale, this being the first establishment devoted exclusively to books and stationery, though Russell and Craft have kept books in their general store.

We do not tarry long at Isaac D. Harmon's dry goods store on the southwest corner of Clark. These primitive South Water street stores have no show windows nor many attractive goods to exhibit. A few gaudy articles to strike the fancy of the untutored savage can be found, but the retailing of this class of goods young Harmon graduated from when clerk for Oliver Newberry of Detroit, who was Post Sutler at Fort Dearborn in 1832.

Proceeding east on South Water, between Clark and Dearborn we find a group of business houses. The firm of Harmon & Loomis have a general store. Next to them, east, are Pruyne & Kimberly. It was in this store that the public meeting was held which "Resolved to organize the Town of Chicago," Dr. Kimberly acting as secretary of the gathering.

Pruyne & Kimberly's was the second drug store in the place, they having opened in 1833. Just west of

Dearborn is the hardware store of King, Jones & Co., consisting of Henry B. Clarke, William Jones, father of our fellow-passenger Fernando, and Byram King, son-in-law to Jones Sr.

Over the hardware store is the office of the "Weekly Democrat," established by John Calhoun, Nov. 26, 1833. It is the only paper issued in the vicinity; no other being published nearer than Detroit or Galena. But the "Democrat" has not been issued since December last, having been out of paper, a supply of which is on our brig.

Then come two more dry goods stores, the first being Walter Kimball's and the second Kimball & Porter's. East of these stores an Englishman by the name of F. Thomas is opening the third drug store in the place. Upon the southwest corner of Dearborn and South Water is Medore Benjamin Beaubien, the eldest son of the Colonel, who is also engaged in the fancy and dry goods business, having quite a trade with the Indians, to whose taste he caters and by whom he is greatly beloved. Without any exception he is admitted to be the handsomest man in the place, though showing strongly the Aboriginal features of his mother, and is a prominent factor in the frontier society, where he is more than welcome. On the southeast corner of Dearborn and South Water is a store which was built by George W. Dole, in 1832, claimed by many as the first frame store and the second frame building erected here. We find Newberry & Dole engaged in the flour and forwarding

business. Across the river on North Water street, we read the sign:—

KINZIE & HUNTER.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION.

This is the John H. Kinzie who came here more than thirty years ago, and has been prominently identified with every good work in the place. His partner is his brother-in-law, Captain David Hunter. John S. Wright, their neighbor, is engaged in the same business. Robert A. Kinzie is a brother of John H., and is an Indian trader near the river. Near this North Side trading cabin is a painter's sign—Alexander White's—which appeals to the fancy and delights the Hoosiers. It is a large sidewalk sign, representing a workman in a blue coat and black cap, with a pot of paint in one hand and some paint brushes in the other, crowding his way through a blue globe, which he has split in every direction in his efforts to force a passage. The old fellow is represented as saying: It's a tight squeeze to get through the world.

J. A. Marshall, Auction & Commission, comes next, The ground on South Water farther east being too low for stores, we turn south on State street and, reaching the southwest corner of Lake, find the original St. Mary's Catholic Church, which was built by Augustin D. Taylor in 1833, and finished the following year, being the first edifice erected in the

The First Catholic Church. Erected in 1834 on the Southwest Corner of State and Lake Streets.

place exclusively as a place of worship. It is a small structure, of course, being but 25 x 35, but still it answers the purpose for which it was designed. We find a number of residences in the vicinity of the fort, in the oldest of which—the first one south of the blockhouse—fronting the river, James Allen has resided since 1833. It is of logs, and has in front three old muskets which were presented to Mr. Allen by General Scott, they having previously been in the the army together. Mr. Allen has inserted their muzzles in the ground and is utilizing them as hitching posts.

Near Mr. Allen reside Jacob Russell and S. Lisle Smith, the unapproachable Whig orator. Hard by the former bank of the river, about the east end of Lake street, Colonel Beaubien still resides, and does a little Indian trading and farming. The farming is principally done by proxy, the boys doing most of the work. The farm is east of State street and north of Randolph, and the finest potatoes are raised at about the intersection of these streets. This year he has pre-empted the Reservation and in his dreams and in the glowing fancies of his wakeful hours he beholds the Chicago of the future, and the blissful day when, having sold his claim for a vast amount, he will leisurely watch the lowly frontier town take on the lofty airs of the full fledged metropolis.

Retracing our steps, we find nothing of special interest until we pass State street again, between which and Dearborn, Lake and Water, we come to the Mansion House, the fourth tavern in the place.

Originally it was a one story log affair, shrinking from the view of the occasional passer-by, taking to the center of the block, in which feeling of diffidence Dexter Graves humored it when he built, in 1831. Gaining confidence when its owner promised it a bigger brother in 1834, it crept towards Lake street, where it joined hands with a two story building. On the southeast corner of Randolph and Dearborn William Jones resides, or rather is "settling" his household goods as they arrive from the brig. East of him is Alvin Calhoun, brother of the editor. On the same block, on the east side of Dearborn, south of the alley, is a double tenement of one room each, with the usual loft above, belonging to a subaltern officer in the fort. James H. Collins, an attorney, occupies one, and is greatly vexed that the head-strong soldier will not rent him both. Mr. Collins arrived June 3d, 1834.

About a block south of this domicile, Ashbel Steele has built a diminutive dwelling for himself. On the south side of Randolph street, a little east of Clark, not

> "Under a spreading chestnut tree,
> The village smithy stands."

Seth P. Warner is the smith. Going north on Dearborn we come across a hardware store built on a path made by the cows rounding the slough. Not knowing where the street might eventually be, J. K. Botsford has built facing southeast, near Dearborn, while his back door meanders off towards the vicinity of Lake street. Thomas Church we find keeping a

grocery, with M. L. Satterlee as clerk, in a two storied frame near the center of the same block fronting north, but living in a cottage the next door east. This is the first store built on Lake street. On the northwest corner of Lake and Dearborn streets is Chicago's sixth hotel, the original 20x30 yellow two story Tremont House, built in 1833 by Alanson Sweet, with Starr Foot as first proprietor. West of the Tremont House is the frame dwelling of Joseph Meeker, carpenter and builder. On the west side of Clark street, north of the alley between Lake and Randolph is the Presbyterian church, erected soon after the Catholic. Though nearer Clark street than Lake, it was built facing the latter, the door towards the north. North of the church on Lake, a little west of Clark, is the stage office of Frink & Bingham. On the west side of Dearborn north of the Tremont is the New York Clothing Store, Tuthill King, proprietor, Nat King salesman. Immediately north of the alley is another auction room, probably the largest store in the place. Hogan's late assistant Postmaster, John Bates, has blossomed out into a wide awake auctioneer, the first one in Chicago.

The Court House, a two story brick, is just started on the Public Square on its northeast corner, the Square itself being bounded by Clark, Randolph, La Salle and Washington streets. On the northwest corner of the Square is the small log jail, concealed within a high plank palisade, over which establishment John Beach presides, occupying a house partly in the same enclosure, facing Randolph street. The editor

of Chicago's only paper lives on the west side of Clark street, north of Randolph. On the east side of Clark a little south of Washington is the modest home of Robinson Tripp, whom we find digging ditches in his garden and preparing the rich black prairie soil for a variety of seeds, brought by him from the east. His garden, a little carpenter work and faithful attention to the Methodist end of his business keep the consumptive looking man fully employed. One block west of Tripp, on the southwest corner of La Salle and Washington, is the Hog Pound, but little used, as nothing is fleet enough to capture the swift-footed, gaunt razor backs of the period. Opposite the Square, on Randolph, a little west of LaSalle, Francis C. Sherman has been keeping boarders for a year and dividing with Ashbel Steele the mason work of the place. Sherman's neighbor is Bernhard Blasy, a poor German baker, just starting in business for himself, having been recently discharged by Thomas Cooke for getting married. A short distance east of LaSalle street, fronting north on Lake, is Joseph Peacock, the pioneer gunsmith. About a block directly west of the gunsmith's is the bakery of Thomas Cooke. West of the baker is the barber shop of Oliver C. Hanson. On the northwest corner of Lake and Wells we find mine host of yesterday in the center of another crowd, listening to his incomparable stories told in his inimitable manner. This is the Illinois Exchange, John Murphy landlord, hotel No. 7, and the second one our energetic Mark Beaubien has built. It is a two story frame, flush with

Cook County's First Jail as it was in 1836. Located on the Northwest Corner of the Public Square.

the street, and while only a year old it is growing a brick annex on the north, with Ashbel Steele as mortar slinger and brick layer.

Now we come to the New York House, the 8th hotel, also built in 1834, about the time of its neighbor, the Exchange, by Lathrop Johnson and George Stevens, its present proprietors. It is standing on the north side of Lake street a short distance east of Wells.

The days of new log cabins in the place are fast passing away. James Allen and George W. Snow & Co. can supply builders with pine lumber. It is green to be sure, but in shrinking it does not leave quite such open seams as we find between the crooked logs formerly employed. Besides, if care is taken to have the lumber piled with laths between each layer, by the time that a carpenter, engaged by the day, has jack-planed the pile and got everything ready for the painter—does your money hold out long enough to enable you to indulge in the luxury of paint—the water from the newly-hung doors will not drip enough on the floor to do any particular damage. Thank your stars for any kind of pine lumber and say nothing but your prayers.

But what interests us more than anything we have heretofore seen in our entire walk is the Indian encampment covering the entire block not occupied by the hotel, two Water street stores and Warehouse. We have met the Pottawattomies all the morning, singly or in groups, sauntering along the streets or in the stores, wrapped in their blankets and bright

shawls, their faces painted with the deepest dyes. The bucks have eagle feathers in their hair, while the squaws have silver ear-rings, and their fingers are ornamented with broad bands of the same metal, with strings of beads around their necks, the number of which is only limited by their ability to purchase. All who are not bare-footed wear buckskin moccasins decorated with beads and stained grasses, and they are as vain of their fantastic ornamentations as are the most fashionable belles of their charms and adornments. We feel an indescribable repugnance to have them near us, but, notwithstanding this, the encampment with its wigwams, ponies, papooses, and the meagre cooking utensils scattered about their lodges, are certainly quite interesting to one who has never before seen anything of the kind.

Here there are youngsters on a pony with nothing but a hair lariat around its neck, yelling at the top of their strong young voices and kicking the poor thing with their bare feet in the vain effort to get it off a walk. Yonder are two little fellows trying the speed of their respective racers, urged by the shouts of their enthusiastic comrades. Another, whose lean, diminutive charger has the mastery of him is making good time amidst the dogs, kettles, squaws, braves and all the paraphernalia of the encampment. Several are engaged in shooting their arrows at a blackbird, which some of them have killed and are now tossing in the air to test the skill of the future brave, changing the programme occasionally by placing the bedraggled victim on a stake. A number somewhat

larger have been to the river fishing, and have left the perch by the wigwams until such time as the squaws shall see fit to prepare them for supper, or rather until such time as their appetite shall prompt their being cooked. Many little rascals are scuffling and chasing each other, while their indolent elders sit on their heels talking, or lounge on the grass smoking. But the most interesting of all are the papooses lashed to their mother's backs in blankets, or in their rockerless cradles leaning against anything that will furnish support, or, if more convenient, placed on their backs on the ground. Some of these barsoues had a number of small bells suspended from the top. But entertaining as this strange scene is, we shall probably see enough of it in the future, and so we proceed with our itinerancy.

On Lake street, northeast corner of LaSalle, in a 12 x 12, is Solomon Lincoln, the "Prairie Tailor." He built the shop a year ago, but is not satisfied with his venture and is *converting* the place into a saloon, which will be the first room in town used exclusively as a place for selling liquor, the bar rooms of the taverns being appropriated to various other purposes. Next to Lincoln's on the north are two stores recently erected by Charley Chapman. In the south one is H. H. Magie. Here we find a large stock of dry goods and groceries.

Our walk now having exhausted the town as it has us, we return to the Green Tree, which is not destitute of interest, as the host is again engaged in conversation concerning the town's history and is talking in the same strain that we heard last night.

CHAPTER IV

THE LANDLORD TALKS

"Dave," remarked the man who was talking with the landlord, "you said last night that the Wolf Point was the first tavern built in the town. This must have been the next one, then, wasn't it?"

"No! Yon one across ther creek on ther north side was ther nex'."

"I did not know there was one on the north side, excepting the Lake House, now building."

"Oh, yes! Sam Miller, son-in-law er John Kinzie, built that thing jist north er ther creek clost ter ther North Branch, in 1832. 'Twas a one story log affair at fust; then he added a two story log eddition kivered with split clap burds. He tuk out ther second tarvern license in the place, he did. Kep store thur, too, but I reckon he didn't never do no shakes er trade, 'cause he sole out in about a year an' went to Trail Creek*. It hasn't never been kep' as a tarvern since. Miller reckoned trade 'ed be better if he had a bridge, so 'bout '32 he built one er logs a little north er his tarvern, but it didn't 'mount to nothin'."

"Well, what about the Green Tree? When was this built?"

"In '33. Jim Kinzie built her. 'T wuz ther fifth tarvern built in ther place."

*Michigan City.

"I thought he built the Wolf?"

"He did, but some how nuther, it didn't kinder jibe with his idees. Said he'd got sick an' tired er log cabin's an' he wuz boun' to hev a white man's house built er boards. But he soon got mighty sicker bilden frame houses. Yer see he got some fellers on the job as hadn't never seed er frame in all thur livin' born days, nur boards nuther, I reckon, by ther way thur looked at 'em. Reckon he'd er never got her up ef Cobb hadn't er kim along an' gin 'em a han'."

"What, that harness maker, who used to be across the street?"

"That's the chap. Ther ain't no uther cobs roun' hur but corn cobs, an' they ain't bildin' no houses as I've hearn tell on, Haw, haw, haw!"

"Why, what did Cobb know about building?"

"Haw, haw, haw! That's jist ther fun on't. He didn't know nuthin'. But he didn't let on he didn't. He 'lowed he knowed all 'bout it. Ennyway, he wuz clean strapped, wuz Cobb, an' he hankered fur er job er some kine. Cobb, you know,'s got er mighty sharp little eye; kin look rite thru a two inch plank, he kin, an't don't hev ter hev no knot hole in't nuther. Jim seed him lookin roun 'zif he wuz itchin' ter take er hol', an ast him if he wuz er jiner.

"He sez, 'You bet I be, er boss one.'

"'That's just what I want,' says Jim. 'What'll you tax ter tackle ther job?'

"'Two dollars a day,' says Cobb.

"'I'll gin yer er dollar an' six bits,' sez Jim, 'an' yer needn't do nuthin' but boss ther men.'

"'Agreed,' sez Cobb, an' he went at her an' cleaned up nigh onto $60. You'd orter seed Cobb's eyes stick out when ther ole man paid him that air money."

"That $60 wouldn't build his shop and stock it too, would it?"

"Well! You see, it was this way. He run agin a feller name er Goss. I think he lives down ter Walker's grove, whur ther mill be."

"At Plainfield, forty miles from here?"

"You're right, you are. But he needn't ter gone so fur from hum fur his lumber, if he hadn't er been in sich an all fired hurry, 'cause Dave Camer brung in er hull cargo that fall. Well, as I wuz sayin', this Goss chipped in about $65 an' it kind er sot him up in purty good shape."

"Was Goss a harness maker?"

"No! He didn't know nothin' more 'bout buildin' harness then Cobb did 'bout buildin' tarverns. No, he jist done it for ter help Cobb. But Goss cum out all right. I reckon 'twas the best streak of luck he ever had, caus in about er year Cobb bought him out and gin him his $65 back an' $250 to boot."

"Well, Dave, what is there on the north side?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Them fellers feel kinder stuck up over thur. Thinks they kin rule ther roost when they gits that air big three-story hotle done. They aint goin' to call thet no tarvern, they aint. Not much, Mary Ann!"

"Who is building it, Dave?"

"Why, John H. Kinzie, an' Gurd Hubbard, o' course, and Cap Hunter, Major Campbell, an' Dole an' Doc Egan. That Egan is a jolly Irishman. By George, one er his smiles would make a feller laugh at his own funeral."

"How did they come to call that droll looking house, Cob Web Castle?"

"Yer see, as ter ole Cob Web, 'twaz erhead er my time, but I've hearn tell that one er ther Injun agents what lived thur was an ole batchelder, er queer duck what hated flies wuss nor pizen, so he jis let ther spiders be ter kitch flies, what was thicker nor pussly. He thunk ther more webs thur spinned thur less flies thurd be, so he wouldn't let no one knock none down, an' thur boys got ter callen of her Cob Web Cas'le."

"Dave, what is the building on the north bank of the river just east of Clark street?"

"Why, that's Watkin's skule house."

"It seems to me that is a poor place for a school house. There are but few families on that side of the river."

"Why that's jist it, jist it 'zactly. Them fellers lowed thur wuz goin' ter hev thur hull town over thur, so Colonel Owen, an' Colonel Hamilton built er skule house, an' got John Watkins ter run her. Then thur wasn't sasserfried, nuthin' ud do but thur mus' hev er well, so thur jis sot to an' coaxed ther Town Trustees ter gin em er well last year, an make we poor devils help pay fer't. They purtended they lived too fur

from ther river; but they're that stuck up they wont use river water like we has ter, coss a cow or a hoss gits a drink thur onst in a while."

"Why don't you have the trustees put in a well for you people over here then?"

"Why, they don't keer shucks fer we uns! They thinks we aint nothin' but er lot er Injuns an' half-breeds!"

"A well cannot cost a great deal."

"Yer bet it does, though!"

"How much? Not over two or three hundred dollars?"

"Oh! cracky no. Not quite er hundred. Jist 'zactly ninety-five fifty fur well, stunnin' on her up, curb, platform, win'less, rope, bucket, tin dipper an' all."

"That appears cheap for a good well. Well, Dave! What about the school house? Is it used for a school now?"

"I reckon not. Ther 'Piscopals hole meetin's thur onst in a while. Thur tryin' mighty hard ter build er Meetin' House, an' brag thu'll do it, too, soon us thu brick hotle is chock full er boarders. But that hotle won't be built this year, an' as fur thur meetin' house, them chaps don't get a durned cent outer me, see if thur do. I don't go to meetin' nowhurs. My ole woman kinder likes ter git inter thur canoe onest in er while, evenin's, an' paddle over ter thur Methodis'. Thur's some purty good fellers goes thur. Jess Walker, thur Injun Missioner, yer know, what lives out ter thur O Plain, he comes sometimes. Bill See,

thur blacksmith over here preaches when it's too muddy fur Jess an' thother chaps ter pull through. Bill's allers loaded fur shootin' off ther gospel, but sometimes Whitehead gits ther start er him. My ole woman says when it comes ter prayin' an' preachin' Whitehead can beat See out er his boots."

"What took the Methodists over to the North Side, when most of the folks there are Episcopalians?"

"Yer see, 'twas this way. They'd been holdin' meetin's over thur in thur skule house an' in thur little shanty jis north er here off an' on fur a year or more, an' thur kinder thunk they'd like ter hev er reglar gospel shop er thur own, but thur's powerful weak, thur Methodis' is, so thur jis called on ther North Side nabobs with er scription paper an got er right smart lot er spondulix, 'bout all ther needed, I reckon. It didn't took er drefful sight er cash, coz Mark Noble tole em thur could go up ter his North Branch timber an cut all ther stuff thur wanted fur meetin' house an fire wood. So er Scotchman, name er Stewart, an' Bill Whitehead—yer see Whitehead's er carpenter as well's gospel chap—got two or three fellers ter help em las summer cut down trees, an hew logs, do ther framin' an' sich, an' ther fust thing er feller knowed, Steve Beggs, Jess Walker, John Sinclair, Bill Whitehead an' See wuz yellin' over thur one day like mad. I thunk suthin' mus' er broken loose with ther Pottawattomies, but ther ole woman allowed thur wuz dedicatin' ther new meetin' house. An sure nuff, thud got er bildin' bout 25 x 40 all skew gee, an' thur wuz that tickled you could hear them

shout and pray half way ter Ottawa. Reckon thur thunk ther Lord warn't roun' here, but wuz boun' ter make him hear if he wuz in this belt er timber anywurs. Charley Wissincraft is kind er wheel hoss in thur crowd an' when he gits fairly ter goin', he hollers that loud yer kin hear him way up ter Green Bay. Jim Rockwell is ther head boss of ther Sunday-School, and scoops in all of ther papooses big 'nuff and the little Injuns and half breeds lyin' roun' loose. But ther Methodis' wuz big fools fur buildin' over ther, jist the same. I tole ther ole woman they'd be slidin' the whole shootin' match 'cross ther river on ther ice sometime and put her on ther South Side, where ther people live."

(Which practically took place.)

CHAPTER V

WE SETTLE DOWN

The next morning we became quite interested in an Indian and a French-Canadian, who were at our breakfast table. The latter gave his name as Alexis Clermont, and told us he was mail carrier between Fort Dearborn and Shingletown, (Green Bay), and that the Indian or his brother always traveled with him. They had got in the previous evening and expected to start back that day or the next. He was in a hurry to get off, as he slept better out of doors than in a house. Father asked him if he slept out of doors when in Green Bay, and he replied, "No Monsieur. Ize une cabin zere, zat une difference make."

"How often do you make the trip?"

"Une time zes mont."

"Why don't you have a horse if it takes so long as that?"

The man of mails looked at his comrade, who evidently understood some English, had a good laugh and replied, "I go more quicker zan ze pony. Shingletown she be 200 milez, Ka-we-ko an' me we go by four dayz ven ze no snow, no too much mud. Ze trail he be two feetz vide, six inchy down. Ven ze much times rain ze be more zan six inchy," (said with a quiet laugh). "Ze pony in ze vinter no fine zumzin

to eatz. Ka-we-ko an' me, ve fine ze Inguns, ve getz blenty by zem. Zummy timez zey be go for ze berries in ze big woods, ve no fine zem. Ven ze Vinter he come, zey stay in big voods by zum rever. Zey much holez make in ze ice, ven zey plenty much fish finez. Ven ve Ingun fine, ve plenty eat have. Zummy timez, vinter timez he makez no differenz, zey give uz. Ven ve Ingun no fine, ve diz eatz" (showing us from a large side-pocket scraps of jerked venison, pemmican and parched corn). "Putty much timez ze Ingun by ze lake. No white manz zezept py Milwaukee, Shepoygan and Manitowoc. No much in zem townz. Maype two, three, four, maype half dutzen. Plenty mose pe traders."

"I do not see how you can walk two hundred miles in four days and carry any mail! How much does the mail weigh?"

"Ze pag, ven ze pe full ze no can weigh more zan sixty poundz. Ze planketz Ka-we-ko he takez. Py and py me take ze planket, Ka-we-ko ze mail."

"How long have you been carrying the mail?"

"Two yearz. Mine fren Periolat he carry ze Eastern mail from Nilez to Fort Dearborn py 1833, ven ze come py wagon. Putty much heavy now!"

We afterwards learned that Erastus S. Bowen, years ago veterinary surgeon for the Fire Department, drove that first stage referred to by Clermont.

Just then the landlord, who had been listening to the conversation, remarked: "Aleck is all right in his yarn. I bin all through that air country, all over ther northern part of ther state two year ago, clean

down ter Ottaway, an' it only had five log cabins in ther hull town, an' only one cabin between hur an' thur; and clean out as fur as Galena thur wern't not any skule house nur meetin' house, nur nuthin'."

We spent the following days looking for a place to make into a home. Towards the last of the week, hearing that an English family, which occupied the two storied building on the south side of Lake street, east of Wells, in the front room of which Hanson had his shop, were going to move into the country as soon as the roads were sufficiently settled, father purchased the house, Hanson agreeing to vacate immediately.

At the same time he spoke to Charley Chapman about selling the small story and a half frame, which he had just moved onto the corner of Wells and Randolph streets. Charley asked a fabulous price for it, as he was well aware that it was almost impossible to get any kind of a place, a circumstance our crafty friend took advantage of. Father was fearful lest he had stolen the house, as he had heard how Charley, meeting a new-comer, who had not where to lay his head, lied to him, as was his wont, representing himself as the owner of another man's house, (Ashbel Steele) and rented it to him, pocketing a goodly sum in advance, and went off whistling. So father had no confidence in the man. Besides, the floor had been taken up and was out of doors, a suspicious circumstance which Chapman explained by asserting that it had been done to make the house easier to move. Still, as it was about the only vacant thing in town, and it being uncertain when he

should obtain possession of the other place, father made the purchase on Saturday. Rain setting in he hastily threw the boards into the building, and placed enough of them on which to set the stove and a few of the most essential household goods, and on Sunday morning we took possession.

Father was always a faithful observer of the Sabbath, and, mind you, I do not affirm that he nailed the floor down, made a table, put up a stove and several beds, arranged furniture and otherwise settled down on the Lord's Day. But I know that the work was done and that the Bennett family took tea with us, praising mother's hot biscuits, on that Sunday afternoon. There was no Universalist church in Chicago at that time, and I have always entertained the suspicion that the subsequent senior deacon of St. Paul's society bent and cracked that particular Sabbath, if he did not break it. As I had no conscientious scruples on that subject myself, I helped to the best of my ability.

The Bennett family consisted of Samuel C. and wife, and their daughters Mary and Eliza. So charmed were they with our establishment that they prevailed upon mother to give them the use of the upper half-story, though it was reached only by a ladder.

The Wells street purchase was moved to the Lake street place and joined to the store on the east, placed broadside to the street, about twenty feet back from the line of the lot. Father had a sidewalk put down in front of the store and as far east as the addition

extended, running a narrower one to the door he had made in the addition. He also put a porch along the north front of the annex which was to be our parlor.

It was not many days before the store and rooms were vacated, thoroughly renovated, and

THE NEW YORK MILLINERY STORE

the pioneer of its kind, was ready for business; the stock having been brought by my mother from New York, where she had been engaged in the same business. Our well lighted parlor soon became the center of attraction for the Indians encamped opposite, and others whom they brought with them to listen to the first piano they had ever heard. Being summer time, door and windows were usually open, and no sooner did mother or sister Georgiana begin to play than the dusky audience would assemble. In fact, when the door was open it was their custom to walk in and, by signs, request some music, which was usually furnished them. We are apt to think that these people are stoical and unemotional, but I believe that this characteristic is more likely to be reserved for occasions which test their courage and indifference to pain, rather than when anything pleases them. Certainly the oldest chiefs exhibited as much curiosity in the "singing bird box," (for they believed it was filled with little feathered songsters,) and apparently were as much delighted with the music as

were the young girls themselves. It was curious to watch them peer into the instrument, crawl under it, touch the keys and then look at each other and laugh; old and young were equally interested, astonished and delighted. At first our people were afraid of the savage crowd, and would not admit them, but as we let the little folks come in, it was difficult to keep out the squaws and papooses. The braves soon followed, and we had to take the precaution of keeping everything out of the room which their kleptomaniacal propensities might tempt them to pilfer. At times they became so demonstrative and annoying that we had to send for Captain Johnson, one of the proprietors of the New York house opposite, who soon cleared them from the room.

Besides the piano, there were a number of pieces of old time mahogany furniture that our people had brought with them, which I learned to appreciate after they had "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were." Among them was a card table with a massive, elaborately carved central support and a top which, sliding half round, unfolded to twice its original size. There was a work stand in keeping with it, the upper drawer of which, on being opened, presented a green baize surface, on either side of which were receptacles for blotting ink-sand, ink, wafers, sealing wax and quill pens. The writing material was revealed by lifting up the baize top. The center drawer was devoted to sewing implements; and upon drawing out the lower one you had a convenient and handsome silk work-bag extending to

within a few inches of the floor. On each side of the table were leaves which let down.

There was a long legged dressing table with glass drawer-knobs, looking for all the world like a gawky boy on stilts; an old fashioned bureau with brass pulls nearly as large as the door knockers of colonial days; stiff parlor chairs, which I never fancied, with black haircloth seats, as uncomfortable as could be made. But the dining chairs were invariably a comfort. They seemed to support you everywhere and to be adapted to all ages and sizes. The associations may have had something to do with my attachment for those particular chairs, seeing they were used upon occasions which are among the happiest moments of a boy's existence. One always felt as much at ease in one of those "flag bottoms" as in a kitchen with an indulgent grandmother. Father called them his "Universalist" chairs because he had a dozen of them made to order in Boston by a brother Universalist about 1824. I still have two of them and they are as perfect as if just turned out of a new factory, for old furniture, and vastly more prized.

But the old mahogany bedstead, with its high, fluted posts extending well up towards the top of a ten foot ceiling, with its gorgeous canopy top, and beautiful curtains reaching nearly to the floor, impressed me as being something as rich and stately as the throne of an Oriental monarch. And well do I remember the little red trundle bed which was shut up beneath the throne during the day, as safe from

observation as my sister's modest jewelry, which nestled in a Chinese box that was only to be opened by pressing a certain square of its mosaic exterior. When the shades of night gathered and two weary youngsters were ready to lose themselves in the sweet forgetfulness of sleep, out from its shadowy moorings rolled the little red trundle bed, the garments of day were doffed, of night were donned, little prayers of trust were said, good nights were sweetly spoken, the lips by loving kisses sealed, all outer gloom excluded by drooping eyelids, the ears closed to the dull monotony of sound, and Morpheus took us in his soothing arms till the call for breakfast awakened us. Neither wealth, power nor fame can gain such sleep as was secured in the trundle bed of childhood.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW YORK MILLINERY AND A FEW NEIGHBORS

My mother possessed excellent taste in her millinery, and, being anxious to give satisfaction to all patrons, it was not long before these qualities were appreciated by the public. Nor was that reputation confined to the immediate neighborhood. In fact for years she supplied with bonnets ladies whom she had never seen. Men would come in from all parts of the country to make purchases, knowing nothing about meeting the exacting requirements of the occasion, and they were obliged to depend on the taste and honor of the dealer. This placing of mother upon her honor was her delight, and resulted also in the delight of her patrons. Taking a description of the contour of face, complexion, color of hair and eyes of the girls and the matrons to be supplied, she was enabled to determine what was becoming to each, and would pick out and trim the bonnets accordingly. She would never work off an "old shop keeper" upon a man. Any order that was left to her honor and judgment was filled from the newest styles, with good taste and at a fair price, with the notification: "Any order filled by me can be returned at my expense and the price fully refunded, if entire satisfac-

tion is not given." As a result, she was soon sending bonnets to all parts of the country, and in a few years had worked into a pretty fair wholesale trade.

They wore bonnets in those good old times, as you will remember; not a scrimped piece of lace with a feather on one side, and a flower on the other and a bird a-top of all, nor yet a great monstrosity, large as a wash-tub, heaped with all the decorations possible for a frail neck to carry. But when mother got through with them, did not those girls look pretty, though, with their rosy cheeks embowered in delicate ruche which encircled their becoming bonnets! You young men who never saw beauty enshrined in ruche, ask your father, uncle or grandfather how it used to look when it took the form of a sweet face and laughing eyes beneath a dainty ruche-encircled bonnet.

On June 20, 1836, the canal commissioners sold some canal lots. My people were anxious to purchase the Lake street lot, where they had settled, and father, being busy superintending a gang of men employed by him to dig a ditch around 320 acres of land he had pre-empted at Galewood, to prevent anyone from "jumping his claim," arranged with our neighbor, George Smith, to bid in the lot for him. This he promised to do, desiring to purchase the corner lot for his own office. But his greed got the better of his honor, and he bid in both lots for himself. When he came to report what he had done, and handed to mother the money that she had advanced, her indignation knew no bounds. It is stated on

unimpeachable authority that she seized a bonnet stand and rushed at the faithless steward with her skull-crusher raised on high, and with her voice still higher she shouted: "You Scotch scoundrel! Get out of my store or I will knock you down before to-morrow morning!" He evidently believed that she was in earnest and did not bide to test her threat.

Being thus disappointed, father purchased the eighty feet on the south side of Randolph adjoining the southwest corner of Wells. After Smith had secured title to the lot, my people could not brook the thought of being the tenant of a man who had shown himself so dishonorable, and they accordingly engaged Chester Tupper, Chicago's first house mover, to move them to a vacant lot three doors west of Dearborn on the south side of Lake, purchased, I believe, by Judge Hugh T. Dickey. Slowly upon rollers, with becoming dignity, we took the middle of the road and Tupper placed us in good shape in a growing business district.

Next door west of us was Elmer Tyler, merchant tailor. Our neighbor on the east, F. A. Howe, J. P., dispensed even-handed justice, weighing out fines and punishments while you waited. Cyrus P. Albee kept Funk's market on the corner, giving place in time to Frink and Walker, successors to Frink and Bingham's Western Stage Office, where they booked uneasy mortals to a few points in the northwest, and where others, uneasier, crawled out of the mud-encased arks after fasting forty days and forty nights in the woods of Michigan and the sloughs of Indiana,

and being shaken up on the corduroys like dice in a box.

Frink's barn was on the west side of Wabash avenue, north of Randolph, and his residence was about half a block east of the barn. His home lot was used as a sort of asylum for the superannuated stages which were crowded out of the select company of more recent favorites. Here were stranded hulks which hailed originally from various eastern points. There were all shapes, sizes and conditions, from the "regular" to the lumber wagon "overflow." Some were with leather tops as full of holes as a country road sign of snipe shot. Others were as bare of coverings as the trees in winter. All were in various stages of dissolution.

The original Tremont House was still doing business directly opposite at the time of our moving there, but went up in flames one Saturday night, October 26, 1839. The fire originated in the hardware store of David Hatch, on Lake street, about the middle of the block west of the hotel, and extended west to B. W. Raymond's three story brick store near the corner of Clark, where it stopped. It burned everything east to Dearborn, upon which street it destroyed all the stores north to Sawyer's drug store, consuming with the Tremont, 17 buildings, all frame. It was "The Big Fire" from which events dated for 10 years, as they do now from "The Big Fire" 32 years later.

Carpets, blankets and quilts were spread over the front of our house and were kept sufficiently wet to

prevent it being ignited, thanks to the fire buckets and the line of men that passed them to the river and back. The destruction of the buildings upon the south side of the street being imminent, a few of our friends went to work and made everything ready for our flight should it be necessary.

Mother's back counters consisted of large packing boxes with a strong rope in each end expressly designed to be filled with silks, ribbons, etc., in the event of fire. Being neatly covered with some kind of white goods, with glass cases on top, they were not objectionable in those primitive times, while their utility was shown on this occasion, as they were carefully filled with the most valuable goods ready for removal, though nothing was really taken out of the house. The antediluvian bedsteads, however, were taken down, because it was an operation requiring no little time. Fortunately we were saved the necessity of moving.

My people finally requiring better accommodations for their increasing trade than the old location, built a two story frame upon a lot hired of Philip F. W. Peck, at what is now known as 163 Lake street, which they thenceforth occupied while continuing in business, removing the old building to their Randolph street lot.

Our homes were not so comfortable in early times as they are to-day, almost every one enduring hardships that seem incredible to those who are surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of the present. The west side of a large wood shed where I

sawed, split and piled the wood was entirely open, and above it was our bed chamber, which no stove could have warmed had we attempted it. The openings in the floor were not large enough to admit the wood, but ample to receive the howling blasts of old Boreas. To add to our discomfort, the stairs landed in the kitchen, and the presiding genius of the wash tubs took care that no door should arrest the upward flight of that subtle power which moves the world to-day, and which then spent itself in marvelous creations on the frozen window panes and ceilings of our sleeping apartment. These unapproachable etchings and scintillated frost work my brother and I enjoyed from the depths of our crackling, frozen comforters. But I never slept cold or caught cold from such discomforts and exposure. That cold bed room was something of a domestic necessity, and did not stand for the choice of my parents, than whom none ever lived more tender and loving. The rest of the rooms were well supplied with heaters which cost nothing to use except the labor of cutting, hauling and sawing the wood.

During this time father had gone into the market business on Clark street, between South Water and Lake. But he did not remain in it long as mother's growing trade required his services in taking general supervision of the store, checking in goods, making out bills, packing, shipping, bookkeeping, and attending to other details not connected too intimately with bonnets. When the busy season was over, he

spent his spare time in the enjoyment of his farm at Galewood.

We found the neighborhood at 165 vastly different from what it was when on the same block in 1835. On the corner opposite was Jerome Beecher, an arrival of 1838, who was in the boot, shoe and leather business. Beecher and his wide awake nephew were seldom too busy to have a little innocent pastime. When a Hoosier came sauntering down the street, with a tar bucket in hand, one of the obliging Beechers would ask if he was looking for tar, (which was used for lubricating axles), and usually receiving an affirmative answer, would send him to the New York Millinery with the explicit injunction: "You'll find a clerk in the store, a fellow with black, curly hair, who hates to soil his fingers with tar, and if you ask him he will tell you they don't keep it. But don't you mind him. If he says anything just pretend that you don't hear him and go right along through the next room, where there are a few girls sewing, but they won't hurt you. Go right by them, and you will reach a door leading to the yard where they make tar, and it is the only place in town where you can get it cheap."

The poor fellow would be frightened half to death by the way father would yell at him, but when he passed stoutly on and at length stood in the sewing room, and suddenly found more girls around him than he had ever seen together in his life before, his heart would utterly fail him, and he would shamble

out to the street, with a "Dod rot them air fellers."

If the Beechers missed the chance, Charley Peck and Nelson Buchanan, the harness makers next door would catch them. Indeed, the Hoosiers called for the goods we kept less frequently than for ox-yokes, tar, ginger bread and molasses; in fact, they never had any use for New York Millinery. A sun bonnet of their one make was the only head gear their "Wimen folks" required in summer, with a home made hood for winter.

Four doors above us was a two storied frame, the upper front bearing the legend:

SADDLE & HARNESS MANUFACTORY.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.
S. B. COBB.

In front on a post was a white horse in a full canter, headed for the prairie.

Next to Cobb was Arthur G. Burley, engaged in the crockery business since 1837; he came here about the time we did. Our next door neighbor on the west was Alexander White, the paint and oil dealer.

Then came Mrs. Barrows with her home made candies and ice cream. Directly opposite were the dry goods stores of Clark & Haines, and Rosenfield & Rosenburg. The two R's were men that any nation or sect might well be proud of.

At 152 Lake street was John W. Hooker, a man I never think of without a flush of anger. He was a

dealer in seeds, agricultural implements, etc. As he raised no seeds I logically concluded he could not sell unless he first purchased. Whether or not I surmised that he was short on beans, and would be obliged to buy what I had to offer on a particular evening, I have forgotten. I think I must have believed he was greatly in need of them or I should not have had the effrontery to offer him a basketful with some fertilizer thrown in. To protect our hens from wolves and other prowlers of the night, they were permitted to roost in the barn with the beans. Hooker was so particular as to require a separation of the contents of my basket, which caused his loafing listeners to laugh at my discomfiture. Whereupon I told him that he could not have my wares at any price. That one opportunity was his last.

Still further east, at 104, Thomas Whitlock had a shoe store. At Wilson's school his daughter, Cornelia became acquainted with James Hatch, whom she afterwards married. Hatch was for many years in the hardware business on State street. Her sister, Antoinette, was the second wife of L. C. P. Freer, the Judge marrying her late in life under romantic circumstances.

An elder sister kept boarders in a house owned by Mr. Freer, who called the first of each month for his rent. Dropping in once out of the regular season, he found Antoinette busily engaged in sweeping. She remarked, "I suppose you want to see my sister? I will speak to her." "No, you need not call her. I want you." This was a very embarrassing state-

ment to the fair lady under the circumstances, until the Judge assured her of the momentous object of his visit, which culminated in a happy union. The wealthy suitor settled on the fortunate bride a sum sufficient to enable her to share a portion of her wealth with some of her less prosperous relatives, thus rendering them and everybody else happy.

Nathan M. Freer, a son of the venerable attorney, has lived at Oak Park with his sister, Mrs. C. A. Sharpe, for a number of years, where he endears himself to all by the beautiful spirit of helpfulness to which he constantly, in an unostentatious manner, gives expression. I know of no person in all my acquaintance who derives so much pure happiness in the performance of kindly deeds as he does. His heart goes ever with his gift.

Mr. Freer is known by few. So modest and retiring is his nature that he reveals the loveliness of his inner life only to those intimates who comprehend its beauty and sympathize with the pure spirit that dwells within him. As I write I fear our friend will never hear the robins sing again in spring, nestling in the tree tops of his home, nor from his study window watch the gradual resurrection of another summer. But we feel that the beauty of that summer which he has given to so many, the heaven he has brought to earth in his daily walks and the sunshine he has cast in the paths of all, have fitted him more fully for that higher service to which he may soon be called.

*He was called at Pasadena, Friday, January 4, 1901.

CHAPTER VII

THE SPORTS AND TOILS OF MY CHILDHOOD

I think I was entirely normal as a boy in the enjoyment of sports and vigorous out door pastimes, but I distinctly remember that I always had a desire for work. I especially recall the zeal, pride and pleasure I took in sawing a great amount of wood from my father's timberland on the North Branch, which we used in the stoves. I spent at the sawbuck a great many hours which, if I had possessed a taste for study, I should have otherwise employed. For this work my father paid me the same as he would have given anyone else—$1.25 per cord, to saw, split and pile. At one time I had fourteen cords ready for the hungry stoves. My mother protested against my doing this hard work; but I think such self-imposed toil and my inclination for out of door sports, gave me a vigorous constitution, which through life has enabled me to accomplish much more than I could have done had I spent my time in less vigorous occupation. Besides, I was stimulated to work by an ambition to purchase from my father a fine sword he used to wear when First Lieutenant of the Independent Boston Fusiliers, to which company I see by his certificate he was admited in 1822. I ultimately accomplished my object and purchased the

beautiful souvenir, which father would have cheerfully given me had I not been determined to "win my sword." I have since many times regretted that I consented to sell it, and that father permitted me to dispose of it to Lieutenant Alfred Chapin, of Capt. Bell's company of Mexican Volunteers. It required a goodly amount of sawbuck exercise to pay for that sword.

At the same time that I was doing so much wood-sawing, for several years I took care of and milked one or two cows. In summer they were taken to pasture by Jesse Churchill, a faithful old man who drove most of the south side cows to the west side prairies. At first there was plenty of good grazing far east of Western avenue, which for many years was the city limit on the west, after Halsted street had surrendered that honor; and the vicinity of the stone quarry on that avenue was the center of the green pastures for a number of years, until larger herds obliged the herder to go still further from the town. Occasionally the cows would elude the vigilance of Mr. Churchill, which gave me an excuse to exchange school for the saddle. Sometimes it took me a whole week to recover the cattle.

The old gentleman was as regular as clock work; sunshine or storm made no difference. He and his diminutive horse and faithful dog would perform their daily tasks throughout the season. I was so accustomed to see the old drover on horseback that it almost seemed to me that he could not stand on his own legs, but had to be astride that particular

roan horse, which had a white nose, and a whisking tail that was worn as thin, with its long contest with gnats, mosquitoes and monstrous horse flies of the prairies, as the long, white locks of its old master, who appeared to be as much a part of the old roan as the fly-repelling tail itself. I could never dissociate the horse from the horseman. It seemed as if they were the component parts of an indivisible whole. Should the herdsman die, which I could not conceive to be possible, or should his horse, which I thought more likely, I could not help thinking that they would all have to be buried together, and then, like the old time brave,—

"His faithful dog should bear him company."

But, before this time, father had kept a cow, as was the custom in those days, which strolled with her companions on the south prairie anywhere south of Monroe street, with no one to look after her. Wolves had ceased to be a terror,(in fact, Fernando Jones says he killed the last "close in" in 1836,)but it was always an open question whether the overflowing mash pail, which she knew awaited her return,would lure "Old Suke" from the pasture or not. I was generally interested in some out door game at what time she was due, and often would I, with fond hope of her return, salve my boyish conscience for not going after her until it was so late that darkness had settled over the rank rosinweed, leaving no alternative but to swash around, wet to the skin, in the tall, rank, bedewed grass. There was but little hope of finding her unless her tinkling bell should betray her

presence, perhaps a few feet from me, as she fought flies or mosquitoes. But it was easier to find her if she had got into the tall trees that extended west of Wells street to the South Branch, and as far as Wilder's woods, for there the grass was shorter. You may imagine that I felt it quite a relief when a new arrangement was made, and our useful cows were herded by so reliable a person as my old friend, the modern and improved Centaur.

My cow herding was not, however, confined to the city. I always delighted to spend my holidays on the farm. There was frequently a shortage of water for the cattle in summer, and I used to take the herd to the east of the house, where there were sloughs. Sometimes, of a sudden, they would separate into small bands as if directed by a military strategist and make for the Des Plaines river to the westward. Flanking the field north and south, they would endeavor to elude me, which required hard riding to drive them to the western sloughs, have them slake their thirst there, and go quietly to grazing again. Some days I had a relay of horses, and was in the saddle five or six hours at a time. It was part of my pleasure to issue orders to imaginary soldiers of my own, in a loud, imperious voice, commanding them to perform certain evolutions in order to bring the herd where I wished it. Once, when the cattle started east instead of west, I headed them off at Whisky Point, shouting in my usual way; and I was greatly surprised when, at dinner time, brother Will, who had been watching my maneuvering from the

Galewood. The Birthplace of Albert Grannis Lane, March 15, 1841.

roof of the root house cellar, told me that he had heard what I said. As I was a mile away at the time, I would not believe it until he satisfied me by repeating the orders I had given.

My time at the farm was not spent exclusively in horseback riding. I made myself useful in many other ways. It has always pleased me to remember that one fall I picked up and put into large baskets, 750 bushels of potatoes in ten days. Two wagon loads a day! The man employed by father to take charge of the place was a powerful "York State" man, who encouraged me by saying, "Scratch it, Ed. Never mind your bleeding fingers and hang nails, I'll sing you some good songs and tell you a fine Indian story after supper." After supper he would milk the cows, look after the stock, take the second wagon-load of potatoes down into the root house cellar, in a one and a half bushel basket, on his shoulders, while I held the lantern; and by the time his chores were done, music had no charms for me, and the Indians were welcome to my scalp if they wanted it, providing they granted me the privilege of first placing it upon my pillow. Potatoes seldom yielded as they did that fall. Sometimes Mitchell would throw out nearly a pailful from a single hill with two or three turns of his potato hook.

But the best crop the farm ever raised was Albert G. Lane, the able head of our schools for so many years. His father was a carpenter, who tried farming for a brief period and could have followed it indefinately at Galewood, had he so desired, as father

found the experiment to be more satisfactory to him than it was to the parents of our popular educator.

Mr. Lane impoverished himself to restore school funds which were lost by a bank failure. This conduct placed him upon a high plane in the estimation of the community, who appreciated the long and heroic struggle which he grandly made to replace every cent, when the public verdict was that he was not responsible for the loss, and that the County had no legal claim on him.

Occasionally, we had the disagreeable task of fighting prairie fires in the spring and fall, which meant heat, smoke and hard work, as any one will testify who ever tried it. The year before father entered the land the fire had gone through the grove, doing great damage, and it was his earnest desire to preserve it in the future, which was done; and I remember at one time that I helped from noon until sunrise the next morning to do it, setting back-fires and beating the flames with shovels almost constantly.

One thing which made the farm so fascinating to me was my love of hunting. I was always enamored of a gun. When able to carry a fowling piece I scorned all other sports, if the season for game encouraged me to hunt. It seems strange, even to me, when I think of having shot ducks in the Chicago river and in both of its branches, plover and snipe west of Wells street, south of Chicago avenue, pigeons in Cottage Grove and the Northside groves, as well as in the tall elms of the south side west of Wells street

and south of Madison, following along which I would strike into Wilder's and McGalshen's to shoot quails as well as pigeons. I have shot prairie chickens east of Western avenue.

I never shot, but have seen many wild deer in the city limits, and Ex-Alderman J. M. Hannahs tells us that he saw them in the vicinity of Halsted and Adams streets as late as 1838. I have never seen any bears or foxes within ten miles of the Court House. The last bear killed in our woods was a 400 pound specimen, shot by John Sweeney on October 6th, 1834, in a tree about where LaSalle and Adams streets now intersect, about a year after Alexander Beaubien shot his. Deer and raccoons were often met with in the woods; the former sometimes on the prairie, while on the branches of the river they were frequently found; and every slough that made any pretense to respectability, had at least one good sized musk-rat house, projecting well above the water.

By the foregoing it will appear that Chicago, even at this period of our narrative, was not only in, but formed part of that vast wilderness which radiated in every direction from it.

That the "Red Ruler of the Shade" did not annihilate all the fur-bearing denizens of the forest and prairie, was shown by the result of frequent hunts and round-ups. In the fall before our arrival, a numerous party on horseback, with dogs and guns, started several miles up the North Branch. They spread out towards the lake, and with shouts and shooting

drove the game in front of them as they galloped towards the town. A number of deer and wolves were slain, but some of them swam the main river, and rushing through the village, made their escape in the South Branch groves. Another and more successful party started south and managed to kill one bear and forty wolves by the time they reached the prairie, south of Bridgeport.

That wolf hunting continued for a number of years to be one of the favorite pastimes of our people is evident from the frequency with which such notices as the following appeared in the newspapers:

WOLF HUNT.

We are requested to call the attention of the public to the Wolf Hunt, which will take place on the first day of the ensuing month. Lilly Cash Grove, being the centre. Nov. 27, 1841.

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.

A Wolf Hunt is expected to take place on Tuesday, February 2, 1841 (weather permitting), on horseback. Company to meet at the City Hotel at a quarter before 9 A. M., there to receive coursing orders from Messrs. H. B. Clarke, A. Calhoun, George Chacksfield, H. Bond, etc. A good turn out is expected. Jan. 30, 1841.

One bright Sunday morning, about three years after this, Alexander Beaubien and Joe Robinson—sons of our earliest pioneers—aided by their friends, chased, with deafening shouts and yelping dogs, a large gray

Alexander Beaubien on his 80th Birthday. He was born January 28, 1822, when Kinzie's was the only white family in the place besides his father's.

wolf. It ran south through the Des Plaines river timber about four miles to the vicinity of Lake street, thence east to the Ridge, which was followed north to father's place, where I hastily mounted a horse and joined with a fresh dog in the exciting chase. We soon had the brute at bay on the ice, where he was finally shot, and I, as a boy, was permitted to carry the "brush" back home with me in triumph.

In replying to my inquiry, whether he still remembered that circumstance, Alexander Beaubien wrote, "Yes, I recollect it well, the chase after that gray wolf. I cut off the tip of his tail and gave it to you. The rest of the boys were Philip Beaubien, Harry Vannatta, Joe Curtis, Joe Robinson and Jim Bowman."

Alexander tells me that he was hunting, in 1833, with an Indian boy who was armed with a bow and arrows, while he had a gun; and when near where Franklin and Jackson streets now are a black bear came out of the heavy timber, which then extended on the east side of the South Branch about a mile and a half. Upon seeing the bear the Indian boy ran, but Aleck, though he was but 11 years old, stood his ground and shot Bruin and killed him. Aleck writes, "That same day I found a dead man in a slough near the corner of Jackson and State streets. He lay with his face downwards; had been dead some days. Father took charge of the body, and had it buried in a rough board coffin on the lake shore near Madison street. Nothing was on him to indicate

who he was, and we never learned. How many such silent tragedies the wilderness held in those days."*

During many years after father owned the farm, I saw deer, and more frequently prairie wolves, at Galewood—within the present city limits—where the latter made the nights hideous with their peculiar vocal performances. The howl of the prairie wolf is indescribable. You would think that it would require a large pack to make so great a noise, pitched in so many different keys as a single wolf can give expression to. As late as the early sixties, after making my home at Oak Park, I noticed from the car window, on a number of successive afternoons, a wolf to the south of the track where Austin now stands, watching, with wondering eye, the rapidly moving train. The gaunt, shaggy fellow seemed the sole survivor of his kind, spared as if to complete an historic picture amidst the dying glories of that brightly setting sun, where, grouped with the softened shadows of the slowly-fading yesterdays were yet blended with the

*It was but a short time after young Aleck shot the bear that his more thrilling experience occurred, which was recorded in the Chicago Evening Journal of Dec. 31st, 1901. It was about two years after the Black Hawk war, in 1833 or 1834, that one of Black Hawk's warriors rode into town, and Aleck pointed him out to his uncle, Joseph Lafromboise, who cut the intruder across the shoulders with his whip and ordered him to go back to his Reservation. "Two days afterwards," says Aleck, "I took my double-barrelled flint-lock gun, loaded it with bird shot, and went along the rushes on the west bank of the river to shoot ducks. As I was going softly through the thicket suddenly there in front of me stood this hostile Indian, with a bridle in his hand. He had probably lost his horse and was looking for it.

As soon as he saw me he drew his knife and said to me in the Indian tongue, "I am going to kill you." He made motions as if to scalp me.

I lifted my gun and fired both barrels into his face. He dropped. I ran and did not know that I had killed him until two days after when his body was found. I then informed my mother, who, knowing the revengeful spirit of the Indians, insisted I should never reveal the fact to anyone and I have kept it a profound secret until to-day.

ever shifting colors of its decline, the golden promise of the richly blest to-morrows.

The rod and line in those days were nearly as attractive to me as my gun. Perch, bass and sunfish we were wont to catch from the banks of the river and its two tributaries.

I have also, with John and Oliver Fordham, helped their father to draw the loaded seine along the river branches. Later, when other fish were scarce, bullheads were abundant, especially at Reynold's packing house on the South Branch.

I recollect also McGlashan's woods on the South Branch, and I am reminded of the pleasant manner in which a number of us boys were treated there by Mrs. John McGlashan one summer. It was our custom after our Saturday morning school session to spend the afternoon in the grove. Once, upon going to the house for a drink, Mrs. McGlashan gave us a regular prize winner of a melon, and said, "I have noticed you boys out here frequently and you seem to have a happy time, without trespassing, so as long as the melons last, come to the house and I will be pleased to furnish you with all you can eat." She was our sylvan deity ever after. This was the young lady, who, as Miss Jessie Guthrie, a bonnie Scotch lassie, direct from the braes of Scotia, landed from the schooner Julia Palmer, with Joseph Gray, July 16th, 1836. She lived to the good old age of 86, passing away December 24, 1898.

Fruit was scarce in early days, being confined to the wild varieties and to melons; the latter grew in

great profusion on new ground. Father raised many on the farm, and frequently treated the school children to a load at a time. Almost every season a wagon load of us little folks would go to the farm, pick all the strawberries we could master, get our fill of bread and milk with the sweet berries, and take a goodly quantity of the latter home with us.

For peaches and apples we depended upon our Hoosier friends. The Wabash was our Egypt. Not only did we derive from there our supplies of smoked hams, bacon, poultry, butter, lard, etc., but also our dried and green fruit, which was brought to us principally in the old fashioned, huge, Pennsylvania mountain wagons, drawn by 8 or 10 yoke of oxen, or five or six span of horses. Those "Prairie Schooners" were as attractive to a kid as a mud puddle to a boy in his Sunday clothes. It is true the teachers did not dismiss school on their arrival, as was their wont when the "Look out" announced the coming of a steamboat; but as they moved by the school house, loaded with peaches and apples they were followed by longing eyes and frequently by truant feet.

Moses certainly lived before the prairie schooner was invented to "tote" fruit to market, for he could never have made a boy believe that the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," meant that he couldn't, hook apples. If ever a good Sabbath School teacher flattered herself that she had clearly demonstrated to her sceptical class the oneness of the two, the lesson and application were surely forgotten on Monday morning, if the goody boy of the day before could

only climb up an old ark on the off side from its Hoosier owner and fill his pockets with the forbidden fruit undetected. He did not fear breaking the eighth commandment half so much as he did the tingle of that long, heavy whip. It seemed cruelty to animals to stick a beautiful apple or luscious peach on a prong, or dangle it by a string at the front of a canvas roof, as a sample of what the whole load was, and drive through a village, with a big whip in the hands of a skillful Hoosier. Those Wabash fellows had never read, "Lead us not into temptation" or they would not have done so. Of course they in turn deserved punishment for not reading the Lord's prayer. If they read it and deliberately disregarded it, they certainly should suffer. The justice loving boys gaily assumed the responsibility of inflicting the penalty by filching the fruit.

But those guilty men are gone. Their large covered wagons, curved at each end like a Roman galley, are seen in our streets no more. The loud crack of their far-reaching whips is lost in the metropolitan din. The whoa-haw, gee, as their patient oxen draw their heavy loads, is merged in the shriek of the engine that does their labor for them. The tinkling of the many bells, suspended from their horses' backs, is the charming music of the shadowy past. The fires where they bivouacked on Michigan avenue have gone out forever. The scent of their fried bacon and corn dodgers is lost in the evil odors of a mighty city. No more do we see them lumbering through the streets with a tar bucket in one hand and a sheet of ginger

bread in the other, inquiring of the citizens where they can buy tar and ox yokes. No more do the fun loving citizens send them, as of yore, to the dress makers and milliners for the desired commodities. No longer do they congregate at nightfall in the auction rooms.

How dimly down the vista far, where now the stately piles
Of stores and banks and offices stretch out for many miles,
I see the verdant prairie, broad, the glow the sunbeams make
Upon its wavering emerald, like moonbeams on the lake;
I see the smooth, black prairie roads, where we did bare foot run,
Wind in and out among the grass like serpents in the sun;
I see a schooner far away, by Adams street at least,
As caravans on deserts move with treasures of the East,
I see, it seems, a dozen yokes slow lumbering up the road,
I hear the crack of surly whip, the steam that starts the load,
Or now, perchance, some gallant swain a nearhind horse bestrides,
With single rein to leaders' heads the numerous span he guides;
The bells above their collars shake, and peal a pleasant chime,
They softly tread the prairie soil, their bare hoofs keeping time;
I see where Bennett's school poured out at recess or at night,
I see the boys line up the road with expectation bright,
The "Wabash" captain anchor casts, the schooner bringeth to;
With fruit that tempted mother Eve, the Hoosier now tempts you.
I see the rosy apples hang, how luscious they appear,
I see a crowd of girls and boys come trooping at the rear.
Good boys died young in those old times, the goody good I mean,
They were not apple proof at least, if seemed the Hoosier green;
And while no lad among them all could be induced to steal,
I see a sly young rascal now climb up the off hind wheel
And while the dusty owner seems absorbed with many cares,
"Temptation" has that boy forgot, oft mumbled in his prayers.
An apron is beneath him held all ready to receive,
The hand beneath the canvas pressed as ready is to give;
Alas! a snake is present here, low coiled up in the path,
The oxen often feel its sting, when driver anger hath,
A skillful hand is on it laid, obedient to that call
A crack is heard above his head, a boy is seen to fall.

But prairie schooners all have left, they sail our streets no more,
They came with centres downward swayed, bowed up both aft
and fore.
Their sunburnt owners, lank and tall, no more we see to-day;
The snap of their loud-cracking whips, forever's passed away.
And on the lake shore, where at night their flickering fires glowed,
And care upon their homely fare was earnestly bestowed,
Where we the frying bacon heard, the coarse corn dodgers saw,
Where we the boiling coffee smelt and heard the horses paw,
That spot by them deserted is, yet those familiar scenes
By Pioneers will cherished be, though scarce then in their teens.

CHAPTER VIII

THE OLD AND THE NEW. OUR NUMBERS AND THE INDIANS

Father frequently used to drive along the lake shore, following the road between the water and the sand hills which were then partly covered with a scrubby growth of willows; and he pointed out the spot where the whites fell in that sanguinary conflict of 1812, which left a lasting impression on my young mind.

It is easier to censure than to better the actions of those whom we condemn. Still it has always seemed to me that ordinary American bravery, coupled with the chivalry that ever sacrifices self to shield the weak and defenseless, would have been sufficient to save the lives of those women and children who were slaughtered with all the revolting, blood-curdling atrocities which mark the taking of human life by infuriated savages. Knowing the certain fate that awaited them should they leave their fortifications, it is marvelous that the commanding officer would not listen to the almost unanimous desire of the threatened garrison and others, to remain and defend themselves to the last, with a prospect of being victorious. If anything more was wanting to convince Captain Heald of the certainty of destruction did he desert the fort, the action

of that noble man, the friendly Indian chief, Black Partridge, should have caused him to remain and fight it out. Entering the Captain's quarters on the evening before the massacre, that noted chief handed him the medal which had been presented to him by President Madison, and said, "Father, I come to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men have resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy."

Black Partridge, however, did not act as an enemy, but as a sterling friend, in the terrible scenes so soon to take place. At the word of command, the doomed garrison and its helpless dependants left the fort, while the shrill fife and muffled drum played the Dead March, soon to be hushed by the blood-curdling war whoop, the rattling of guns and the hiss of flying tomahawks. The burning sands drank from the gaping wounds the life's blood of the hapless defenders, while in the shadows of the shrinking night the ravenous birds and beasts of prey tore the still warm flesh from mangled bodies, whose bones lay bleaching among the sand dunes, without the rite of sepulture, until troops were sent to rebuild the fort in 1816.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether it was Black Partridge or Black Bird that interviewed Captain Heald on the night before the

calamity. I am satisfied that both chiefs were present. There is no question that Black Partridge received the medal at the hands of President Madison, and he it was that made the speech attributed to him; while Alexander Beaubien tells me that his mother always asserted that Black Bird was also present.

The growth of the settlement after the massacre was exceedingly slow. In fact there was no progress to speak of for a number of years. Schoolcraft, who attended the Indian council in 1821, in the north side grove, opposite the fort, states that "all the white men living between Chicago and the Mississippi as far north as Green Bay were present and that there were less than twenty in attendance." Even as late as 1825 there were but 13 tax payers in the place, their aggregate possessions being estimated at $8947, upon which they were assessed one per centum, yielding the munificent sum of $89.47.* Truly not enough to induce many to strive for office, or seek to gain a livelihood out of politics. But there must have been more incentive eight years later,

*Most of these worthies were Indian traders from necessity, if not from choice. Following is the list, the value of their property and the taxes paid:

	Valuation.	Paid.
John B. Beaubien	$1000.	$10.00
John Crafts (richest man in the place)	5000.	50.00
A. Clybourn, (next to Beaubien)	625.	6.25
Dr. Alexander Wolcott	572.	5.72
John Kinzie, Sr., has been at it a long time for	500.	5.00
A. Wilmet (formerly Ouilmette)	400.	4.00
John R. Clark	250.	2.50
Alexander Robinson, supposed wealth	200.	2.00
David McKee, C. Lafromboise, Jenny Clermont each $100 total,	300.	3.00
Joseph Lafromboise	50.	.50
Louis Coutra	50.	.50
Total valuation and amount paid	8947.	89.47

for at that time—August 10th, 1833—when the Town was organized, there were twice as many to avail themselves of the elective franchise, 28 votes being cast and all but one in favor of the measure. On the 15th of the same month, at the first election after the incorporation of the Town, the same 28 votes were cast, 13 of them by candidates for office.

These early voters were Dr. E. S. Kimberly, Hiram Pearson, John Wright, Philo Carpenter, William Nensir, Charles Chapman, Dr. John T. Temple, Mathias Smith, David Carson, James Kinzie, Charles Taylor, John S. C. Hogan, George W. Snow, Madore Beaubien, G. Kercheval, G. W. Dole, J. V. Owen, R. J. Hamilton, E. Darling, W. H. Adams, C. A. Ballard, John Watkins, James Gilbert, E. A. Neder, D. J. Hapgood, P. F. W. Peck, Walter Kimball, S. B. Cobb.

Trustees elected were J. V. Owen, Madore Beaubien, John Miller, Dr. E. S .Kimberly.

Now as J. P. Hatheway made a survey of the place at that time and took a census, finding 43 houses and less than 100 men, women and children in them, 28 voters would seem a pretty large ratio. Should that proportion occur in some of our doubtful wards at election time, we should naturally infer that a good deal of colonizing was being done by the opposite party. But as we had no outlying territory from which to import voters, it must have been legal and proper; and I have no doubt that it was. And we must remember that in all early settlements the proportion of men to women is large.

The population of Chicago at the time of our arrival is somewhat uncertain. The estimates vary from 500 to 800. But the population of the place was for several years so mercurial in its evolutions that it was almost impossible to keep your finger on a man long enough to count him. The fact is that many people passed through here on their way to other points, and could not be classed as inhabitants; while others, who came with the expectation of remaining, were so disappointed and disgusted with the surroundings that nothing could induce them to settle here. Like Columbus, they continued their journey westward, eagerly searching for land. The many transients gave the place the appearance of containing more residents than it had. Again, it made a vast difference whether the estimate was made in the spring or fall, because additions to our number were made between those two seasons. John S. Wright also took a census in 1833, and his numbers agreed with Mr. Hatheway's. On the other hand, Joseph Meeker, who arrived during the summer, placed the number at about 250; and W. B. Ogden at about the same. These figures would confirm Gurdon S. Hubbard's opinion—and there could be no better authority—that in 1832 "there were 150 persons residing here. These later estimates would be more consistent with the number of votes cast. Dr. J. C. Goodhue, a neighbor of Meeker's, places the population in the fall of 1834 at about 600. He says: "No houses extend to Monroe street, none beyond a block from the river on the

north side, and about a dozen on the west side." As our boat was the first arrival from Buffalo in the spring following, there could not have been many to reach here before us, and as but few could have come after the doctor's estimate in the fall, we think about 600 is a fair estimate of our population on May 25, 1835, which was the day of our arrival. This number had probably tripled before winter placed its embargo on travel.

Many new-comers found their way to Galena and what is now Grant County, Wisconsin—which state was not even organized as a territory until the following year (1836),—emigrants being drawn to these points by the lead mines. Aside from Green Bay and Grant County, the present Wisconsin at the time of our arrival had not a hundred people, while our state contained less than some of our annexed suburbs at the present time.

As our town was at the head of navigation, and was the point which most immigrants who made the journey from the east by teams made for, it had a large floating population, compared with the permanent residents. For the most part the early immigrants were eastern people, accustomed to a diversified scenery and good roads, and nothing could induce them to settle in such a swamp. Still from first to last enough have concluded to cast in their fortunes with the hopeful, enthusiastic pioneers to increase its population from the century figures to the millions.

That genial writer, Charles Feno Hoffman, sub-

sequently the founder of the Knickerbocker Magazine, in an article in his "New York American," January 10th, 1834, from Harry Graves' Mansion House, states that "Four fifths of the population of this place have come in since last spring; the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion; and although a place of such mushroom growth can, of course, boast of but little improvement in the way of buildings, yet contracts have been made for the coming season which will give Chicago, shortly, much of that metropolitan appearance it is destined so promptly to assume."

Sleeping in the attic of that early hostelry, with thirteen others, in a single room containing seven beds, with the winter wind whistling between the poorly chinked logs, with packs of hungry wolves howling in every direction at all hours of the night, with Indians in the immediate vicinity outnumbering the whites twenty to one, with scarcely an evidence of civilization around him, his glowing prognostication, in the light of subsequent events, bears the impress of sagacious prophecy. And what Hoffman felt, saw and heard, all who were in Chicago in the early thirties, felt, saw and heard. Yet they fully understood that those brilliant prophecies of the future did not diminish the unquestioned privations of the present, nor could their fulfillment exactly compensate for the hardships they were compelled to endure.

Little was there in the surroundings of that Indian trading post to please the eye, gratify the ear, or

cheer the heart. They saw the Indians, they heard the wolves, they felt the wintry blasts in their ill-constructed houses. They saw Fort Dearborn, and read in the very fact of its existence a warning to immigrants. It admonished them all, too, of recent dangers. Erected but 19 years before our arrival, on the ruins of its predecessor, which had been destroyed the day after the Indian Massacre, it stood a warning for all new-comers, and recalled to them the fact, still so fresh in memory, that within three years, yes, even less than that, General Scott, with all the soldiers he could command, had been hastily summoned to this very spot to protect the settlers from the Sauk and Foxes, then on the warpath under Black Hawk and Keokuk.

They saw but very little in the town as it then was to re-assure and encourage them. Even most of the stores and dwellings had been erected by "squatters," who were obliged to assume the risk of buying the land when it came into the market or

> "Fold their tents like the Arabs
> And as silently steal away,"

should some unprincipled person outbid them. The humble homes were in close proximity to the fort, while the stores, as a rule, were on Water street, which was intersected by a slough, and a diminutive creek, which meandered from the vicinity of Randolph and Dearborn and emptied into the river near State street. The slough could be crossed near the river on four logs running lengthwise, if you were skilled enough to walk them. If not, it was better to take the

advice of the bull frogs, so numerous in this locality, which we boys used to interpret as, "Better go round, better go round, better go round, knee deep, knee deep, knee deep."

It was a great relief to the settlers when the removal of our copper colored neighbors was peacefully accomplished. Not so much, possibly, that we desired to be rid of the Indians themselves, as of the horde of itinerant human vampires, who managed to secure most of the annuities paid by the Government to those unsophisticated children of nature, by robbing them, in the way of trade, of the silver half dollars which every member of the tribe received. If they failed to strip them of everything under the semblance of barter, these parasites would surreptitiously sell the Indians the vilest of intoxicants at outrageous prices and would rob them while drunk, not only of the blankets given them by the Government but of every valuable article they might still be possessed of.

James A. Marshall, in his lecture before the Chicago Historical Society, stated, "The manner the Indian had of giving in the number of each household, in order to receive their annuity, was in keeping with their own originality. Selecting one of the more prominent of their number, (generally a chief) to receive their payments, the *modus operandi* was in this wise: for the heads of the family, two large notches were cut at the top of a stick, then smaller notches followed underneath, indicating the number of children in each family. Curiosity led me to in-

quire of Colonel Boyd, the Indian agent, if he was not occasionally imposed upon, or did they sometimes not make mistakes. He informed me that he had never detected an instance of fraud or mistake in the count during all the payments he had made. With some tribes, sticks of various sizes were employed to represent the members of the families."

By the treaty entered into on September 26, 1833, between the Government representatives and the United Nation of the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawattomie tribes, the Indians ceded to the United States all their land along the western shore of lake Michigan, and between the lake and the land already ceded to the Government by the Winnebago nation, September 15, 1827. In part consideration for which they were to receive nearly a million dollars, directly and indirectly, and about five millions acres of land west of the Mississippi river, which the Indians agreed to occupy within three years. They were to be removed at the expense of the Government, and supported while on their journey and for one year after reaching their new home. A deputation of their chiefs and head men, not exceeding fifty persons, were to accompany the five individuals selected by the Indians and the United States, to inspect the land to be assigned them and to see that justice was done the Indians. There were a number of reservations made to certain individuals who had proved themselves true friends of the whites.

On August 29, 1835, the citizens were informed as follows:

THE INDIANS.

"Report is received from the exploring party sent west of the Mississippi river, that game is abundant and recommends the removal of the Indians.

"The goods for paying them off have not yet arrived, and a large part of the Indians, weary of lounging about our streets, have retired to the neighboring woods awaiting the arrival of the goods and time of payment."

Near the New York House on Tuesday, August 18, 1835, about 800 braves out of the 5000 Indians appeared in their last war dance, which was performed for the edification of the whites. This being immediately opposite our house, it gave us a favorable opportunity of viewing the performance, from which my people derived but little pleasure, while it frightened me dreadfully. The whole thing remains but a dim memory, associated with horrid incantations and demoniacal yells, varied by monotonous tom toms and dismal chants.

About one half of the Indians then assembled were removed shortly after by Major Sibley; and in the following year the remainder, under the charge of Colonel J. B. F. Russell, were transferred to Clay County, Missouri, locating two years afterwards in Iowa, near Council Bluffs, thence shortly to Shawnee County, Kansas, whence, after a little more than 30 years, the remnant—1600—were transferred to the Indian Territory.

September 24, 1835, Colonel Russell advertised for "Ox teams and covered wagons, to remove the Indians."

Alexander Beaubien informs me that the tribes encamped a few days, awaiting transportation, at Shabonee Grove, in the southern part of De Kalb County, whither he and his father went with a stock of goods and traded.

The year following they received their last payment, which gave rise to the following items:

"August 20, 1836.

INDIAN PAYMENT.

"On Monday next there is to be a payment of $61,000. The money was received by the Steamer Michigan from Detroit. Rumor says, that the banks of Detroit were somewhat pushed to raise the specie, and that they had to send all along the shore for it."

"Money is expected to be more plentiful after the Indian payment."

"September 10, 1836.

INDIAN PAYMENT.

"The slow process of paying the Indians according to the treaty, was concluded Wednesday last."

For years we were regaled by such articles as these in the *American:*

"St. Joseph, Michigan, Sept. 12, 1840.

MORE INDIAN MURDERS.

"It becomes our melancholy duty to record further sickening details of Indian barbarity.

"On Thursday morning, the 10th inst., the house of Mr. Wyley Jones, on the Esconfina, in Washington Co. about 6 miles north of this place, was attacked

by a party of Indians, the premises all burnt, and Mrs. Jones and one of her children, an infant, shot. We have conversed with Mr. Jones, who says that he was returning from one of his fields about 10 o'clock in the morning, and when within 200 yards of the house he heard four or five rifles fired in the yard; he ran for the house and on rising the hill found the house surrounded by Indians, and 8 or 10 in the piazza. The Indians discovered him at that moment and pursued him, firing and whooping at him like devils. Being entirely unarmed, without even a knife, he fled and escaped in the hummock."

"Oct. 26, 1840.

MICHIGAN INDIANS.

"We learn that 400 or 500 Indians from this State are now being transported west of the Mississippi, under the general superintendence of Major Forsyth. They were averse to going, and are therefore escorted by a military force from Detroit under General Brady."

Could these poor fellows have been assured of plenty of game, they might not have objected to going, but they could not read as a white man could such news as this:

"Oct. 26, 1841.

LARGE DROVE OF BUFFALOES.

"A captain of dragoons has informed the editor of the 'Hawk Eye and Iowa Patriot,' that it took his company half a day to cross the trail of a drove of Buffaloes."

But I see that I have chased the Indians beyond the

Mississippi, and I think it is about time for me to return, though it is not with unalloyed pleasure that I am called upon to part with them. For I remember how as a boy I prized the granulated maple sugar we were wont to purchase of squaws. It was put up in small birch bark boxes ornamented with colored grasses, and in large baskets made of the same material holding some 25 pounds. After the departure of the larger tribes, we were occasionally enabled to purchase it of straggling bands coming from the north or Michigan.

CHAPTER IX

SOME EARLY PRACTICES

In looking over the list of those who voted on Tuesday May 2d, 1837, at the first election for Mayor, I have wondered why father, as good a Whig as he was and such an admirer of John H. Kinzie, the Whig candidate, who made such an excellent President of our Town, should have voted for his successful Democratic opponent, William B. Ogden, though an equally desirable man. But the records of the First Ward show that to have been the case.

It was a *viva voce* vote, and that manner of voting was going back to the Democracy of Ancient Greece, when small communities thus expressed their preferences. Originally all voting in the State was done by ballot, until the Legislature, at the session in 1828–'29, changed the manner, giving the following illogical reason for so doing:

"As nobody is willing to make known whom he has voted for at the elections, since to vote against a candidate is considered a personal insult, and as balloting, by opening a vast field for intrigue, fraud and corruption, brings the system of voting into disgrace, it is therefore made unlawful."

Evidently there were times when it was unsafe to let it be known that one had voted against a belligerent

candidate. For it is related that "In the year 1827," a year before the above singular action was taken by by our State Solons, "there was a very exciting election for State Treasurer in which the former occupant of the office was defeated. After the election the legislature adjourned, but before they had left the hall the defeated candidate walked in and gave a valiant thrashing to four of the strongest of his opponents who had voted against him, others escaping."

Voters were not numerous with us then, and every man was expected to vote at least once.

In the issue of the *American*, Oct. 31, 1840, occurs the following appeal to call out the full strength of the Whigs:

"This City and County in 1836, gave General Harrison 7 majority. Can we not do it again? Let us try."

About the time pretty thick ice was forming in this vicinity we learned that log cabins and hard cider had won the day and the Tip boys prepared to celebrate, the Whig paper doing a little free advertising that the good work might "go bravely on."

Some of the veteran Tippecanoe men may remember this call:

"TO THE TIP BOYS!

OLD TIP'S COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE in this city is invited to be present with shovels and carts at the enclosed lot of Walter Newberry, Cor. Clark and North Water street, to-morrow morning to assist in preparation for

THE GREAT WHIG BARBECUE, ETC.

Come one come all, and LET THE WORK GO BRAVELY ON.

By order of the committee of arrangements.

Nov. 30, 1840."

ILLUMINATION CANDLES.

"We have just been shown a fine specimen of tin candle sticks for illumination, by Mr. H. Mallory at the corner of Dearborn and Lake streets (Botsford & Beers old stand), which he sells at the low price of $1.00 a hundred."

"Dec. 2nd, 1840.

HARRISON CELEBRATION.

"General arrangements for the day:

"Firing of cannon commences at sunrise and will be continued through the day. It is expected the barbecue will take place at 2 P. M. Ladies will be cordially received from 10 to 12 A. M. Salute of 26 guns at sundown. At 6:30 P. M. two guns will be fired in quick succession as a signal for the illumination, when every individual disposed is requested to illuminate, and not before. A band of music* will add to the enjoyment of the day."

CHICAGO BAND.

"We are glad to be able to state that our city can now boast of a fine band of music, Mr. Nicholas Burdell leader. The band is composed of 16 pieces.

"We trust it may be liberally encouraged."

We are not now obliged to wait until the middle of

*This Band referred to was an impromptu affair gotten up for the occasion, and led to the formation of the one noticed in the "American" June 14, 1841.

winter before we can receive Presidential election returns.

I remember that my little fingers got pretty cold while I was munching a piece of that ox and wondering when the folks would light all the candles in the windows.

Events such as these made the evenings especially lively at the Original Chicago Club—the store kept by Joe Gray, where the Pioneers were wont to assemble after supper. The old sinners had been requested by their wives to purchase the family groceries, and to "Hurry right back, to roast and grind the coffee (made of peas and barley), split and bring in the kindling, take down the clothes line and wash the little boys and put them to bed." They would attend to the purchases all right and have the contents of their baskets methodically charged, but if you expected those burghers and dutiful husbands to hie to their modest homes to discharge the manifold duties assigned them by their overworked helpmeets, your hopes were not founded upon knowledge; for that coterie of intelligent, earnest men, oblivious to conjugal admonitions, was engrossed in the more important matters of statecraft. There they sat, a dozen or more on boxes and barrels, making and unmaking local politicians, censuring or praising the prominent men of our own and foreign countries; and having settled in a satisfactory manner all the important questions of the day, and happening to notice Frank put up the inevitable heavy wooden shutters of the period, which was considered as

essential to properly "close up" as locking the door, they would take the hint like gentlemen, reluctantly pick up their respective baskets and start for home and the curtain lecture.

That the ladies occasionally rebelled when too grossly slighted we may infer from reading in the *American* the following:

NOTICE.

"My wife, Mary Bumly, left my house and bed on Saturday, 8th instant, without any just cause, and is supposed to have went away with another Hoosier, who probably knew her better than I did. *They will be handsomely rewarded for keeping her forever.*

Jacob Reichter.

Chicago, August 8, 1835."

But Mary was an exception. Most wives treated their lords complacently. Notwithstanding, however, the usual kindness and forbearance with which they were received, the self-condemned husbands would imagine at times that they detected a slight cloud settling around the usual loving eyes that they had never noticed in their pre-nuptial days. To dissipate these clouds, and frighten the troublesome guards from the outposts of their own consciences, they would hasten to treat their wives to some innocent gossip which they had picked up in their absence and for which they had no further use, with most happy results.

But we should not censure our pioneers, if they sought some relaxation in idle talk and innocent gossip.

Their lives had little variety and much hardship. Occasionally dancing was indulged in by our good people, who were wont to assemble at the Lake or Mansion House for a "Wabano." The affairs were generally held in the latter place on account of its more central location, which was a very great advantage in those days of meagre facilities for travel. An invitation like the following would call out the young people of all ages.

GRAND WA-BA-NO.

MESSRS. H. AND L. HARMON
are respectfully solicited
AT MR. GRAVES' ASSEMBLY ROOMS
on Wednesday, February Five, at 6 P. M.

MANAGERS.

R. A. Kinzie, J. D. Harmon, J. Spring,
E. K. Smith, M. D. Culver, M. B. Beaubien.

Chicago, Feb. 1, 1834.

It will be observed that Wabanos began early and wound up at the same hour in the morning so that the room might be re-furnished and "set to rights" for the seven o'clock breakfast, in which the dancers usually participated, as well as in the six o'clock meal of the evening before.

Those who wished to dance but could not induced William H. Davis, a graceful English gentleman, and a good dancer, to open a dancing school the next winter in the New York House, which was attended by Fernando Jones, John C. Haines, Henry L.

Rucker and others from whom Chicago selected her mayors, judges and prominent men.

An occasional lecture used to be given us by some of our local talent. I am reminded of one by George Davis, a celebrated singer. The lecture was on the science of music, and although it is 55 years ago the impression which part of it left on my mind is so vivid that I think I shall ever retain it. After giving numerous illustrations, showing how essential it was that the music should harmonize with the sentiment of the poet, he referred to many instances where in church music the tunes were not adapted to the words, using the familiar Sicily to illustrate—

Pity poor poll
Pity poor poll
Pity poor polluted souls.

Again—

I wish a man
I wish a man
I wish a mansion in the skies.

While the pretty girl soloist in the choir warbled her plaintive wish, one can imagine the sly winks among the young men in the pews.

For years we boasted of having the first piano in the place, but I am reluctantly compelled to admit that this was a mistake. Humiliating truth demands that I should acknowledge that ours was not the first but the fifth. Alexander Beaubien tells me his sisters were sent to Detroit to be educated, and upon their return his father brought with him the first instrument. Mrs. Dr. Kimberly's must, therefore, have been

the second, Mrs. Peter Pruyne's the third, and Mrs. Samuel Brooks' the fourth. But mother's instrument was one of the sweetest toned ever made, and with that balm I heal my wounded pride. It was the second one manufactured by the elder Chickering, who had a small factory in the second story of a modest building on Tremont street, Boston, about 1825. At the time he was making his first, mother, who was a sweet singer and a good pianist, watched his progress with great interest and when it was finished she, her sister Mary and Charlotte Cushman, all of them being members of Rev. Hosea Ballou's choir, tried it and were so delighted that mother gave him an order immediately for its duplicate, the first also having been made to order. These two instruments created considerable interest in the musical circles of the then small city of Boston. It served my people some 30 or 35 years, when they finally sold it to Captain Hugunin, and bought something more modern. Years afterwards I wished to possess it again, but inquiry revealed the fact that it was consumed in the great Chicago Fire.

To give some conception of the hardships all were called upon to endure in those early days, I will cite as an example, the experience of James H. Collins. Mr. Collins, as before mentioned, lived in a single room of the first story in the tenement which his family occupied on his arrival on June 3rd, 1834. Even the entire building could not have comfortably accommodated the household of our radical Abolitionist and Anti-Masonic new comer. The cramped con-

ditions inside made it necessary to utilize the generous prairie for the culinary department of the establishment. When the zephyrs were gentle, so that there was no danger of igniting the grass and burning up the town; and it did not rain, to wet the kindling, dampen the viands and bedraggle the skirts of the unfortunate cook; and it was not cold or dark or sunny; and the stove did not refuse to draw, pouring its smoke from every joint into the reddened, streaming eyes of all around; and measly dogs did not filch the meat, or stray cows the vegetables, or razor back hogs everything not nailed down;—why then, making a virtue of necessity, the lawyer's family was no more uncomfortable than their neighbors. The winters were the most to be dreaded; when the cold and snow forced everything under cover, and the kitchen stove, hardly equal to the task of cooking, refused to assume the greater responsibility of warming the room to prevent the food from freezing on the table, which occasionally occurred. Then there was so much actual suffering that the discomforts of the coming summer were looked forward to with happy anticipations.

The present generation cannot fully comprehend what all this meant. Added to the discomforts enumerated, we must not lose sight of the gloom that evening shadows cast, when no cheerful light could be obtained and families were doomed to sit in almost absolute darkness. A whale oil lamp was but little better than the tallow candle or the saucer of grease in which floated an ignited rag. Kerosene, though

first used to a limited extent in 1826, was not burned in this part of the world for many many years later.

Unenviable as was the condition of the town's people, those who had gone into the country to make their homes were still worse off. For, in addition to all the ordinary hardships of pioneer life, they had to face the great difficulty of an insecure tenure of the land upon which they had settled, and which was liable to be taken from them by the more wealthy. The feeling against this class was exceedingly bitter, often resulting in bloodshed.

Among communications addressed to our old paper is one demanding some way of "Protecting actual settlers in Cook County, who have taken possession of unsurveyed lands for the purpose of establishing homes, from wealthy speculators who have the means, which the settlers have not, to run a fence as much as one rail high around the claim." As the poor settlers had no redress under the law, the correspondent advised "Lynch law if necessary, if the usurpers will not submit disputes to suitable men appointed in every community to adjust all contentions"; which plan was adopted generally throughout this section. The public sentiment made the decision of the men thus selected as binding on the community as a decision of the United States Supreme Court would have been.

I before stated that Colonel William S. Hamilton found here, in 1826, only the two families of Kinzie and Beaubien.

John Kinzie Sr. was a silversmith by calling, but

supplemented his manufacturing of trinkets for the Indians by bartering for the products of their chase. He had always proved himself their true friend, a feeling heartily reciprocated by them. Though he and his family were made captives, they received from the victors of Fort Dearborn the kindest of treatment.

Mr. Kinzie built a comfortable house on the spot where stood the cabin which he had purchased of Le Mai. The widening of the river brought the site much nearer the stream than it formerly was. The year after he settled here, his daughter, Maria Indiana, was born, (in 1805). *She was, I think, without any question the first white child born in the place. In 1826 she was married to Lieutenant David Hunter who was temporarily in command of the two companies then garrisoning the Fort.

A license and some one legally authorized to perform the marriage ceremony were as essential in those days as at the present time. These, however, though so easily obtained to-day, could then only be procured by long waiting and extreme good fortune.

Chicago was at that time in Peoria County, which included, among other unfenced territory, the present County of Cook. The county seat of all this domain was Fort Clark, distant one hundred and sixty miles from the waiting bride and impatient groom. The other obstacle which confronted them seemed even more serious than the 320 miles journey for the license. For there was not a single person at hand who was qualified to perform the necessary service.

*See page 127.

Nor was there a clergyman or a Justice of the peace within the borders of the outlying wilderness, from Lewiston to Green Bay and from Detroit to—to—China. But when did not love laugh at locksmiths and leap mountains of difficulties? So needs must that Squire John Hamlin of Fort Clark join Colonel William S. Hamilton—son of that eminent patriot and statesman, the confident of Washington—who came to Peoria with a drove of cattle for the troops of Green Bay. He had brought the drove from Springfield, and was to pass through Chicago in the course of his journey. Hamlin, who was making the trip out of love for adventure, had performed the marriage ceremony for Mr. Wolcott and Ellen M. Kinzie, July 20, 1823. This, by the way is supposed to have been the first wedding in this section in which both parties were white. So Dr. Wolcott obtained a promise from the young Squire, that upon their return Hamlin would marry the anxious couple.

During the absence of our distinguished drovers to Green Bay, there being no immediate prospect of an Indian outbreak, Lieutenant Hunter felt that he could spare a trusty soldier to go to Fort Clark and obtain the marriage license. The soldier made the entire journey on foot, and returned with the precious document in season for the Squire, who had become so proficient, by practising his little piece, that he was enabled to perform his part of the delightful ceremony to the entire satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

The young Lieutenant became in time the distinguished General Hunter, who died about the close of the civil war in the National Capitol. His widow closed her remarkable life also in Washington in 1892. She lived long enough, however, to see the obscure trading post of two families contain, on a single block, as many people as did the entire State of Wisconsin at the time of her birth; to see her native city teeming with a larger population than the five states formed from that immense Northwestern Territory, together with all our domain west of the Mississippi river, could boast of on that summer day in 1826, when she became the wife of Lieutenant Hunter. These may seem startling statements, but nevertheless they are true, as is also the assertion that she saw, in her 86 years, the place of her nativity, which had contained but two white families, augmented to one million four hundred and five thousand nine hundred and two souls.

Her brother, John H. Kinzie, who came with the family in 1804, at the age of three months, grew up to be one of our most public spirited, high minded and useful citizens. He did not amass so large a fortune as many others; but, measured by the higher standard, living, as he did, a life of usefulness to his fellows, winning their esteem by his fidelity and honor, and being the happy embodiment of those attributes which give joy to the possessor and are a blessing to those with whom one may be associated, John H. Kinzie was a successful man.

At the time of the Indian Massacre Mr. Kinzie was

8 years of age. I shall not dwell on that sickening horror. I refer to it only to plead for the restoration of the name of Wells street on the south side of the river. It seems strange that this exceptional change should ever have been made for the meaningless name of Fifth avenue, which possesses no significance, and is the only numeral avenue or street reaching the river from the south.

Those who are familiar with the thrilling story of Captain William Wells, after whom the street was named, always feel indignant that a few ignorant men, who by accident happened to be Aldermen in the fall of 1870, should have been permitted to obliterate this simple memorial of a city's gratitude. This is no place for a lengthy biography, but I hold it a simple duty to say a few words respecting the closing hours of this soldier's grand life, which were bravely given in defense of the lives of those who were unable to defend themselves, at the Chicago Massacre of 1812. Learning that Captain Heald, who was a relative of his, in command of the fort, intended to evacuate the post, and, with his knowledge of the Indian character, realizing that it would be certain destruction to do so, Captain Wells hastened from Fort Wayne with a few friendly Miamis to try to persuade the commander from taking such a suicidal step. But he arrived too late. The arguments both of the civilians and the officers had been ineffectual to change the plan of the infatuated commander who did everything he should not have done to intensify the animosity of the savages, before ordering the

doomed cavalcade to proceed on its journey of death. So convinced was Captain Wells of their impending fate that he adopted the Indian custom on such occasions, and blackened his face, preparatory for death, before leaving the garrison. Then, placing himself at the head of the column of Miamis, troops and families, with the band playing the Dead March, the cavalcade marched to destruction. Reaching the vicinity of 18th street the Pottawattomies, who had been acting as an escort, now some way in advance and partially concealed by the scrubby willows of the sand hills, opened fire as predicted. Wells, like the rest, sold his life dearly, but Pee-So-Tum finally waved his reeking scalp in triumph. Wells gave his life in defense of the citizens of Chicago, and our Chicago Councilmen after his death expunged his honored name from the long street running parallel with that in which he fell. Such is gratitude!

*This date is in accordance with the statement of her brother, Arthur M. Kinzie, but Eleanor Lyttle Kinzie Gordon, wife of General William W. Gordon, of Savannah, Georgia, informs me that her sister Ellen M. Kinzie was born in 1805, and Maria Indiana in 1807. Mrs. Gordon also confirms my statement regarding the Lombardy poplars in front of the Kinzie house, informing me that they were standing as late as 1842.

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST OF THE MILLION

Jean Baptiste Beaubien, better known by his compeers as Colonel John Beaubien, reached here in 1809, and for many years was engaged in Indian trading. This consisted in exchanging with the Indians, for the pelts and furs of wild animals, guns, ammunition, traps, tobacco, blankets, clothing, calico, beads, paints, cheap jewelry, silver ornaments, bright colored handkerchiefs, etc., etc. In 1828 he became the agent of the American Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor was the head. The colonel was a prominent and highly respected member of the little community, and filled among other honorable positions the offices of justice of the peace and major of the 60th Regiment of the Illinois State Militia. Though an Indian trader, the Colonel made ventures in real estate and he showed his faith in the coming metropolis by entering in 1817 all the land between State street and the lake, and Madison street and the river. He made a few sales in this pre-emption tract and received a small cash payment as earnest money, awaiting the confirmation of his title before obtaining payment in full. But unfortunately for him, four years afterwards the government directed that this land should be held for public purposes under the

name of Fort Dearborn Reservation; and refused to grant title to the Colonel.

Respecting the long and bitter legal contest which ensued, I quote the following from the *Weekly American* of December 10, 1836:

DECISION OF THE BEAUBIEN CLAIM.

"Judge Ford has decided this case both ways. That although Beaubien's entry *is legal in every respect,* yet he cannot assert his rights against the United States."

To fill to the brim his cup of misfortune his attorney obtained his note for $10,000, which he solemnly promised to return to him if he did not win the suit; but instead of doing so, he immediately sold the paper, and the purchaser of it obtained judgment and sold the unfortunate man's store and nearly all his earthly possessions.

But if our friend was unfortunate in selecting his attorney and in his controversy with the government, he won a prize for the second time in the lottery of matrimony, gaining the heart and hand of the pretty half-breed maiden, Josette, sister of Joseph Laframboise. Two of their eleven children, William and Alexander, still reside in Chicago.

The Colonel had a tall, commanding, military figure, which he always retained. After going into business for myself, he was a patron of our Randolph street store. Twice a widower, he again married late in life, and lived at Naperville. One day he came into the store, his smooth face wreathed with smiles, ex-

tended his hand and said, "Galey,"—he always called me "Galey"—"I got a bully good baby, an' my vife vantz zum toilet tings." No mother with her first born ever felt prouder than did the old gentleman, who had grand children about the age of his wife.

The Colonel was one of those typical French Canadians who formerly went early to a portage or a port town, entered some land and grew up with the place. They had only to keep still and do nothing, and some fine spring morning they rubbed their eyes in astonishment at finding themselves wealthy. The Colonel aimed right, but his flint lock missed fire. Had he entered any land but the School Section, Canal Tract, or the Reservation, he would have held it without a question. I always felt sorry for him. It seemed as if everything slipped away from him. The soil he used to cultivate, the fort he antedated by seven years, the river bank, and even the river itself which flowed southward for many summers before his door to find egress to the lake, the friends he loved, but buried,—even their graves, which he was wont in his loneliness to visit,—were all removed. Mansions, Boulevards and Parks occupied the ground where his cherished comrades had once reposed. It is hard to conceive of anything more pathetic than those sad yet inevitable changes for that disappointed good old man, who closed his eyes to the clouds of this world at Naperville, in 1864.

His son, Alexander, who was born here on January 28, 1822, claims at this writing, May, 1900, to be the oldest living person born in the place, and the oldest

settler in Cook county; he believes himself to be the first white child baptized in this vicinity. Father Stephen T. Badin, a Catholic priest, came to Chicago with the Indians from St. Joseph Mission and stopped at the Colonel's house, where the baptism took place, in 1829, as there was no church in Chicago at that time. For a number of years confessions were made in almost any place which promised secrecy, a favorite confessional being a sofa in the parlor of the Colonel. Alex. one day crawled under this domestic confessionary, and being detected, the part he painfully played in that service he still remembers. The Colonel, as his intimates call him, is a hale, hearty man, straight as was his father, and possesses a remarkable memory, of which I have frequently availed myself. I have read to him most of my reminiscences and he has confirmed them.

It has for many years been an honor, coveted more than the Presidential chair, to enjoy the renown of being "the oldest living person born in Chicago." Not a few have claimed that renown and have even mutilated their family Bibles and the records therein contained, in a vain effort to prove themselves many decades older than they were, and like Reuben, "The First Born." But Alexander's most formidable competitor is Captain Charles Gale, of Sarnia, who asserts that he was born in the fort, February 7, 1817. Alex. says, "There is no record of his having been born in Chicago. He says his father was a soldier. I don't believe him, because the United States soldiers were all single. The Government would not enlist

men with families, as there was no place for their families in the garrison."

If Gale is right, which I am not ready to admit, he will have to bring forward pretty strong testimony to dethrone Beaubien, who has always lived here and has a host of comrades to assist him if need be. The fact is, we old settlers feel proud of our young friend, who has seen a place of two families become what Chicago is to-day. That he is still a young man, one would judge by reading the P. S. in his letter to me, Nov. 19, 1900:

"I am bound to kill another bear and a wolf before I die. I can find bears in Grand River, plenty of them, while as for wolves I can find them in Cook county."

He probably can find the latter every day at the Harrison Street Police Station, where he is turnkey!

Had I written the above a few days earlier, I should have been obliged to contest the claim of our old friend Alex., by stating that Mrs. Susan Simons Winans was the oldest living white person born here. Her birth occurred in the fort, February 12, 1812, her father, John Simons, being corporal in Captain Nathan Heald's Co. of the 1st, U. S. Infantry. He and his son were killed in the massacre. The baby girl, at that time about six months old, was taken prisoner with her mother, and were ransomed after a captivity of nine months among the Indians. But only last Sunday, April 29th, 1900, I attended her funeral at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Glenn, at Santa Ana, California, where she had resided ten years, passing

away Friday morning, April 27th. With others I was permitted, amidst the billows of roses which covered the casket, to look upon the features of this oldest representative of early Chicago.

Mark Beaubien, a younger brother of the Colonel, was one of our most interesting characters in early days. From the time of his arrival from Detroit, in 1826, he represented the good fellowship, hearty hospitality and innocent jollity of the place. Fiddling, dancing, story telling and horse racing were equally fascinating to Mark, unless he took the most delight in the latter pastime, especially on the frozen river. When he got a start on that, in his light, home made cutter behind his mettlesome pony, you could hear him shout for a mile in his excited glee, and it would take a Maud S. to overtake him.

I do not think that he ever engaged in the prevailing business of the period. Bartering gewgaws for pelts did not have the same attraction for him which entertaining the public had. He drifted naturally into the hotel business, where he depended as much upon his own personality for success as anything else. It might not be proper to repeat Mark's boast, "I play de fiddle like (see revised version)—keeps tabbun like de Debbel. I eats 50 people for dinner every day, by gar. Don't you call zat beesness, I should tink by tam, hey?" I say, it might not be proper for me to repeat this, so I will not do it.

It is a matter of accepted history that, on the occasion of Colonel Hamilton's trip to Green Bay with his

drove of cattle, he required some assistance in getting the cattle to swim the river. While Squire Hamlin and Dr. Wolcott were having their palaver, Mark volunteered to aid, which he did by slipping a rope around the hind leg of a bullock and drowning it. This, as afterwards admitted, was done at the instigation of his elder brother, who was thus enabled to purchase some fresh beef which he could not otherwise have obtained.

While keeping the Sauganash, he superintended the Lake street ferry, of which the town's people had free use, but others were charged 6¼ cents. As the entire County of Cook—which included the present Counties of Dupage, Will, Lake and McHenry, contained but 70 people within its borders—his receipts were so small that, after paying $5 license fee and other expenses there was nothing left for his trouble. The bridge which followed paid but little better, and Fernando Jones says he tried to make money out of the boys. The following story, related by our historic citizen, is so characteristic of our old hotel keeper it must have a good warp of truth running through it.

Fernando and his two friends, Harvey Blakesly and Ashley Gilbert, were wont to pass by the Sauganash and over the bridge daily to their dinners at the Green Tree tavern, where they all boarded. It was a pleasant trick of Mark's, however, to occasionally hinder their passage by loosening from its staple the chain of the bridge, so that the latter swung over against the east bank, whence it could only be re-

stored to position by the aid of a boat. At such times Mark would meet them pleasantly as they approached the river.

"Well, poys, where you goin' now, eh?" the old tavern keeper would inquire. "Going over to dinner, Mr. Beaubien," one of them would reply.

"Poys, the pritch is down, but I ferries over the point for 25 cents each,—or say, poys! If you come into the Sauganash I gifs you a fine dinner for a quarter of a doller a head."

The choice between a "quarter" and twenty-five cents was not very great. The boys appreciated the humor of the Inn keeper's little trick, and a jovial hour at the Sauganash, seasoned by an excellent dinner occasionally followed.

I remember when we were neighbors, years afterwards, how I delighted to slip over to the Illinois Exchange for a few minutes in the evening, and see my chum "Monkey" Beaubien (Mark's son) dance, while his father played his celebrated fiddle, in a manner that would make a deacon keep time with his heart and feet, if he were churched for it. Monkey—we called Napoleon by no other name—was as full of fun as his father. Once he paid dearly for his "Monkey shines." His brother George, with a hook and line, acted the role of a fisherman and Monkey that of a very shy though saucy trout; but at last George caught him, and he carried the fish-hook in his lip three weeks before it could be taken out.

Matt Laflin used to delight in telling a good thing that Mark got off on him. Mr. Laflin went to see the old

veteran when very low in his last illness at Kankakee, where he died, April 11th, 1881. Approaching his bed side, he asked the invalid if he knew who he was. "Oh yes," said Mark feebly, "I know you, certainment." "Who am I?" said the caller. Slowly and with considerable effort came the reply, "Matt Laflin." His interrogator was not fully satisfied and put the unfortunate question, "What do I do?" A faint ripple of a smile spread over the emaciated countenance of the sick man, then, as the hillside is crowned with beauty when a sunbeam bursts from a December cloud, his face became radiant with his old time mirth as he answered "*Steal*"! Matt said he needed no further evidence to satisfy him that he was fully identified by the old gentleman.

On his death bed he willed his historic "fiddle," to Hon. John Wentworth, who graciously presented it to the Calumet Club.

Madore Beaubien, the eldest son of the Colonel, was the idol of the Pottawattomies, and joined the tribe permanently in 1840, at Council Bluffs as chief and interpreter. He died at Silver Lake, Shawnee County, Kansas, in 1878, where, beside the dust of many dusky comrades, he sleeps his untroubled sleep. After leaving us to go with his red friends I met him but twice, when there was an effort at the same abandon and cheeerfulness which were so characteristic of him in his younger days; but as I saw him amidst surroundings so different from those of former times, I thought that I detected beneath the playful speech those sad, sad words, "It might have been."

CHAPTER XI

THE EARLIEST SETTLERS

In 1820 there came to Chicago that very important personage of early times,— Billy Caldwell, the famous Pottawattomie chief, better known by his Indian name "Sauganash." He settled on the west side near the river and close to Robinson. So great were his services to the Government that in 1828 it built for him, on the west side of Cass street, between Superior and Chicago avenue, what some have claimed to be the best house and the first frame in the place. But I am assured by Alexander Beaubien, who was in it hundreds of times, that it was not a frame, but constructed of logs. Yet the best house in the wrong location was not so attractive to Caldwell as the Point, where he continued to spend most of his time with his old neighbors.

It was in honor of this distinguished half-breed that Mark Beaubien named his hotel, which was originally a one storied log affair placed on what is now Lake street. When Surveyor Thompson showed Mark in 1829 that he was a highwayman, our friend, not liking the appellation, removed his cabin a little to the south, so that it stood on the east side of Market south of Lake, upon the corner where the Republican Wigwam was subsequently erected, in which our

beloved Lincoln was first nominated for the Presidency. In 1830, Mark attached to the south end of this building an unusually respectable two story frame, which he painted white with bright blue wooden shutters. It is related that while engaged in its construction his friend Billy Caldwell called from the point and asked him "what he was putting up?"

"I builds de bes hotel in dis country, dat's what I mean, Billy!" Mark made answer.

"What name will you give it?"

"Didn't t'ink of dat, Billy, but I calls him after some great man, sure."

"Oh!" shouted back the half-breed, laughing, "There's no great man in this country now!"

"You're a great man yourself, Billy," was the genial answer of the Frenchman, "an' so I calls my Hotel de 'Sauganash'"

Which he did.

Another half-breed, who was of importance in the early history of the settlement, was Alexander Robinson, a chief possessed of great influence among the Pottawattomies and friendly to the whites. For his many valuable services Robinson was presented by the Government, on the removal of his tribe, with a goodly sum and a section of beautiful land on the Desplaines river, about three miles north of Maywood, at a place formerly called Cazenovia.

Intimately related with the earliest developments was Gurdon S. Hubbard, one of our most enterprising business men, whose remarkable ability and energy had earned for him, at the early age of six-

teen, the responsible position of Agent of the American Fur Company. In this capacity he made twenty-six trips, from the company's headquarters at Mackinac to Chicago, in light, open boats constructed at the former place, exchanging Indian notions for pelts. After eight years of successful service he took one half interest in the business south of Chicago, and left Mackinac in 1826 with twelve boats filled with merchandise, the proceeds of his long, laborious years of faithful stewardship and strict economy.

Reaching Chicago, he did not wait for the Indians to come to him, but like Mahomet "went to the mountain." Securing one hundred ponies and pack saddles at Big Foot lake, he loaded them and started for the wilds, which the country between the Illinois and the Wabash could then very well be called, for previous to his entering it and establishing posts about every fifty miles, there was scarcely a white family in the entire region. Two years later he became sole proprietor of the business. These posts cut largely into the profits of the Government factors in Chicago.

In 1832 he permanently engaged in traffic in the embryo emporium, which soon required his undivided attention, and within two years he gave up the business that he had managed with such eminent success. The new enterprise was conducted in his warehouse on the southwest corner of Water and LaSalle streets. This warehouse was the first brick building of any description built in the place, excepting perhaps the

one erected by John Noble near the Lake House, built about the same time.

Mr. Hubbard was always one of our leading citizens, and none among them all was more highly respected. As an index to his public spirit, I copy the following from the *Chicago American* of October 10, 1835:

"We understand that G. S. Hubbard, Esq., has ordered on his own responsibility a fire engine with the necessary apparatus to be sent to Chicago immediately from the east. Individual responsibility being the only means offered for obtaining this important instrument of protection, we trust our citizens will avail themselves of this convenience by establishing a fire company without delay."

Mr. Hubbard's early experiences when a young man in this section read like the conceit of a vivid imagination, rather than a truthful narrative of what a man saw and did who afterward walked with us for so many years as a progressive citizen, the foremost in every movement for the advancement of our city.

Among all our pioneers not one was more energetic, self-sacrificing and useful in the community, or held a higher place in the hearts of the people than Geo. W. Dole. To sketch his life would be to write the early history of Chicago, which is not my purpose, and I shall dismiss him with but a few lines, well knowing that there needs no feeble pen of mine to perpetuate his name. I think it is seldom that the name of George W. Dole is mentioned in the presence of an old settler that he does not feel like taking off his hat and making a profound salaam, as he recalls the fact

that in the fall of '35 this man received a consignment of flour by the last vessel up, so that the town's supply for the long winter was in his hands, and he realized the fact. There was no Board of Trade in Chicago in those days, but there were speculators who understood the value of such a corner on the staff of life. But when offered $25 per barrel for the cargo by one, the eyes of the little man flashed with indignation as he replied: "No, sir! Nine dollars a barrel affords me a fair profit. I will retail it to consumers only at that figure. No man, if I can prevent it, shall speculate upon the people's necessities."

Mr. Dole filled a number of important positions. He was on the first Board of Town Trustees in 1833 and our seventh Postmaster.

Living so long on Lake street, within a few doors of S. B. Cobb, I naturally saw more of him than of almost any other business man of the day. Of the half dozen letters comprising his name one half were busy Bs, a significant circumstance. When a boy, I looked upon a side wheeled steamer which occasionally entered our river as the embodiment of speed, and I easily interpreted S. B. to signify steam boat, and consequently named our hustling harness maker "Steamboat Cobb."

He arrived here in 1833, and borrowed enough money after he came to pay a balance due on his fare. But he soon had the little harness shop under way on the Point. This small shop, which was the pioneer factory of any description in the place (unless the silver smithing done by John Kinzie be excepted),

grew in importance daily at 171 Lake street, and furnished the means which enabled him in after years to employ his energy and excellent judgment in broader fields, such as lighting the city and furnishing the people with constantly increasing advantages in urban transit. By these laudable means he accumulated a large fortune.

As soon as he was able to support a wife he married one of the twin daughters of Col. Daniel Warren, after whom Warrenville is named, where the Colonel settled the year of Cobb's arrival. Jerome Beecher married the other sister. Cobb thought that he married Maria and Beecher always believed that he himself married Mary, but they only knew what the girls told them, for the sisters so closely resembled each other and dressed so exactly alike that it required intimate acquaintance to distinguish them. They purchased their millinery of mother, and she never could tell whether she was waiting on Mrs. Cobb or Mrs. Beecher.

Many selfish people make a great show of their few deeds of benevolence, while the truly benevolent let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth. I suspect that the first president of the Chicago City Railway Company was one of the latter class, and that he gave much of the earnings of that fortunate investment and the dividends from the Gas stock in an unostentatious manner. But when he had erected Cobb's Hall at the University of Chicago, the public was prepared to learn that by his will he had given $87,500 to charitable institutions.

It seems that he closed his useful life of 88 years the very hour that I was writing the few lines above about his last harness shop, April 5, 1900. With him passed away, I think, the last male charter member of the first Unitarian Society.

When we took that historic stroll on the morning of our arrival, we did not go out to make the acquaintance of that sturdy and delightful Virginian, Archibald Clybourn, but I made up for it subsequently, as his men slaughtered for father when he was in the market business years afterward. I met him often, and frequently went to his place, where I was always entertained by him and his good wife in true Virginian hospitality. I remember that some time after he had occupied his fine, new brick house, the second one in the place built of bricks, I rode out there on horseback with one of father's employes. On the following day, hitching up to his carriage (one of the best in this section), we went to St. Charles to attend the first convention of the Fox River Association of Universalists. I presume that I must have been a lay delegate, as I assumed that restful posture on the banks of the Fox most of the time, watching the boys fish. At least, I attended no gatherings save those around the festive board.

Mr. Clybourn was a tall, well built man, and a fine horseman, with a complexion ruddy from constant exposure to the elements. In fact, he seemed as much at home on a horse as a seaman on his ship. There were no Stock Yards in those primitive times, where one could go and select fat cattle, calves, sheep and

hogs, nor was there much stock raised in this vicinity. Clybourn being the leading butcher, he had to go on horseback to the southern portion of the state or the Wabash region for his cattle and drive them all the way up, allowing them to feed on the prairie grass en route, keeping his herds here, and butchering as required. Sheep were also slowly driven up, but calves and hogs could not travel the distance on foot, and as there were no railroads to transport them it was impossible to purchase pork or veal in summer, excepting occasionally when a hog or a calf raised in the neighborhood might be secured. In winter, however, the farmers killed and dressed their hogs on their farms, bringing them in frozen by the wagon load. At times the market would be overstocked, when I have known father to buy choice pork for one or one and a half cents a pound. Dressed turkeys would also be brought in the same way, and he would purchase a load at 40 or 50 cents each, making them cost about three cents a pound.

Mr. Clybourn arrived here from the western part of Virginia in 1823, and engaged in the business of Indian trader in one of the log cabins near Cob Web Castle, making frequent excursions into the country to sell his wares to the Indians, when weary of waiting for them to come to the post. His stock consisted principally of Mackinaw blankets, beads, ribbons, small mirrors, ear rings and such jewelry made from silver coin, as his neighbor, John Kinzie Sr., could furnish. This trading with the Indians was usually the first employment engaged in by new comers who

could not teach school and did not take kindly to the water business. In 1826 our friend married Mary Galloway and settled on his pre-empted farm. Receiving the contract to supply the various garrisons in this northern country with beef, he commenced making his trips south for cattle, securing such assistance en route as he might require. As this section was becoming somewhat settled, many had a curiosity to visit it, and were easily induced to help our drover. It might be a Peter Cartwright, the eminent Methodist divine, or it might be the gifted Colonel W. S. Hamilton, or some lesser personage equally well qualified to drive cattle.

Clybourn was a whole souled man, never taking advantage of people's necessities; and during the Black Hawk panic, when the settlers deserted their homes and fled to Fort Dearborn, he saw that every one was fully supplied with fresh beef. The crossing of rivers with his stock was not the simple affair it would be to-day. Then there were few, if any bridges; and swimming streams, journeying in all kinds of weather with wet garments on, sleeping in them while in that condition, with no shelter, required the iron constitution possessed by our enterprising army contractor, who traveled this region so frequently when our entire state north of the Sangamon river was divided between McLean and Jo Daviess counties, while the present state of Wisconsin was known as Brown county, Michigan Territory.

Mr. Clybourn was the first Treasurer of Cook county. He lived to see his farm covered with factories,

stores and dwellings, passing away August 23, 1872, amidst the profound sorrow of his many acquaintances.

From the time that Philo Carpenter came here in the spring of 1832, until the grave closed over him, I never heard a person accuse him of saying or doing anything unbecoming in a high-minded Christian gentleman, which I think the Deacon conscientiously and persistently strove to be. The cholera breaking out shortly after his arrival, he devoted himself to those in need of sympathetic care and attention. Soon after the terrible visitation, he opened a drug store, the first in town, in the log annex of the Sauganash hotel. In 1836 he was doing a large and varied business, selling iron, hides, seeds and a quantity of other things not generally carried in a drug store now.

But nothing could resist the financial storm about to break upon the country, and in 1837 our friend owed $8,600, which he could pay in neither cash, leather, potatoes, drugs, nor onion seeds. But he showed his creditors a true schedule of his property, and requested them to take what they considered fair to liquidate his obligations.

That Mr. Carpenter did not allow high prices to prevent his purchasing desirable property is certain, for the records show that he paid Mark Beaubien $20 in "store truck" for his home lot, on LaSalle street opposite the Court House, which the jolly boniface won in a raffle and hastened to dispose of to our scrupulous friend before the good deacon ascer-

tained how he came by it, which Beaubien feared might block the sale. In 1842 Mr. Carpenter removed to 143 Lake street. Selling his "Checkered Drug Store"—(so named from the black, white and red squares in which it was painted)—a year later to Dr. John Brinkerhoff, he retired permanently from the drug business to devote his time to the care of his estate—to-day computed at about a million and a half—and such religious and philanthropic matters as always claimed a good share of his attention as well as a large portion of his income.

The Masonic Order was the deacon's red flag. It seems paradoxical that so ardent an Abolitionist as he was in years agone, a man so sensitive in considering the rights of others, so earnest to relieve want wherever he could find it, was so bitterly opposed to a benevolent order whose object is to treat men as brothers, carrying out in practice the example set by our Elder Brother nearly two thousand years ago. As an illustration of his fidelity to his convictions we recall that when the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was one of the first few communicants, declined to take the radical ground upon the slavery question he demanded, he tore himself away from that society to which he was so wedded with all its hallowed associations of twenty years, from the friends he so dearly loved and whose fellowship he prized so highly, to build, in 1855, largely at his own expense, the stone Congregational church on the southwest corner of Washington and Green streets, as an exposition of his views on that absorbing ques-

tion. It requires a high idea of duty to impel a man to take such a step, and the sacrifices he made in doing so were known only to himself and Him who readeth the human heart as an open book. He entered the Higher School, where we are to re-learn many things, August 7, 1886.

Although the First Presbyterian Church was organized in the second story of P. F. W. Peck's store, I do not think that he was a Presbyterian, although the usual solemnity of his countenance, as seen through his full, dark beard, might impress one that he must be a worthy and theologically unchanged descendant of our grand old Calvanistic forbears.

The father of our Paris Fair Commissioner had unbounded faith in Chicago realty, and instead of investing his means in buildings, which would bring him in an income, he chose to leave most of his property unimproved, while he added continually to his unproductive holdings. The consequence was that with all his wealth, like many more of us, he was land poor.

At one time my people hired a lot of Peck, 163 Lake street, upon which they built mother's New York Millinery Store, and I frequently saw our landlord, who was an interesting conversationalist, and he and father would spend hours conversing together. I well remember hearing him remark once that he was going to move from the vicinity of the Baptist Church—he was then living on Washington street, southwest corner of LaSalle—because on a rainy Sunday the church people, taking advantage of his proximity, came there to dinner in crowds, and he

could not well prevent it. He finally removed to the west side of Clark, near Jackson, and thence to Terrace Row, now occupied by the Auditorium, but I hardly think he did so to escape the brethren and sisters.

H. O. Stone, the energetic merchant and real estate operator of later times, spent the first winter he was here gladly "looking over the ground," with an ax in his hand, for the modest emolument of $16 a month and such board and lodging as woodmen's camps usually furnish; and I doubt not he ate as heartily and slept as soundly as he did in his more luxuriant life of later years. But of such material were many of Chicago's most prosperous and successful men made.

H. O. Stone could not pride himself on his scholarly attainments; and it was greatly to our friend's credit that he achieved what he did, and made such use of the opportunities that presented themselves as to become the refined gentleman which he was in after years. He was gifted with such traits of character as enabled him to surmount the obstacles, which a lack of early advantages placed in his way, and to win an enviable position at the front beside the most highly accomplished and favored of his townsmen.

William Jones of the firm of King, Jones & Co., who had been chief of police in Buffalo, came here in 1831. In 1832 he purchased two of the Canal lots on Lake street but did not remain here permanently until a year previous to the arrival of his family. For many

years he was one of our leading citizens, who were almost invariably members of the early Fire Department. Mr. Jones was a member, and although a large, heavy man, he was the 1st Assistant Engineer of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. Yet it would require a great amount of faith to induce him to try to reach the top round of the ladder. When he grew too stout for that exalted position he became Fire Warden, and you could depend upon his presence with his staff of office, even if he could not sprint so fast as some of the lighter weights.

He was also School Director for many years. I can see him now, entering the noisy room with W. H. Brown and J. Y. Scammon, when the sudden stillness would become positively painful to the boy with a big spit-ball in his mouth. Neither Brown nor Jones was such a terror to us as was Scammon. He had a way about him that made mischievous scholars feel uncomfortable in his presence. He was continually asking us questions, which was of course a very impertinent thing for him to do, and something we neither favored nor enjoyed. The two others would talk to the teachers, which we did not object to, as it postponed our recitations. As there were no emoluments attached to the office, I rejoice that each of these gentlemen has a fine school named after him.

Kyler K. Jones, who figured largely in our early history, weighing about three hundred pounds, and Fernando, whose figures can be traced on almost every page of it, he being in the abstract business, were

sons of William Jones. Byram King, partner in the firm, was his son-in-law.

The "Co." of the hardware concern was Henry B. Clark, a typical pioneer, who could not brook the narrow confines of even a frontier village, but felt that the wide sweep of lake and prairie in the remote southern part of the town would be more congenial to his taste. There, far removed from every evidence of civilization, save when the fall fires or the winter snows leveled the luxuriant rosinweed and exposed to his view the town or the distant cabin of Dr. H. Harmon, he built his log abode, which was nearly hidden by the wild sunflowers that flecked the boundless prairies and the scrubby trees that drew their meagre sustenance from the drifting sands of the bleak lake shore. In the course of time the city found him, with his children grown up and his cabin as well; and when the vain North Siders would boast of William B. Ogden's grand white mansion with its lofty porticoes supported by massive Corinthian columns, occupying an entire block surrounded by magnificent trees, with equal pride would the South Siders point to its beautiful counterpart on Wabash avenue and 18th street, the home of the former South Water street hardware merchant.

Mr. Jones retired from the hardware business and gave his attention to real estate, mostly his own, filling also the office of Justice of the Peace. He passed away on January 8, 1868. In his will he appointed his son, Louis, Mr. Burnham and my-

self trustees for his grandson, William Jones King.

I have frequently chaffed our historic friend, Fernando Jones, by claiming that I arrived in Chicago one day before he did. He has always contended that he remained on the boat one day longer than the rest in order that he might celebrate two important events at one time.

It has been a question with me, however, whether his approaching 15th birthday, the fear of the Indians or the charms of a young lady on the brig caused him to tarry another day in spite of Jack Wagstaff's warning of the approaching storm. It is the duty of the historian to sift his evidence and to record what he considers to be the truth. But as I do not claim to be writing history in the ordinary sense of the word, I shall merely state my reasons for not believing that he was afraid of the Indians, and there let the matter rest.

Many of us have seen that highly colored painting of Chicago in 1832, (three years before Fernando came), in which an Indian maiden is paddling a canoe, on the South Branch, containing a young man, and we naturally surmised that the young man was some buck of about her own age, as the original sketch would indicate; but looking at one of those pictures with Fernando a few years ago, he assured me that the man was not a buck at all, but himself, and that the fair maiden was *Theresa, the daughter of Joseph Laframboise, the trader. Now if our historian

*Theresa afterwards became the wife of Thomas Watkins—Hogan's P. O. assistant,—who went west with the Pottawattomies.

would allow himself to be paddled about alone by an Indian maiden in a birch bark canoe three years before he came here, fear of the Indians, when he did come, would not have detained him, especially when his young cousin was crying to see him.

Fernando and the young cousin, Lou, are still in "this vale of tears."

CHAPTER XII

EARLY SETTLERS

Charley Chapman, or "Lying Charley,"* as he was usually called, was an historic character, as was his elder friend, Cady, who was one of his tenants, of whom he had a number. He was inclined to build houses and stores for which there was a big demand at good rentals. His indulgence in a great many potations each day made him look like a mass of animated putty. But he was not altogether a bad man, being liberal when a cause appealed to his naturally generous impulses.

And he had kindlier feeling,
Would sweeter deeds perform,
Than some in public kneeling
Who prayed for his reform.

Chapman and Cady were the twin liars of our early days, with none such to follow them.

When Beaubien and Robinson lived out on the Desplaines river, they had as a neighbor a farmer by the name of John Everett, who was quite a char-

*This Charlie was a liar quaint, of well deserved renown,
One only peer had he to fear in all our virgin town,
He dearly loved his lies to spring, and sprung them very well,
And when we thought we had him caught, he other lies would tell.
But Cady was the sort of man Ananias might admire,
Unless so far above that star, he envy might inspire;
He all alone with his good wife for many years had dwelt,
She had been ill, and Doctor Pill asked Cady how she felt;
Though heart oppressed, he truth suppressed: "Quite well," the old man said,
But when he reached his home again, he found the good dame dead.

acter, usually holding some office in addition to the handles of his plow, such as court bailiff, constable or other equally remunerative and comfortable position. He was popular in the farming community where he resided, and his influence was solicited by those aspiring to office.

John did not belong to the Chapman and Cady set but he was a great wag, fond of practical jokes and the truth was more apt to stretch than to shrink when he told a story, especially if he was the inventor.

When Isaac N. Arnold desired to represent his fellow citizens in the State Legislature he went out to Cazenovia to do a little electioneering, calling on John for assistance. Now Arnold was extremely fastidious in his dress, and on going out to visit the farmers he made a little extra effort to present a gentlemanly appearance. He reached John's place as if he had stepped out of the proverbial band box, and his spruce outfit suggested to the rough husbandman the idea of playing one of his numerous jokes. Scanning the future statesman a moment, he rolled his quid to the other side of his mouth, drowned a junebug with a solution of Virginia plug, and said: "Why look a here, Arnold! You don't expect to catch votes with the bait you have, do you?"

"What do you allude to?" asked the finical attorney. "What I mean is, that if you should go out among the farmers with your toggery on, just as you are now, they would laugh at you."

"I know I got pretty dusty driving out. Permit me to go to the house and I will wash and brush up."

"Yes, we'll go to the house and get you something to wear. If I ever want another office, I wouldn't dare let the boys know that I had ever been acquainted with a chap that wore such fine store clothes as you have on. I'm a good deal bigger than you be, but come to the house and I'll see what I can do to get you out of this bad fix."

Much to the disgust of our would be representative he had to don one of John's work-a-day suits, and then, turning up the bottoms of his bagging trousers, rolling up the cuffs of his mammoth coat, strapping over his Falstaffian vest, rolling back his red flannel shirt at the neck, putting on a straw hat that covered his ears, and a pair of stoga boots, either of which was large enough for both feet, he went forth an abashed vocal scarecrow, to interview and address his smiling fellow citizens.

John never wearied of telling of the fun he had with the aspiring statesman when he went electioneering among the yeomanry.

This will do for a story, like so many of those which pass current, having a substratum of truth. But this particular one does not pass with Alexander Beaubien, who thinks he has reason to doubt its authenticity. Mr. Arnold, in time, became one of our most distinguished and highly esteemed public men.

One of the most useful, important and worthy members of our little community was Col. Richard J. Hamilton, who came here from Kentucky in 1831. We wondered whether he had not, unintentionally of course, set a pernicious example to the struggling

settlers by stimulating those less able than himself to undertake so many offices as he so easily held.

The happy Colonel, being a genuine Democrat from the blue grass region, was well qualified by nature, education, taste and experience to take anything that came along. I am not now referring to the tempting list of drinks we saw in the bar room of the Green Tree, where we first met him; for knowing his birth place, I am pretty certain that only one would tempt him, and that not very often. I allude to the fact that he held, with honor to himself and with satisfaction to the public, about all the public offices then known, and others as soon as they were established. These included the offices of County Recorder, County Clerk, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Northern Illinois, Judge of Probate Court, County Treasurer, School Commissioner, besides being a practicing lawyer.

As soon as he could educate other worthy friends of his own political persuasion to fill in a satisfactory manner the positions he was burdened with, he cheerfully relinquished them to his followers.

The Colonel was the father of my old school mates, Dick and his charming sister, Eleanor (Diana). If you will promise not to get out your pencil to figure her age, I will tell you, Mrs. Keenan was born in Fort Dearborn, February 14, 1832. Should she say 1852, her appearance would confirm her statement.

But any one acquainted with the keen, dark eyed, bright, intelligent, nervous tempered, happy dispositioned gentleman would realize that the much hon-

ored office holder never knew he had a stomach, and that there was nothing in his constitution out of which a dyspeptic could be made.

But while he could easily discharge all the onerous duties forced upon him by his happy qualifications and superb health, ever remaining the jovial, hail fellow with everyone, but few could fill so many responsible positions as he did.

The widowed mother of Judge Tuley became the Colonel's second wife.

It is singular, when you come to reflect upon it, what a whimsical thing fame is and upon what slight things it hinges. I am led to this reflection by recalling the case of Elijah Wentworth, the "Old Geese" of the Wolf Point tavern. Years after he had left the Point, when he was keeping a hotel at Jefferson, he used to purchase meat from father. A few minutes in his presence explained the soubriquet of "Old Geese." "By Geese!" "The Geese you say!" "You can't geese me!" and similar expressions were on his lips all the time. Had he employed the customary oaths he would have been swallowed up in the crowd, but by his eccentricity in calling upon the white sentinels that saved the Imperial City he also has been saved from swift oblivion.

Hiram Pearson, who was a house painter in the early thirties, went in for real estate and was quite successful in his operations. In 1834 he was severely censured by the people of the community for taking advantage of a German immigrant by selling him eighty acres south of 22d street, west of State for $55 per

acre. Pearson rose high on the tide of prosperity but it left him stranded.

I have before me an address delivered by Judge Bradwell to his old Schaumberg neighbors in which he gives a graphic and sad story of what noble men and women were called upon to endure. He says: "We came in the spring of 1834 and lived in a log house on the west side of the Aux Plaines river, where the old town of Wheeling now stands, twenty miles from Chicago. For years we suffered many privations. In the winter, when father was laid up for weeks with sickness, and we had not been able to husk the corn earlier, I have known my mother to spend days in the snow husking corn, which we would shell and break up in a mortar made in the end of an ironwood log, using an iron wedge as a pestle. We afterwards got a coffee mill in which to grind the corn, which was a great improvement. * * * * * * I rode to what is now Elk Grove to summon Dr. Miner. There were no roads or bridges across the sloughs, and sometimes, when he was detained until dark, we would have to set the prairie on fire so that he could get his course and make Elk Grove. Well do I remember over fifty years ago traveling home after a yoke of bulls. My father said to me, 'Jim, you have been a good boy in the harvest field; hitch up the bulls to the cart, take a load of wheat to Chicago and buy you Blackstone, and Chitty's pleadings.'

"I went dressed in what they called a calico wamus and a pair of calico pants. When I got to Chicago

the seat of my pants gave out and when I went into the store to buy a few knick-knacks for mother I had to button the old wamus and stand perfectly straight. I had an old German blacksmith by the name of Fry with me, and returning home I sat down in the bottom of the cart and let him drive, and the chapters I read in Blackstone and Chitty then I have never forgotten. When I got out on the road as far as Higgins' my pants had so given out that I could not get out for supper, which I ate sitting in the bottom of the cart."

On the 18th of May, 1852, Myra Colby, a Schaumberg girl, became Myra Bradwell. Myra Colby taught school in Schaumberg before it was a town. The school officer who examined her and gave her a certificate to teach was Francis A. Hoffman, then a minister of the gospel stationed in Schaumberg. He preached the gospel on Sundays and on week days loaned money to the Germans, helping them to buy their lands and settle the town. Mr. Hoffman removed to Chicago and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1852, and afterwards became Lieutenant Governor of the State.

This Schaumberg girl was the first woman in the United States to apply for admission to the bar. Her application was the first serious attempt on the part of a woman to share the labors of the law since the fourteenth century. In 1856 she published the first legal weekly paper in the Western States. She secured the passage of several laws securing rights to women, and filled many important offices in charitable work. How true is the inscription on her monument

in Rose Hill: "What Myra Colby did for humanity and for the equality of man and woman before the law will be fresh in the memory of generations yet to come when the monument erected to her memory will have perished and been forgotten."

Her husband was the first judge who affirmed and acknowledged the validity of marriage between slaves.

The grocery store of Joseph Gray was the original Club of Chicago. I should not be doing justice to a noble, honest man, nor round out the history of those days, if I left unchronicled the wit, geniality, the the information on current events, the scholarship and the versatility which made his store the centre of attraction for the most prominent men of the place. Mr. Gray was related to both my wife and myself, hence my thorough acquaintance with him. Landing in Chicago from the schooner "Julia Palmer," July 16, 1836, he first opened a dry goods and grocery store on the north side of Lake street, four doors west of Clark. Going back to Boston shortly afterward, he returned again that same fall and opened a grocery store on the southwest corner of Water and State. In 1838 he became a farmer near Belvidere, which calling he followed for three years, when he opened his historical family grocery store where the Ashland block now stands. He afterwards served the public faithfully and wisely as Water Commissioner, Alderman, Supervisor, Justice of the Peace, Assessor, and for 18 years, up to 1872, was Secretary of the Board of Guardians of the Chicago Reform School, at which

time the institution closed. He passed away January 14, 1900, at the age of 88, leaving a widow, who survived him but a few weeks, a son and daughter, and a name that will ever be cherished by those who knew him.

A few more words regarding the early day firm of Pruyne and Kimberley. Peter Pruyne was an active and highly respected member of the community, who took a lively interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the place. He was one of the first directors of the Branch of the State Bank of Illinois. Whether he was engaged as a member of the fire department, as a state senator, or in the more responsible calling of a compounder of medicine, he was an indefatigable worker, and brought to his task an honest, commendable pride in succeeding.

The firm having failed, his partner Dr. Edmund S. Kimberly opened an office near the Tremont for the practice of his profession. He was a tall, slender, dignified gentleman, one of the old school of courtly, kind hearted practitioners, ever responding as readily to the call of the poor and obscure as to the wealthiest and most prominent. Glasses were not so commonly worn then as at present, and his gold-rimmed spectacles always seemed to add to the confidence his patients reposed in him. He was our family physician as long as he continued to practice here.

The doctor, like most true Democrats, was decidedly public spirited, and if professional duties did not interfere he was usually to be found at important public meetings. He was clerk at the gathering to decide

whether Chicago should be incorporated as a Town, voted for the measure and was elected in August, 1833, as one of the first Trustees of the Town. In '48, '49, '50 he was President of the Board of School Directors. He was one of the promoters and first Trustees of the Rush Medical College, founded in 1837. His sons must have honestly inherited their spirit of patriotism, for their talented mother was lacking no more than their father in that commendable sentiment.

No wonder that, with such parents, Jack enlisted in Captain Bill's Company of Volunteers and served with distinction through the Mexican War, and that his brother, Louis, became a gallant Admiral. John, for many years, held an important position in the Chicago Post Office, which he retained up to the time of his death. I well remember the reports of the fandangos he attended while in Mexico, graphic descriptions of which his brilliant mother gave at the time in my presence. Jack was evidently on good terms with the dark eyed señoritas, even while he felt it was his duty, as an American soldier, to shoot the señores, whom they loved.

After retiring from practice, the Doctor removed to Lake Zurich, where his declining years were spent in the happy consciousness of having served well his brother man.

John Bates and J. H. Marshall were auctioneers for the canal commissioners. Johnny Bates could sell anything from a canal lot to a lot of cracked pitchers, and sell his customers, too, if he really set about it,

which he would sometimes do merely for the fun of the thing. He was a very short man, but had the happy gift of being able to look over the head of a six-footer and catch the eye of a five-foot chap behind him, in order to raise the giant's bid.

Every old settler knew little Jimmy Marshall, though few were aware that he was a physician by profession, and a dancing master by calling, in 1834. Always carefully groomed, he was to be seen in his silk hat, black frock coat, dark trousers, well polished boots and immaculate shirt bosom. He was at all times ready to trip the light fantastic; and he tripped it, too. How that nimble little figure would wind through the mazes of Money Musk or the rollicking Virginia Reel! Those were dances that made his black eyes shine with a brighter luster than the diamond he so much admired. Elderly people forgot their rheumatism when they saw Jimmy Marshall and Enos Ayres in these old fashioned contra dances. There was no gliding with listless motion then. They danced, they did, and their light footed enthusiasm was so contagious that Premonitory Gout and Old Rheumatiz were soon making the dust fly in every quarter of the ball room.

When selling goods, Marshall's limber tongue moved as fast as his nimble feet in a double shuffle. I yet seem to hear his "two an' a ha'f, an' a ha'f, an' a ha'f, an' a ha'f, make it three, three, do I hear? any more than three, three an' a ha'f, an' a ha'f, an' a ha'f I'm bid, make it four," and so on until knocked down. We shall never forget him as long as the red flag flies.

He was a great boy to raise a Hoosier on his own bid. It was better than a three ring circus to watch him do it. The store is full. Marshall displays a bright red bandanna, which it would be unsafe to show in certain pastures. It takes Lanky's eye. He is bound to have that "hankercher" and starts in at "two bits." Soon there is plenty of excitement. Marshall nodding at the other end of the counter, comes back with "three bits." Lanky makes it four. Marshall's eye takes in the other side of the room and he comes back with a "five bits!" Lanky gets red in the face and is bound "the other feller sha'nt get it," though there is "no other feller," and shouts, "six bits!" The crowd, admiring his spunk, shouts, "Bully for you!" The auctioneer gazes along the rows of smiling faces until he reaches the one now redder than the handkerchief, in doing which he catches a suppositious "seven bits," when, with beads of perspiration streaming down his sunburnt cheeks, Lanky yells "*one dollar!*" pays it and pockets his ten cent purchase.

The impossibility of obtaining other lodgings in Chicago caused Tuthill King, our first clothing merchant to seek the shelter of our attic in 1835. Here he brought his bride and they occupied it for some time; and in after years, when he became quite wealthy, living in Terrace Row, one of the finest residence blocks in the city, they had many a hearty laugh with my people over the delightful honeymoon spent in their simple quarters. And I have heard them declare that "they had more pure enjoyment start-

ing on life's journey together in that primitive manner than ever afterward."

On one occasion, when Mr. King had just returned from New York, father inquired how business was in the metropolis. He replied: "Every one is complaining of hard times." A Hoosier, who was making a purchase, wanted to know where "Metropolis" was.

"About a thousand miles from here," was the reply.

"Of course," said the lank son of the Wabash, with a sneer, "they'd orter hev hard times thur. They is too fur from Chicago."

Among Mr. King's clerks was his brother, Nathaniel. What Nat did not know about selling clothes no one could teach him. If he had an old shopkeeper that he made up his mind should be sold, the first Hoosier sauntering along the street had to walk in and take it whether he wanted it or not. Nat never hinted to his customer that there was a cracked mirror one foot by two in a dark corner of the store to demonstrate how well he looked in the faded rag; he would rather trust to his tongue than to the eyes of the reluctant purchaser. His rattling talk would swamp the poor fellow's judgment. It fitted him "like the paper on the wall." If he complained that it seemed altogether too small, "the first rain would stretch it." If too large, "the first rain would shrink it."

Gholson Kercheval was a clerk for Robert A. Kinzie, engaged on the Point in the regulation Indian trade, in which his elder brother, Lewis C. Kercheval, seemed to take more interest than the proprie-

tor himself, judging from the time he spent there. Gholson drifted into a variety of occupations, remaining longer in the real estate, probably than in any other.

Lewis C. Kercheval became a prominent figure in our ambitious village. As I recall that smooth, stern faced man with short, straight gray, hair and tall commanding figure advantageously set off in a well-fitting, Websterian blue coat with large brass buttons, moving among us with erect carriage (especially after he became President of the Washingtonian Society), with slow step and precise dignity, conscious that he was Colonel by courtesy, Justice of the Peace by the votes of his fellow citizens and Inspector of the Port by the friendship of Old Hickory, it is hard to realize that this was the same person who was so much interested years before at that insignificant trading cabin, in the patronage of beaded squaws and painted bucks. The Colonel finally became a citizen of San Francisco.

No one will ever know how much the early settlers were indebted to Capt. L. C. Hugunin for averting the horrors of Indian warfare. Few chiefs or white men possessed so great an influence over the Indians as he did. He mingled with them and freely indulged with them in their sports, hunting, trapping and fishing, in all of which he was very proficient, which increased their admiration. He lost one arm in duck hunting, but still continued to be an inveterate hunter, having few equals and probably not a superior in shooting on the wing. I have frequently seen him and Richard L. Wilson, likewise an excellent shot,

return from a day's sport with their buggy well loaded with prairie chickens they had shot within the present city limits. This in spite of the fact that Dick was as badly demoralized as Hugunin, from the explosion of a cannon, which he was firing to celebrate the Buena Vista victory, while he was editor of the *Chicago Journal* of that time.

CHAPTER XIII

OTHER EARLY SETTLERS

"The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
The muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

When Longfellow wrote his beautiful poem he might have had in mind our village blacksmith, Seth P. Warner, a mighty man, truly. His wife was a little woman and an excellent cook, who declared that "she could never conceal a pie or cake she had prepared for invited company but Mr. Warner would demonstrate that he could make a pretty good guess where it was to be found." Mr. Warner sang in the Presbyterian choir, which may have suggested the idea of his teaching singing to Wilson's scholars, beating time for us when not beating the anvil.

"Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You could hear his bellows blow;
You could hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low."

In course of time he accumulated enough to build Warner's Hall on the same ground, and it was the best in the city for public entertainments, even if we had to climb two flights of stairs to reach the audience

room. After retiring from his life of honorable toil, Mr. Warner spent many happy years at his home in Austin.

Alexander White, the thrifty Scotch painter, glazier and paper hanger, who had a sign of a man squeezing through the world, finally moved to 165 Lake street, next door to us, where he remained in business longer than was necessary, being ultimately a large dealer in paints, oils, window glass, etc. Even as I write I seem to hear his young man, John Gillespie, heavily pounding the whiting and linseed oil together for the all important article of putty. How differently everything is done to-day!

In spite of his sign, our friend managed to "squeeze through the world" in most excellent shape. He seemed to develop on a higher plane when his mind was no longer engrossed in business matters. Having an eye for the beautiful, he made a study of art, traveled extensively, and purchased with good judgment many gems of the old world, with which he enriched his beautiful home at Lake Forest. His selections were much admired, and he was frequently commissioned by the wealthy to purchase and import for them rare and valuable works of celebrated artists. He died on March 18, 1872, at the age of fifty-seven.

R. K. Swift was one of our early bankers. He seemed to study how to do good without being caught in the act. Father was accustomed to receive the church offerings on Sunday. In them was always a quill toothpick. Invariably the next morning

Swift would stop in the store and redeem the toothpick for $5. One morning he saluted father with—"Well, Gale, you have to keep the millinery store to get the money to run that farm with, haven't you?" It was so true that we all had to laugh at the banker's comprehension of the fact.

Swift was very eccentric, though kind hearted and extremely benevolent. He never liked to do things as others did. I believe this to be the cause of his failure. When the run on his bank occurred, instead of taking the usual time for his regular teller to cash the checks as presented, he placed extra help for that purpose, which only increased the excitement. The other bankers did not approve of such a course and declined to assist him, when otherwise they would have done so.

Once, holding a mortgage of $200 on a carpenter's home, the owner died. Swift was not the kind of a man to foreclose a mortgage under such circumstances, but instead of giving up the note and making a release, some one placed $200 in gold on the end of a stick of cord wood one evening rested it against the widow's door, knocked and dodged around the corner out of sight. The poor widow was somewhat startled when, upon opening the door, the wood tumbled in and scattered the gold on the floor. No one told her where it came from, and when she went the next day to pay the mortgage and related the providential circumstance, the brusque banker seemed just as much surprised as she was. He managed so to arrange

matters that the widow could take good care of and educate her daughters, who became the wives of some of our most respected citizens.

B. C. Welch, who was a fine performer on the flute and piccolo, frequently strolled down to the lake shore when a young man, and seating himself on the Hydraulic pier, would play by the hour. Close by there lived a few Irish families, who, with their friends, would be enjoying the music, when, after playing many of Tom Moore's sweet airs on his flute, with the expression that only an impulsive, warm hearted, homesick man could give, Welch would suddenly pick up his piccolo and give his hearers some rollicking pieces, followed by an Irish jig, which would soon bring his audience to their feet. Swift was then living on Michigan avenue, just north of the mill, and being attracted by the piccolo, made Welch's acquaintance, and finally prevailed upon him to go to his house and play to the accompaniment of a piano. His host soon got himself a snare and a bass drum, which he would play until the perspiration rolled off of his face, when he would call for some of us boys to spell him, the greatest praise following our loudest noise.

Among the many evolutions of his originality, I recall one concerning an Hibernian client, who had been many years in this country and had accumulated considerable money. O'Rouke concluded to pay a visit to the Emerald Isle, and the question as to how he should be identified by the Irish bankers, that he might get his draft cashed, was a puzzler.

But Daguerre, who had produced his first daguerreotype a few years before (August 1839), came to the banker's assistance. He had himself and his Hibernian friend taken on one plate; then a letter, signed by R. K. Swift, stating that the man whose likeness appeared with his was James O'Rouke, the payee of a certain specified draft, removed all difficulty of identification. Bankers do not resort to the obsolete daguerreotype these days.

Swift always seemed to take an interest in me and strongly urged me to learn the banking business with him, making me very flattering offers. We did business with him when we opened the store. On the day when the bank failed, we had considerable gold to deposit, but the receiving teller would not allow as much for it as brother Will thought he should have, so he went out and sold it to a broker. By the time he got back, the bank was closed for the day and never again opened.

Before his failure, Swift was very much interested in the Chicago Light Artillery, of which he was captain. The company furnished twenty-two officers for the Civil War.

I mention again the career of the canny Scotch bachelor, broker and banker, George Smith, who died in London in 1899, between which place and his beloved Scotia he spent the most of his time after leaving Chicago, where he amassed the nucleus of a phenomenal fortune, judging by the following, taken from a New York paper of April 7, 1900:

"GEORGE SMITH'S LARGE ESTATE.

"Comptroller Coler to-day confirmed a report that he, as agent for the State of New York, has collected $2,000,000 inheritance tax on the estate of the late George Smith, who died in London. The Comptroller's share for making the collection is a $20,000 commission. The Government of Great Britain collected $4,500,000 *inheritance tax from the estate*, sufficient, as the chancellor of the exchecquer said in the House of Commons a month ago, to build and equip a battleship." I do not know how much Chicago received, if any; but it would be a good thing if some just means could be devised whereby any city which enables a man to amass such a colossal fortune should in turn be the recipient of some of his immense wealth.

Smith came here first in 1834 and believing this to be a good point in which to invest in real estate, he went back to Scotland and there organized the Scottish Illinois Land Investment Company. A. Scratchen and W. Scott returned with him as managers of the enterprise and opened an office on the southeast corner of Lake and Wells streets, in 1836. This office was Smith's headquarters, and soon after he went into the banking business.

George Davis, who came here from England in 1833, was a great favorite in the little community. He was a good surveyor, a sweet singer, an incomparable comrade and quite an adept with the brush and pencil. To him we are indebted for a number of

early sketches of the place, which are still in existence. George was a black eyed young man with florid complexion and curly black hair, and altogether of such prepossessing appearance that he would set a bevy of pretty girls to whispering at first sight. But Davis, like the Mohammedans, turned to the east to worship, marrying Myra D. Wilcox of Detroit, in 1836. He passed to rest January 4, 1858.

Another young Englishman, William H. Davis, instructed some of our people how to trip the light fantastic toe at the New York House. In the winter of '40-'41 he gave at the Lake House a series of Quadrille parties and instruction in dancing. When I reached a suitable age I attended his academy in the Matteson House block. Davis having the force of character requisite to induce him to go so far from home, was not content to remain a dancing master in a frontier town, so he employed his spare time in reading law and filling such public offices as knocked at his door. In time he became a practitioner under the firm name of Davis & Martin.

We add a few more names to our roll call of desirable English citizens, beginning with Joseph Peacock, our first gunsmith, who at an early day took as a partner another Englishman, David C. Thatcher to assist him in attaching barrels to gun stocks.

Thatcher was a large, powerful man, and an expert with a rifle (and with choice oaths, did occasion demand). Once a superannuated clergyman was in the shop examining a rusty rifle—probably older than himself—neither of them knowing that it was loaded.

The parson pulled the trigger, and out came a ball which struck Peacock in the stomach, knocking him over. The terrified cleric shouted—"I have killed him," and immediately dropped to his knees and commenced praying loud and earnestly. Whereupon Thatcher, disgusted with the whole perfomance, yelled—"Stop your praying, you d—d fool, and run for a doctor." Upon examination the doctor found that the ball had struck a large button on Peacock's undergarment, where it stopped, there not being force enough in the almost inert powder to do any serious damage.

After establishing himself here, Peacock sent to England for his sister, who, upon her arrival, thought she had been put off the boat at the wrong place, as there was nothing to be seen which corresponded with her pre-conceived idea of Chicago, and the anxious young girl asked a laborer where Chicago was. She felt greatly relieved that he could tell her all about it, even to the location of her brother. That timid girl became the wife of David C. Thatcher, and at her pleasant home in River Forest still takes delight in recounting her early experiences in the Garden City of the West.

Mr. Peacock's brother, Elijah, came here in 1837 and engaged in his trade of jewelry and watch making, a calling that had already descended through three generations, following the English custom, and which his son, Charles, who was born here in 1838, and who has been one of our leading men in that line, tells me

will be continued indefinitely, as the mantle is slipping from his shoulders onto his sons'.

Abbey & Co. became successors to the pioneer gunsmith. Joseph Peacock afterward gained a competency in the lumber trade. His brother-in-law, Thatcher, retired to the Desplaines, where he purchased a beautiful tract of land and built a brick house on Lake street, spending there his remaining years. His family still resides in that charming village. His sons, George, a Chicago lawyer, David, Jr., a contractor, and his daughter, Clara, and her husband, Solomon Thatcher, Jr., both of whom have recently departed this life, took an active part in the World's Columbian Exposition.

Walter L. Newberry was one of our early commission merchants. He was tall enough to see a great ways ahead, and as a result of his farsightedness he purchased all the land in sight on the north side that he could. His profits on this venture enabled him to leave a wise, beneficent and lasting monument, the magnificient Newberry Library, which he erected in that division of the city which so richly rewarded his investments.

Another of our citizens, John Wentworth, whose limbs were still more elongated than Newberry's, and who was favored with good judgment, held title to many valuable acres. He built Jackson Hall, a three story brick on LaSalle street, where he roomed, issued the *Democrat*, and had his office. His friend, Matt Laflin, who came here in 1837, built the Fountain

House, in Waukesha, running it under a manager, and spending much of his time there in summers. Wentworth also occasionally took a run up to "The City of Springs." When some one asked Long John how he spent his time and amused himself, he replied, "The most fun I have is sittin' 'round with Matt Laflin cussin' about the taxes. Those assessments keep us poor—Laflin and me. Do you know I pay $20,000 a year in special assessments, over and above the regular taxes? I do, and I haven't that much coming in. My income isn't enough to pay my taxes. Laflin's in the same fix, and we just sit 'round here and cuss and swear over our common grievance." His assessments were not for property he had improved. Mr. Laflin did make some improvements, and in Lincoln Park erected a fine building for the Academy of Sciences.

Wentworth's eccentricity displayed itself in an unusual manner. Hiding under the greatest rock in all this region, brought from his own Granite State—deep in the virgin soil, where the sound of Gabriel's trumpet may not reach his unknown dust, he lies. He wished no lettering on the stone, giving for his reason: "One reading Wentworth, would say 'oh Wentworth,' and pass on. But being told it was Wentworth's the enquirer would buy a biography and find out who Wentworth was."

Evidently either he or others concluded that few would care enough to satisfy their curiosity to make the small investment and it was deemed advisable to make the following record on the granite:

JOHN WENTWORTH.

Born at Sandwich, N. H., March 5, 1815.
Died at Chicago, Illinois, October 16, 1888.
A Dartmouth Graduate, Class 1836.
He settled in Chicago, October, 1836.
Mayor of Chicago 1857 and 1860.
Member of 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 33rd and 39th U. S. Congress.

Mr. Ambrose Burnham, formerly a City Marshal, together with Louis Jones and myself was appointed a trustee by William Jones for his grandson, William Jones King. My relations with Mr. Burnham had been of the running order. I having in former years increased by one a crowd of boys who considered Mr. Burnham more officious than was necessary in a marshal. Nothing, in my opinion, is gained in the management of youngsters by watching them too closely and seeing everything they do. Blindness to their harmless roguery is often wisdom well requitted. Had our conscientious officer acted on that theory he would have saved himself much trouble and the boys great annoyance.

Picture to yourself a lot of "kids" strung along the Lake front with the low, tempting waves curling upon the sandy shore and singing in their gentle monotone inviting them to come in. Can you wonder that they grow impatient at the slowly setting sun and the time when twilight merges into darkness? Does it seem strange that they easily persuade themselves that it is darker than it really is, and that the

prudish residents of Michigan avenue cannot see them when they strip? But Burnham would, and, holding their clothes until they were obliged to come ashore, he would permit them to dress only to accompany him to the "lock up" on the north side of the public square, where a light fine and stern admonition was the usual penalty for the infraction of a city ordinance.

Remembering the chases I had led him, I at first felt a slight embarrassment in coming into his august presence when we entered upon our joint duties as trustees. But that soon wore off as we laughed and talked over those olden times. He acknowledged that he had always been anxious to catch me, but that somehow I would spot him, rush ashore, grab up my clothing and run up the sandy beach, he after me; but he could never lay his hands upon me. He thought I could run faster than any boy in town; the rest of them he could usually run down, but the longer he chased me the farther away from him I got.

This advertisement used to appear in the papers:

J. YOUNG SCAMMON.

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in Clerk's office on the Public Square. Refers to Hon Pely Sprague, Theophilus Parsons, Esq., Boston, Mass. Mr. Robert L. Smith, Pearl Street, New York.

That meant he was in the basement of the Court House on the northeast corner of the Public Square,

where he was Clerk of the Court. It was not long that Mr. Scammon was required to go so far from home to get a certificate of character. Most members of the legal profession were in those early days expected to give eastern references. But no testimonials that Scammon could furnish had any weight with our aftertime eccentric Justice of the Peace, on the north side, Charlie O'Malley, who was one of Long John's henchmen, and implicitly believed Wentworth would succeed St. Peter, when he got through straightening out the affairs of this world. Charlie had read in his bible, issued at the office of the *Democrat* every morning, too many tirades against Scammon, his bank and religion, to tolerate him, or anything pertaining to him. He imagined Emanuel Swedenborg was one of the Norsemen hailing from Sweden who pounced down upon Ireland, and whom St. Patrick conquered in a hand to hand fight and banished to the infernal regions as chief coal shoveler; consequently he had no more use for Scammon than his idol had. One day an attorney, trying a case before His Honor, cited a Supreme Court decision found in Scammon's Reports, unfortunately stating his authority. O'Malley shouted, "I wants yees to undhersthand, the Sthump-tail Banker ish not recognished in this here Court! Does yees mind that now?" The lawyer had to mind it and lost his case.

Mr. Scammon was never a popular man with the masses, though a most excellent gentleman of broad views, public spirit, and philanthropic impulses.

The crockery dealer, A. G. Burley, who came here

in the same month we did and died in 1897, was at the head of one of the oldest mercantile houses of Chicago. He was as proud of his business as a young mother of her first born. A few years ago it became necessary, for business reasons, for him to remove his retail department from Lake street to State street. There he fitted up one of the finest, if not the finest, crockery establishments on the continent, and invested in his new place as much capital in furniture and fixtures alone as the capital of all the merchants in Chicago amounted to at the time of his arrival in the place.

Of course Mr. Burley belonged to that Guard of Honor, the Chicago Volunteer Fire Department, serving his full term, which released him from military and jury duty.

Mr. Thomas Church came here in 1834 and purchased two lots on the south side of Lake street, east of Clark for, $250 each. Upon the east lot he built a cottage in which the family resided. On the other he erected a store where he conducted a grocery business.

The first wife of Mr. Church died in 1839, leaving two little girls who sadly needed the care of a mother; they were blessed in about a year by the marriage of their father to Mrs. Rebecca Pruyne, whose highest ambition was that the motherless girls should find in her the sympathy and affection of a mother. This gracious lady still blesses with her bright and happy presence the home of her daughter, Mrs. Seneca D. Kimbark.*

Melissa, Mr. Church's younger daughter, became

*Mrs. Church passed away January 3, 1902.

the wife of Dr. Ephriam Ingals, an eminent professor in Rush Medical College, a successful physician, and one of the kindest hearted and most honorable men our city has been blessed with. Mary, at the age of sixteen married George A. Ingalls, an older brother of the Doctor, and a safe conservative counselor. Mary, who had been my school mate at Fort Dearborn, became our nearest Oak Park neighbor and the mother of a large family.

Mr. Church, after retiring from business, filled the office of Assessor many years, having the entire confidence of the community. He was a man of sound judgment, pains-taking, conscientious, just and thoroughly honest. A man whom none dared attempt to bribe or bully. When he retired from office, he was respected and beloved to an unusual degree by those whom he had served so faithfully. It is a public loss when such a man as Thomas Church is taken from our midst.

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my early days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

S. F. Gale removed his book store from South Water street in 1839 to the southwest corner of La Salle and Lake streets. Gale invested largely in west side property, which is supposed to be worth to-day about $3,000,000. He was active in early affairs, taking much interest in the fire department, which owed a great deal of its efficiency to his good judgment, energy and discipline. After serving faith-

fully as foreman of a company, he was chief for '44, '45 and '46.

He was small of stature and in his younger days was light, but when, as foreman of his company or chief, he ordered some lounging six-footer to "man the brakes," and the giant looked down to see where the order came from, and refused, he dropped so quickly that he could not "reckon" what struck him, but he "allowed that little fellow done it with that speakin' trumpet." Although as a young man he was greatly interested in public affairs, I think he never held any political office, though it was no fault of his fellow citizens that he did not. His home for many years has been in New England.

CHAPTER XIV

STILL OTHER EARLY CITIZENS

The Tremont was always associated with the name of Ira Couch, who, with his brother, James, arrived here in 1837. As it became so historical an hostelry, I will devote a few lines to its history.

That old, original, two story Tremont, which stood on the northwest corner of Lake and Dearborn streets, rich in its yellow paint, is vividly impressed upon my memory; together with the scramble of the boarders for the table, as the large hand bell was vigorously rung, three times a day, on the corner. Nor is the cupola forgotten, with which all the hotels of the later thirties and forties were provided as lookouts for steamers, the occasional arrival of which was deemed of sufficient importance to justify the dismissal of school, or at least the granting of an interminable recess. From their look out, hotel porters and runners were wont to keep their eyes on the lake, so as to be on hand when a steamer reached port.

This hotel was consumed in the fire of October 26, 1839. In the winter and spring of 1840 Ira Couch erected a three storied wooden building on the present site of the Tremont. This second Tremont was destroyed by fire in 1849.

It was in the dining room of the third Tremont that

Adelina Patti gave her first concert in Chicago. The room was selected as the only suitable one in the place for this, the most distinguished and important musical event that had ever honored our city. The young prima donna was lifted to the table from which she sang, and her charming voice, so much above her years entranced her enthusiastic listeners, and she was greeted not only with storms of cheers, but showers of confectionery which she no doubt as fully appreciated and enjoyed as the massive bouquets of brilliant flowers that she in maturer years so graciously received.

To an old resident the mention of the State street Market Hall calls up many pleasant associations. Here were held Firemen's balls, exhibitions, lectures, public and political meeetings of every description, frequently echoing to noise, sometimes to eloquence. A good orator was a great attraction to me even at an early age. Many such I heard in that old hall. Here I heard Lincoln's eulogy upon President Zachary Taylor, closing with his favorite poem, "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud." In this crowded hall I heard my friend, Colonel James Adelbert Mulligan, then a law student, deliver his eloquent and effective plea for the starving poor of the Emerald Isle; and never did I hear him do better.

Nor shall I ever forget when he spoke in the open air in front of North Market Hall in favor of Stephen A. Douglas, and his Nebraska and Kansas measure. Stripped of his coat, vest and collar, with chest exposed, his long, raven locks dishevelled, his brilliant, piercing,

black eyes beaming with wonderful lustre, which imparted to his pale face an expression that I had never before seen there, he poured forth his impassioned sentences before that vast crowd in the glare of flamboyant torches, which made a scene almost weird enough to recall the days of the French Commune, so vividly portrayed by Victor Hugo. Mulligan was a natural orator and a careful student of the art. Of tall, commanding figure, it was his custom to begin his speeches with his right hand placed in the breast of his closely buttoned black coat; and as he became lost in his subject, warmed by the fire of his Irish heart, his graceful gestures, the intonations of his clear, sympathetic voice, soon carried his spell bound listeners with him on the tide of his finished rhetoric. When the Civil War broke out he started to raise an Irish regiment, but so popular was he that it soon became a brigade. His characteristic speech upon leaving for the front, in which he implored his friends to "Bury me with my comrades, do I in battle fall," will never be forgotten by those who heard him. Equally memorable was the speech he delivered from the balcony of the Tremont House when he described the battle of Lexington, Missouri, where he was compelled to surrender, after one of the most stubbornly contested engagements of the war. Nothing was more characteristic of my chivalric friend than his action in his last battle, at Kernstown, Winchester, Va., on Sunday, July 24, 1864. He had received three mortal wounds, and when his devoted men tenderly raised him to carry him from the field, in

as gallant words as ever a dying hero breathed, he said to them, "Lay me down and save the flag."

What the destiny of our patriot might have been, had an overruling Providence spared him to return to his home and loved ones, none can tell; but those who knew well his sterling qualities had prophesied a great future in the civic walks of life for our exceptionally brilliant, high-minded friend.

Henry Clay declared that Samuel Lisle Smith "was the best orator he had ever heard." Unfortunately, not a single line of this great man's speeches, orations or addresses was ever preserved, save in the fading memories of those who had the enviable felicity of hearing our transcendent orator. When he was speaking it appeared as if his ideas came to him instantaneously, while he looked upon the throng which ever greeted him. It seemed as if the presence of a multitude was a stimulus that called forth the purest language, finest imagery and choicest words to give a powerful expression to his lofty thoughts. But had every word he spoke been written out and preserved, they would have resembled a withered bouquet compared with the choice flowers of rhetoric which he presented to his listeners. Chicago has undoubtedly had more profound jurists, but none I believe that was his equal as an orator. There are probably not many now living who heard his eulogies upon John Quincy Adams in the Methodist church, upon Henry Clay in the North Side Grove, and his masterly oration before the Sons of Penn in the 2nd Presbyterian church on the south side of Randolph. The language,

in type, could give no conception of the effect of Smith's delivery. I so admired the brilliant son of Pennsylvania that I never failed, knowingly, to hear his political speeches and more important addresses. He idolized Henry Clay,—"Bold Harry of the West," —"The Mill Boy of the Slashes"—and though but 12 years of age when the contest for the Presidency between Clay and Polk occurred, I was always present if Lisle Smith or Abe Lincoln was to speak. So many times did I hear him when the Great Champion of American Protection was his theme, that after listening to his masterly eulogy upon John Quincy Adams, I had doubtless set my mark too high when he came to speak of his silent friend. I was beside the platform where I caught every expression of his marvelously mobile face, the telling significance of every intonation of his perfectly trained voice; yet I must say that I went home feeling that the matchless orator had not reached the lofty heights which, judging by his former efforts, I had expected him to attain. It may have been the heat, or the only half screened rays of the blazing sun, or even, as some of his dearest friends sorrowfully admitted, something else; but it saddened me to think that his sun might possibly be sinking. I did not believe, at any rate, that he did himself justice, though few could have done so well.

In his eulogy upon Adams, when he spoke of the "Old Man Eloquent" returning to the House of Representatives, after leaving the Presidential chair, he employed with striking effect the simile of the

eagle descending to its chosen crag from the illimitable space above, not a wounded ruler of the sky, falling, bleeding, from the beauteous heavens to the barren earth, but still the king of birds, not a feather of his lordly breast ruffled by an arrow, not a quill clipped from his mighty pinions by the rifle ball, not whirling hopelessly downward from some lightning bolt, but defying the savage and the hunter, sweeping in broad majestic circles the boundless regions of the air, descending in graceful curves, every evolution he grandly makes drawing him nearer to ourselves, until we are thrilled with admiration at his power and his grace as with folded wings he settles above his lofty, inaccessible eyry, like a monarch upon his throne. So moved the peerless statesman of Massachusetts from the chair of state he had honored to the House of Representatives, exalted by his presence. Afterwards I heard him in the Saloon building, when General Scott was running for the presidency. The debt of gratitude which the nation owed its heroic defender was his theme, and the storms of applause which broke in on his finished periods, showed that the fire still burned in his breast, and flamed with inspiration from his lips. A grand man, with a heart as noble as his lofty conceptions. I I remember his wife telling my mother of his taking off his overcoat and gloves in the street, a few evenings before, to give them to an unfortunate, while he walked home in the storm, happy in the deed.

Had Benjamin F. Taylor been willing to put the requisite labor on his productions—which breathe the

soul of poetry, combining brilliant imagery with wonderful conceits—his name would rank high among the poets of the age.

My acquaintance with Taylor began before he was associated with the *Journal*, when he was teaching school on LaSalle street, I assisted the boys in stage work for an exhibition that was held in the Saloon building at the close of school; upon which service, he placed a higher value than he should have done.

He and Dr. J. H. Bird were quite intimate, the office of the doctor, over J. H. Reed & Co.'s drug store, being used during one of the cholera seasons as a bedroom for the two. Taylor was very much afraid of the epidemic, and frequently ran up to the doctor's office during the day to consult him upon some imaginary symptom of the disease, which one of Bird's harmless charcoal and sulphur pills, aided by faith in the doctor and the vivid imagination of the poet, invariably relieved.

He had many of the characteristics which we are accustomed to associate with genius, being improvident, procrastinating, and a brilliant conversationalist. As an instance of his procrastination, Shuman once told me that he promised the carriers of three papers a New Year's address, and on the evening of the last day in the year, he had not written a line. The messengers were frantic, but B. F. smilingly requested the boys to be seated, and in a few minutes he handed one of them a stanza with an order to hurry back and he would have another ready for him. Then beginning another poem for his nervous news-

slinger, he soon had him rushing to his paper with a single verse, and thus he wrote alternately parts of two different poems in his best vein, winding up with a third for the *Journal.*

He lived a number of years at Winfield on the Galena division of the Northwestern, and we frequently sat together on the cars. Once upon my struggling in with a large turkey, he commenced decrying the prize fowl of the banquet table winding up with the remark that "it owed its reputation exclusively to the herbs and care taken in its preparation, that without those concomitants it would be no better than a crow." His laugh rang through the car, when I replied: "I never thought he had gone so far into politics as to be obliged to ascertain the flavor of crow."

It was a remark of his that he could always determine a man's financial condition by the train he took. If his income depended upon his own exertions he took the eight o'clock; if upon the labor of others, the 10:30. If independent of both, the afternoon train; while if quite wealthy he waited till the next day.

Dr. (at that time carpenter) Robinson Tripp reached his "graveyard," on July 1, 1834 "in the last stages of consumption," but had no use for his last resting place for more than 60 years. Fortunately many recent inventions had not then been devised. Had he owned a fever thermometer to place in his mouth every time he coughed, drove a a nail or pulled a weed, he would have had no time to lay walks and make gardens, and would probably

have frightened himself to death. Many people profess great devotion to their church when, as Dooley says, "they have one foot in the grave the other in the hearse," but their zeal wanes with the return of health. It was not so with Father Tripp. Through his long life he was deeply interested in the Methodist Church, which he loved and to which he was always a credit.

In 1835 Mr. Tripp bought a lot now numbered 122 Lake street where in the following summer he built a store and laid the first wide sidewalk of the town, which created much comment and drew as many visitors as the mammoth stone laid in front of J. H. Reed & Co.'s, near the same location, about twenty years afterward.

Thomas Hoyne, one of our most prominent attorneys and valuable citizens, came here in 1837. In 1840 he married Leonore Temple, daughter of Dr. J. T. Temple, who was living at the corner of Lake and Franklin streets. The young lady was 15 years old when she became Mrs. Hoyne. Concerning the marriage I quote from a letter from Judge Bradwell: "The wedding occurred Sept. 17, 1840, the bridal trip being but a buggy ride to Milford's, about nine mile from the little village. They commenced housekeeping in a little frame house, afterward occupied by Hodson, the tailor. His income of $400 per year as city clerk and the fees received from his practice met all their requirements."

When we became a City, in 1837, we had begun to feel our importance, and were so elated by the

honor that we boasted of being the largest town in the state, which some denied, however; so we counted up and found we had something over 4,000. That we did not cover a vast extent of territory may be inferred from the fact that Matthew Laflin, who arrived that season, wishing to continue in the powder business, had a small brick magazine built on the lake shore, not very far from Lake street.

In the fifties, Mr. Laflin and his partner, Walter N. Mills, were in the Yankee Notion business, and they made a specialty of sending men all over the country with teams, to peddle their wares. Their store was on Water street directly in the rear of Reed's drug store, where I was employed. Here I used to notice an active boy amusing himself on Saturdays by climbing around the large peddling wagons. Should you ever require the services of one of our brightest lawyers you will find that boy, grown into a brilliant orator, on La Salle street. But Luther Laflin Mills, the City and I have seen many changes since that day.

When James Long was appointed Lighthouse Keeper, he relinquished his duties at the Hydraulic Mill, that he had been instrumental in establishing, and the Water Plant, which had been such a boon to the city. I surmise that light employment was more to the taste of our subsequent School Agent, as the $1,500 salary and stone domicile in the lighthouse enclosure adjoining the fort seemed in better keeping with that silk hat and black broadcloth coat, we always used to see him in, than the dusty vocation

of a miller. Moreover, he could delegate the task of taking care of the six rotary oil lamps of the lighthouse proper, (built in 1834), to his sons Eugene and John Conant, as well as the more perilous duty of keeping the light at the end of the north pier properly cared for.

In a big storm the waves washed over the pier, which in cold weather would be covered with ice, and the boys were compelled to run in the fierce wind from one pile to another, placed about forty feet apart, in the center of the construction.

When Isaac L. Milliken ran for the mayoralty, his opponent was Amos G. Throop, a leading lumberman, who built the Garden City House on the northeast corner of Market and Madison streets, which for a number of years was a popular family temperance hotel. I quote from my diary under date of Tuesday, March 7, 1854, the following: "I this day deposited my first vote as an American citizen. It was in favor of the Maine law candidate for Mayor, A. G. Throop, and D. Knight for Marshal. The strife was between the mayor and marshal candidates on the temperance question. Milliken was elected for the former place, Knight for the latter."

Mr. Throop, as a common counselor was highly thought of by his constituents, and I might say by every one. Failing in business here, he removed to California, where his fortunate Los Angeles investments enabled him to pay every dollar of his indebtedness with interest and also to contribute largely to the erection and support of the Universalist Church in Pasadena, where he made his home. The crowning

work of his useful life was the Throop Polytechnic Institute, the grandest monument of the good man, and in the success of which his heart was wrapped up. Father Throop, to speak of him as does everyone in the Land of Sunshine, was an unusually plain, unostentatious man, and simple in his tastes. It is customary to have a memorial service at Pasadena upon each anniversary of his death. The Rev. H. T. Staats, the Congregational minister, in his eulogy upon one of these occasions, remarking upon his family horse and phaeton said:

"That was not a very showy turn-out, was it? but when Father Throop got into that old carriage, there was royalty there."

He was as plain in his speech as in his dress and home. In speaking he never sought the decoration of rhetoric, but had a happy faculty of saying just the right thing at the right time, and his manner, like that of that "other plain man," convinced one of his honesty.

You remember the remark of that "other plain man," when he overheard an Englishman tell his comrades, "He's nothing but a very plain man," when Lincoln, much to their mortification, showed that he had caught the comment, by replying, "God must love plain people or he would not make so many of them." I think he must have loved Mr. Throop, making a willing instrument of him for carrying out many plans for the benefit of the human race.

The old lumber dealer had considerable native wit and humor in his make up. During his campaign

for the mayoralty, he made speeches all over the city, and one night he came into the State street Market Hall, where there was a rousing meeting. As he entered the room there were deafening calls for "Throop, Throop. A speech from Throop!" When, in response, he mounted the platform some one shouted, "Take off your overcoat." As quick as a flash he started to do so, calling back,—"You understand I am not stripping to fight I am getting ready to run."

CHAPTER XV

SCHOLARS AND SCHOOLING

It is a commendable characteristic of our American civilization that every new settlement provides itself as soon as possible with churches, schools, water, roads, sewers, and other improvements for the betterment of the conditions of the people. Thus far in these reminiscences I have paid but little attention to the important matter of schools. It may be the result of early habit, for, although my parents always insisted that I should go through the form of attending, and I never played hookey, nevertheless I am afraid that I loved school no more than the conventional dose of sulphur and molasses, or the more detestable picra that youngsters were required to take every morning in spring.

When a lad, my studying was so desultory and the change of teachers, from one poor one to another, so rapid that I accomplished but little. I will not, however, be so unjust as to attribute my defects in this important matter wholly to my tutors, but will freely admit that a game of "two old cat" had a greater charm for me than a lesson in grammar, and manual labor than an equation of payments. But my youthful backwardness and indifference might be attributed largely to unqualified and in-

different teachers; men who had never fitted themselves for the work, or who engaged in it temporarily, because of lack of other employment. For, in addition to a vast number of incompetents, there were many who had the effrontery to assume the exalted office of instructors who took no interest in their transient calling, their minds being pre-occupied with reading law, studying medicine or preparing for the ministry.

A conscious effort at improvement in public schools was made in 1835, when the school section was sold. The "school section" was in existence at that time as well as now, having been devised by Jefferson. The same wisdom which caused him to found the University of Virginia also inspired him to incorporate in the famous ordinance of 1787 an ingenious plan for laying out land in townships of six miles square, composed of 36 sections, 640 acres each, and providing that Section 16 in every township be set apart for the exclusive support of public schools. By this arrangement, the school section is the center of the township, the advantage of which is easily understood. Section 16 of this township is in the very heart of the city, extending from State street to Halsted, from Madison to 12th. In 1835 upon the request of 35 petitioners, this property, the present value of which it would be difficult to compute, was sold for a little less than $40,000. It is stated that at the time this sale occurred there were less than 100 school children in the entire section, and from 600 to 800 persons. This may be setting the number of people rather

high, but if there were only 500 people was the sale legal? The law requires "at least two thirds of the legal voters of the town to sign a petition for the sale of school land before it can be acted upon." Did 35 freeholders constitute two-thirds of the legal voters? I never heard the question raised, but I think not. At any rate the city pays more money nearly every year for poor lots upon which to erect school buildings than was received for that entire section. Fortunately a few valuable lots were reserved by or reverted to the school trustees. The four blocks reserved were number one, bounded by Halsted, Union, Madison and Monroe; numbers eighty-seven and eighty-eight, bounded by the river, Wells, Harrison and Polk, and number one hundred and forty-two, bounded by State, Madison, Dearborn and Monroe.

There is a portion of another school section which the city has vainly endeavored to appropriate to its own use, but thus far, the law has been on the side of the weaker party; yet should the balance of the Township of Cicero, inspired by the example of its ambitious Austin child, which was wedded to Chicago in 1899, conclude to put on city airs, the Greater Chicago may acquire an interest in Section 16, of township 39. N. R. 13. E. of 3 p. m., situated partly in the former territory of Austin. Should that ever occur, it is hoped that those in authority, learning by past experience, will resolutely set their faces against disposing of any more school lands.

Fortunately for all, the voters of Cicero have persistently opposed selling the 281 acres still remaining,

preferring to lease it for the present at a low rental, believing the future will amply justify that conservative course. This section is bounded on the south by 12th street, north by Madison, east by West 48th street, and on the west by Central avenue—one of the principal residence streets of the recently admitted village. For the land sold, the school trustees have received (1899) nearly $200,000, which is constantly loaned out, on good security, and at the highest prevailing rate of interest, with no expense of commissions to the township, or to the borrower. Not a single dollar of this principal fund has ever been lost. We think no business, nor financial institution in the country can show such a record. In fact, that fund has been increased above the original amount of sales by the reselling of forfeited property. How different this, from what the city reported in 1843, when its "Principal Fund of nearly $40,000, was reduced about one half in 18 years by injudicious loans."

George A. Philbrick, a resident of Austin, has been treasurer and clerk of the Cicero board for 30 years, to the entire satisfaction of every teacher, and all other persons with whom he has had business relations.

It is hoped, that if the city ever acquires Section 16, Township 39, it will indorse the conservative action, and business intelligence of the Cicero people, for the last 40 years, by doing as they have done; and the rentals from the lands still retained, will eventually support all the schools of the Greater Chicago. Enter this somewhere as the prophecy of one who, long ago,

as a school director and trustee, served the township of Cicero 15 years.

Since writing the above, I am sorry to report that our school trustees have sold to the railroads 31 acres of this land, leaving, April, 1901, but 250 acres, with the permanent fund of $242,352.65.

It appears rather strange in this year of our Lord that the trustees of school district No. 1 were obliged to report that—"Sarah Kellogg was employed by us to teach for a quarter of a year, at the rate of ten dollars per week, and the reason she did not teach the whole quarter, is that neither a suitable room, stove nor furnace could be obtained by any means within our power, so as to make her and the scholars comfortable."

But this was October 30, 1837 It is pleasant to know that three years later, the school was in our first public school building, where the Tribune building now stands, and that it cost the tax payers but $86.24 to repair and furnish the same. The trustees paid $6 per month rental each for 2 rooms in which to accommodate the schools of districts 3 and 4. But we ought not complain of the price, as No. 3 took care of all the scholars on the west side and No. 4 of the north side students, district No. 1 taking all east of Clark street on the south side, while No. 2 was west of it. No 1 had 75 pupils enrolled, No. 2 had 63, No. 3 had 71, while No. 4 had 108 to its credit.

On November 8, 1841, the Common Council "ordered that the following books be furnished each

district of the city, to be paid out of the school tax and charged to each district, to wit: Worcester's 2nd, 3rd and 4th Readers, Webster's Dictionary and Parley's 1st, 2nd and 3rd books of History." I suspect that the council was stimulated to this extravagance in anticipation of larger revenues as the result of the order passed the February previous, as follows—"that the school tax shall not be collected in city orders but in current funds."

Previous to the sale of the school section in 1835 there were, of course, no public schools. In fact the first appropriation made out of the school fund was to Miss Eliza Chappel, nearly two years after the sale. In 1840 the school funds passed from the Cook County Land Commissioner, Richard J. Hamilton, to the School Agent, Wm. H. Brown, who served 13 years, ten of which were gratuitous. The funds had a pretty hard time weathering the financial storm which raged after the sale, judging by the following report of Mr. Brown at the close of the year 1839:

Loaned on personal security not in suit..	$11,564.22
Loaned on mortgage not in suit	12,437.74
Amount in suit	6,545.00
Amount in judgment	7,366.36
Included in note given for interest.....	64.00
Total securities	$37,977.32
Cash on hand	648.15
Total	$38,625.47

It is now $980,215.19. The school fund property which in 1840 was $10,000, is now $8,526,833.33. The annual income on this item is now $870,161.22.

The school sites, with buildings and furniture is $22,498,805. In 1840, nothing.

We then had 4 schools and 4 teachers, 317 scholars. To-day we have more than 400 schools, 5,800 teachers and 255,861 scholars.

I express my obligations to Hon. Charles C. P. Holden for much of this statistical matter pertaining to schools, it being taken from his address at the Old Settler's banquet, May 26, 1900.

My first teacher was my sister, Georgiana, who gave me lessons at home when the Indians were more numerous than the leaves on the honey locusts. I did not wish her to teach me without some compensation; therefore, while she was teaching me my letters, I was teaching her patience. And I think, as I look back over my school days, that I was equally considerate of all of my teachers. I was as solicitous that they should learn the cardinal virtues of patience, charity and forgiveness as they were that I should become proficient in grammar, geography and geometry.

After the removal of the Indians I went for a short time to the building erected on South Water street by Dr. Temple, and thence to the Presbyterian church on Clark, south of Lake. Neither of these places left a lasting impression on me, though, I presume, judging by subsequent experiences, that my teachers left such as I felt at the time would remain forever.

I attended school in Fort Dearborn in about the year 1842. Miss Ruth Leavenworth, sister of Lieuten-

ant Leavenworth, superintendent of harbor improvements, was the first teacher.

Fort Dearborn consisted of a pallisade which surrounded a cluster of buildings. These buildings were constructed of hewn logs covered with clapboards and comprised two long rows of two story barracks, one on the eastern side of the enclosure for the officers and one on the western for the soldiers; a residence for the commanding officer in the northwest corner, facing south; a suttler's store at the northeast corner; a quartermaster's department at the southeast; a square block house in the southwest corner, the upper part of which projected and carried portholes; a brick magazine east of the block house and a guard house between it and the quartermaster's store. The pallisades were surmounted at each side by a sentry box. Between the barracks was the parade ground in the center of which was the flag staff. The post garden was south of the inclosure.

The school sessions were first held in the south end of the barracks on the east side, in the second story. The room was reached by outside stairs at the south end of the building, landing in a long covered porch extending its entire length. Removal from this room was soon after made to the one opposite, on the western side of the enclosure when occurred the destruction of the fireplace, which came about in this wise. One of the punishments adopted by Miss Brayton (Miss Leavenworth's successor) was to place the culprit on a bench facing the fireplace and in close proximity to it, where he had to remain until her heart

Interior of Fort Dearborn as it was in 1842. Showing the West Side Barracks and, Facing South, the Residence of the Commanding Officer.

relented. The writer, being suspected of some slight misdemeanor, was one day relegated to this unenviable position,with his back to the scholars; thus seated he soon observed that the key-brick was loose, and could be easily removed if a favorable opportunity should offer. It came. The teacher had occasion to leave the room, and during her absence the fireplace became a heap of ruins; soot, dust, ashes and noise filled the apartment, which was speedily vacated by the scholars. I was never aware until then that I was an especial favorite of my preceptress; but the fact that she left the other scholars to remove the soot and dust from their own garments as best they could, while she took pains to dust my jacket in a way that was quite touching to my sensitive nature, caused me to feel in a most striking manner the warm assurance of her partiality.

I wonder how many of my old mates are yet living who studied under the irascible Noble, who held forth on the north side of Lake, west of State, and whose invariable threat for the infraction of his Draconian laws was—"I'll tak ye by the nape of the neck and schlack of yer breeches and hist ye down sthairs, and lave ye all full of gebumps, that I will." We mumbled the Lord's prayer with careless lips upon the opening of the morning session, read a chapter of the Bible in mock unison, and then read at the top of our voices as rapidly as possible every word in 40 pages of the coarse print in Kirkham's Grammar. Those who got through first won the coveted reward of being permitted to do as they pleased until the

drones had finished. Other studies were pursued along the same desirable and efficient lines.

I recall the occasion when "Hub." Bigelow, "Buck" Williams, and several more of our athletic mates, prevailed upon our nervous pedagogue to give us two hours recess one afternoon that we might see "Sam Patch" jump from the yard arm of a vessel near Dearborn street into the river. I remember that after that worthy had collected what dimes he could, and was about to make his thrilling jump, he shouted: "Prepare for kingdom come, so here I go."

I think it was in 1843 that I went to this impulsive Irishman, but I could not have remained long, for in that year I went to school in Chapman's three storied brick on the southwest corner of Randolph and Wells.

I always remember Rumsey and Collins as two teachers whose only qualifications were the possession of monkey cunning and heartless tyranny, Rumsey, especially, was another Squiers, and for fear some slight misdemeanor might escape his vigilant eye and go unpunished, he appointed monitors, who often bore false witness against those whom they desired, for personal reasons, to see punished; and who, like the southern oversees in slavery times, were much more cruel than the masters who employed them. These vicious sleuths well deserved the detestation of their smaller fellows, and received nothing from the head tyrant but cynical smiles for the base treatment they subjected the pupils to. This school building was two storied, and located on the southeast corner of Dearborn and Madison. The

THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE OWNED BY THE CITY OF CHICAGO SOUTHEAST CORNER OF MADISON AND DEARBORN STREETS (PRESENT SITE OF THE TRIBUNE BUILDING), KNOWN IN 1844 AS THE RUMSEY SCHOOL.

second story was reached by outside stairs at the east end, starting at the south side. It was the only school structure owned by the city until the construction of the Dearborn school in the spring of 1845.

I endured the tyranny of A. Z. Rumsey only a short time, transferring my books to a private school, taught by S. C. Bennett, on the southwest corner of State and Madison. This building was built in 1839, and occupied as a school room by George C. Collins before Mr. Bennett. It must have been in 1844 that I took this flight, for I remember running over the foundations of St. Mary's church, then building on the southwest corner of Madison and Wabash. Our playground was literally all out of doors, there being but few residences and no stores in the neighborhood. In fact we had the free use of almost the entire region. A few blocks or parts of blocks were fenced in for gardens, but in the immediate vicinity of the school we could indulge in a game of "two old cat," or in the hilarious sport of base ball.

We had no regulation balls or clubs, or even rules. No fenced arena with grand stands and fifty cents admission. Fortunate was the boy who was able to appropriate an old rubber shoe as a foundation for his ball. More frequently did we have to resort to the use of a large cork or several smaller ones for the center. But a rubber cut in narrow strips was the ideal nucleus, wound tightly with the yarn obtained from an ancient stocking which we were allowed to unravel by the grace of an indulgent mother,

and the whole covered as best we could with a piece of canvas. If fortunately we had fathers who were inclined to humor us, and whose worldly possessions would justify our calling in the aid of a cobbler or harness maker to furnish a true leather cover, we were the envy of the town. The parents of such boys were set up on an imaginary pedestal and idolized by the whole fraternity of kids. Then the ball club was another achievement of art and patience. If we could get a strip of 2½-inch plank, and had time to make a round bat of it, we did so. Otherwise an inch paddle would answer the purpose very well; and thus equipped we were ready for fun and lots of it.

There was another species of sport which some of the larger boys indulged in that bothered father Bennett outrageously. The house being situated as it was, the door to the residential part faced north. It got to be a favorite pastime with those "big enough" to ring the bell in the evening and then rush around the corner. This became of so frequent occurrence that the old gentleman thought he would put a stop to it. So he seated himself in the hall one evening with the same ferule that Dick Hamilton, Bill Bates, and some of the rest of us were familiar with, and awaited his victim, who upon that particular occasion happened to be a worthy young gentleman, who had come to call on one of his daughters. Our Romeo rang the bell, innocently stood his ground, and suddenly received a much warmer reception than he had anticipated. We thought this just glorious.

It was Mr. Bennett who taught me how to write.

Bennett's School on Southwest Corner of Madison Street and Vincennes Road (State Street), 1844. Showing the Indians supplying the School Children with Maple Sugar.

I remember distinctly his patient efforts to instruct me, mending my quills and doing the best he could to get me to follow the stereotyped copies:

"Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds."

But mine were ever a poor imitation of the copy I tried to follow.

In 1845 I became a disciple of A. D. Sturtevant, principal of Dearborn School, No. 1, the first brick school building erected. It stood on the north side of Madison street, between Dearborn and State, a little west of the center of the block. "The Big Schoolhouse," as it was called, was regarded by many as far ahead of the requirements of the city, but less than two years demonstrated the wisdom of the investment of $7,523.42.

I always respected Mr. Sturtevant, as did almost every scholar in the building. He put us on our honor, which is a good way to handle a boy of spirit. He did not make crime of a little mischief, and while a good disciplinarian, he never punished beyond the merits of the offense. A quiet word from him left a better mark than a bottle of ink hurled at the head of a whispering boy by a despot with uncontrollable temper.

My first attempt "to speak in public on the stage" was in Mr. Payne's school previous to this, and was a dismal failure. I started all right but my hands got into my pockets and my heart into my throat, until, with a hysterical laugh, in a flood of tears, I sat down amid the suppressed snickers of my cruel mates.

It was several weeks before I got Sir John Moore properly buried. The 300 scholars in the Dearborn did not give me the stage fright that these 20 did over on Lake street a few years before. Mr. Sturtevant insisted upon compositions and declamations on Wednesday afternoons. Upon the first occasion few were prepared to speak, notwithstanding the ample notice he had given. He ordered the delinquents to go to the platform and say something. The first boy to venture on dangerous ground was Ed. Wright, one of the largest pupils, who recited:

"I went behind the barn, got down upon my knees
And liked to die a laughing to hear a turkey sneeze."

The encore which he received stimulated Marcellus Wheeler—a cousin of mine, to go one better, in

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The devil's black, and so are you."

pointing his finger to Mr. Sturtevant as he repeated the last line. Mr. Sturtevant laughed with the boys, and told them they had now done as they pleased and hereafter he expected that they would treat him fairly by doing as he pleased, by being prepared with suitable pieces. They were. Mr. Sturtevant had but little trouble with the five hundred and forty-three pupils he and his two assistants had.

I suppose I should give Prof. Wilson credit for being the most thorough and competent instructor I ever had; but he was a harsh man. He left the impress of his tyranny on the emaciated features of

SCHOOLMASTER BENNETT "SWATTING" A PUPIL.

his poor, frightened wife, whose kindness and ability won the love and sympathy of every scholar.

When I was old enough to regret my lack of education, and became possessed of the desire to make up, by diligent application, for the many years which my conscience accused me of having wasted, I had the inestimable privilege of going for some two years to the teacher par excellence, M. B. Gleason, who had a Normal school on Jefferson street. I attended about the middle of the century. Jesse B. Thomas had charge of some of the classes, and Leopold Meyer, now the retired banker, was teacher of German. This school sealed the fate of a number of scholars for life. Hiram Murphy married his school mate, Ellen Wilde, David M. Ford married Miss Barnes, Jesse Thomas, his scholar, Abby Eastman, and Julia E. Hart has been my wife nearly long enough for the golden wedding. Sarah Wright married out of the school family the pioneer youth, H. H. Handy. Her father was R. K. Swift's head man until the failure of the large-hearted, eccentric banker.

After leaving the Normal, I again took up Latin, of which I had always been fond, in company with H. L. B. Marsh, Jesse Thomas being our tutor. I did this with a view of fitting myself for college, but as I did not have a predilection for either of the so-called learned professions, my parents were not much in favor of my receiving a collegiate education. I was not personally anxious to do so myself, and so I concluded to learn the drug business, for which my brother was already fitting himself.

The best school I ever attended, and the one in which I was most interested, was the Chicago Lyceum, an outgrowth of the Normal School Lyceum, which was organized by the scholars of Gleason's Normal school in 1851.

I recall many delightful evenings that we boys and the girls—who were honorary members—had together.

We used to be strict in fining members who were absent or failed to discharge the duties assigned them, unless they were able to give a satisfactory reason to the excuse committee. One member, who failed to pay his dues without the excuse of inability, was discharged. Under the record of Feb. 22, 1853, I find the following:

"I protest against the expulsion of ——— I retain the privilege of giving my reasons at any time I may select. JAMES A. MULLIGAN."

I think there may be some of the General's admirers who would prize, as I do, that protest and signature. Our friend was never required to give his reasons.

Many of those boys are still with us, being well and favorably known in their respective callings. Of those lost to view "but still to memory dear" are General James Adelbert Mulligan, the classical scholar, brilliant orator and devoted patriot; his law partner, Henry S. Fitch, son of one of Indiana's U. S. senators, an unusually talented young man, appointed our district attorney by President Buchanan; and J. J. McGilvra, a sound and aspiring member of the same

profession, appointed by President Lincoln, U. S. attorney for the Territory of Washington.

I well remember my first attempt to speak in the "Normal," After the discussion had been opened, John Witbeck asked me to take his place on the negative of the proposition—"That there is more pleasure in anticipation than in participation." I had been accustomed to declaim and supposed "thinking on one's feet" equally easy. When called I arose with proper dignity and delivered the first sentence in a manner that impressed me that I was a regular Patrick Henry, and wondered why my peers in other things had failed so in public speaking. That one sentence was my last. My head whirled and I was lost. Not a thought could I rally to my assistance. I seized a candle and a sheet of foolscap on which I had hastily scratched the arguments of the opposition as they had been advanced, but not a word of the hieroglyphics could I decipher. Humiliated and confounded, I sank to my seat, the most mortified and chagrined youth who had ever aspired to oratory.

Still I was determined to do better next time, and I did, by not trying to do better than the other boys. About five years of hard, persistent effort enabled me to obtain a fair facility in this most interesting art. In the course of time we moved to Sawyer's Female Seminary on Clark street, where we were frequently favored with a full house when a question of general interest was presented.

I have dwelt thus upon my educational facilities as being a representative case. There was scarcely a

man or woman who spent their school days in Chicago in the thirties or forties who did not have similar experiences; and if they ever advanced beyond the point where they were left by their early teachers, it was in spite of their elementary instruction and not because of it.

CHAPTER XVI

STREETS AND ROADS

We who saw the earliest streets of our city in those olden times, and see them at present, must be struck with the power of heredity in their development. They were begot in mud, born in mud and bred in mud, and the present slime and filth of them is only a refined form of the original family trait. With the knowledge that we possess of their progeniture, we cannot but be lenient to them of the present day and generation, and should pity them for bad inheritance rather than blame them for bad habits.

Lake shore sand being the best material available was early employed to top dress the principal business streets, and for a few moments made a neat and attractive appearance; but it was a delusion and a snare, being wholly insufficient to support any weight. The loaded vehicles cut through and mixed the yielding sand with the unyielding mud.

"The signs of the times" placed in all the thoroughfares in spring and fall were, "NO BOTTOM." "TEAM UNDERNEATH." "ROAD TO CHINA." "STAGE DROPPED THROUGH."

An old hat placed upon top of the mud to indicate where the wearer was last seen, with the placard of

"Man Lost" above it were familiar warnings where not to go; but where to drive could only be ascertained by repeating experiments like others, with probably similar results.

Luther Nichols, who came with the troops in 1832, and who, in time, became our Captain of Police, had a number of carts and drays. It was customary for him to take us with his own children to and from school in one of his carts when water was too deep and the mud too thick for us to reach our destination in any other way.

Many a time have I seen men as well as ladies carried around the city in this manner. In fact he was our pioneer livery man, and his carts were much sought after to carry guests to parties, balls and all such entertainments in bad weather. It was the only manner of transit in the mud and water He would cautiously back up to receive or discharge his load, in order that the carefully robed passengers should not become bespattered. The carts were the first choice, but if they were all engaged, gentlemen who could keep their standing on the long, springless drays would charter one of them rather than wade.

But such a state of affairs could not be tolerated forever, and it was finally concluded to try the experiment of planking a few streets. In 1836 Amos Bailey was town surveyor, and the following year Asa F. Bradley arrived and became his assistant. The latter followed his profession almost continuously for nearly 30 years, holding, during that period, the position of county and city surveyor. While city

surveyor, he suggested lowering the streets so as to drain the lots into them, and thus flow into the river. This was done from Randolph to Water inclusive, but when the rains descended and the floods came, every step taken by a team would cause the planks to be automatic fountains, which deposited the muddy water in the vehicles of the unhappy wayfarers, or in the faces and over the clothing of the pedestrians. Tiring of that amusement, the frolicsome planks, like many New England boys, would slip away from home and go sailing around the world. In the spring of 1849 the prairies were heavily covered with snow, which, melting rapidly in a warm rain followed by a hot sun, caused a freshet in the river on March 12th, which tore the vessels from their moorings, hurled them wedged with enormous blocks of ice against the bridges, and carried the entire mass out into the lake. This involved a loss to the city of $100,000, besides that sustained by the ship owners and the merchants near the river, in ruined stock. I cannot say whether this catastrophe made my old friend so anxious to escape the censure, which was heaped upon him for his plan of drainage, that he was willing to have the "yellow fever" rather than incur it. Be that as it may, it was the time of the California gold excitement and he certainly embraced that providential opportunity to absent himself, until the bridges had been rebuilt and dirt and gravel had once more been carted onto the streets at a heavy expense. The planks not washed away were left as a foundation for new improvements, soon to be experimented

with. The first and best piece of planking done under the new order of things was on Wells street from the river to Lake street. The next was the long planks on Lake between State and Dearborn.

It is interesting to watch the development of our streets and sidewalks about this time, as chronicled in the *American*. Its issue of September 10, 1836, contains the following:

A HINT TO HOUSE OWNERS.

"We perceive that a number of public-spirited citizens are laying sidewalks in front of their houses. Let those freeholders who remember the state of our streets during the rainy season take a hint and do likewise."

Again in the issue of August 6, 1836, we find:

STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

"The streets generally have been thrown up and graded, the gutters cleaned out, thanks to our new board of trustees."

That streets had not all been "thrown up" seems certain from what follows in the same paper nearly five years afterwards. I quote a communication in the issue of Feb. 6, 1841:

WASHINGTON STREET.

"Mr. Editor.—I would call the attention of the Common Council to the condition of Washington street, and respectfully ask why it is not graded?

"This street is capable of being made one of the finest in the city.

"It is 80 feet wide, running from the Lake to the

River, and joins the southern boundary of the Public Square. The new Unitarian church, now erecting on the street, will be an ornament to that part of the city, and it will not be long before the Baptists, the Methodists and probably the Presbyterians will have elegant churches fronting on it. The street is admirably adapted to private residences, and in a short time Washington street property will be eagerly sought after. Will not the Corporation take some steps to open the street? A CITIZEN."

"A Citizen" must have felt flattered when at the meeting of the council, April 26th, succeeding, it was "ordered that the Street Commissioner submit the proposals received by him for grading Washington street.

"And that the contract be made with Patrick Duffy and James Somers, for the grading aforesaid at 73 cents a rod."

Again, on April 13th, 1840 were the following

PETITIONS:

"By Alderman Morrison from citizens of the School Section to have Monroe street turnpiked, instead of ditching said street. Accepted."

In compliance with which the Street Commissioner was "ordered to let the grading of Monroe street, 3rd Ward, (West Side), to the lowest bidder."

July 9th, 1841, our people were still petitioning. This time "for the completion of the turnpike on Lake street, by extending the same through Carpenter's Addition."

That grading and ditching did not furnish perfect

streets is manifest to the careful student of our early history. A few more newspaper clippings will suffice to assure one of that. I quote from the *American* of July 9th, 1836, with the remark, that if our principal business streets were in the condition complained of so late in the season as July, what must have been their condition in the spring?

NUISANCES.

"We have received several communications from citizens calling attention to nuisances in different parts of the town, the most prominent of which is a pond of water on Lake street, corner of La Salle, in the very heart of the town, and inhabited by FROGS. It smells strong now, and in a few day more will send forth a most horrible stench, sickening all who reside in the neighborhood. Cannot the hole be filled up? or is the health of our citizens to be sacrificed for a few dollars?

"P. S.: If any of the Trustees are fond of frog music, they can enjoy a most delicious treat by taking a seat on the door-steps of this office at the hour of sunset.

"The COMPANY have, if we are not mistaken, decided to remain in their present location, the whole season unless disturbed by the Corporation."

"The attention of the Street Inspector is particularly desired at a beautiful Mud Hole in Water street at the end of Clark. It reflects but little credit to the town in its present condition."

April 17th, 1837, the *American* contains the following:

OUR STREETS.

"Are the Corporation determined to make no exer-

tion to improve the streets and afford temporary relief to those who are doomed to walk them? We forbear to paint their conditions—we mean both of streets and walkers. Our grievances are intolerable, and CRY FROM THE GROUND for redress. The Trustees may afford to ride in their carriages or on their horses—(if they have the courage to attempt the experiment)—but those who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to walk, when the mud will allow them to, should not be forgotten. There is heavy cause for complaint, and shall the appeal be unheeded? A little exertion and expense of the PUBLIC MONEY would afford prompt and great relief. Even the Detroit system of BOARDING the sidewalks would be better than nothing. Are not the Trustees culpably negligent in the matter? We would respectfully suggest to them that if they would exhibit the 999th part of their old zeal for wharfing privileges in effecting measures for the improvement of the town and the comfort of the citizens and the strangers, their services would be fully as acceptable to the public."

If such things could be in the city, it is not to be wondered at that some strange notes should appear in the out of town items, only one of which, however, will I give:

"The Southern Mail made another arrival last Wednesday evening and some difficulty naturally arose in an attempt to identify it. 'What Stage is that Tom?' asked the agent, when it came up to the Post Office, 'Why,' replies a passenger from the window, 'don't you know your own stage?'"

But I see that we have been following an early custom and have taken to the streets. Let us go

back to the sidewalks, where we can find them, and thank the landlords and house holders for having done so much for our comfort. Outside of the business districts the Common Council had to enforce their construction; but we will not go into farther particulars, merely stating that in a general order, passed December 14th, 1840, 2-inch plank walks, 4 feet wide, on 3 x 4 scantlings, were ordered on quite a number of down-town streets.

Such walks would scarcely answer our purpose to-day, but at that time they were hailed as a grand improvement upon the stepping blocks previously employed. Yet, in truth, even stepping blocks were not in such general use as to insure a person against the all prevailing mud; nor were we always certain of our footing, where we were favored with them, especially in the evening. Sometimes a recalcitrant log would tip over as it was stepped upon, or, sliding under the feet, would precipitate its disconsolate victim in the muddy abyss he was so laboriously striving to avoid.

It was one of these accidents, frequently befalling the wayfarer, that lent point to the joking remark of our esteemed friend, Thomas Church, that, "He picked his second wife out of the gutter the first time he saw her."

Ultimate relief was not afforded until the adoption of our sewerage system in place of the primitive surface drainage of former times. Elevating the sewers in order to secure an outfall involved covering them with the streets, which brought the

latter much above their natural level. This, in turn, necessitated the raising of all the houses, to accomplish which required several years. During this period the streets bore a strange appearance, having a great variety of sidewalk levels, and much climbing was required on the part of pedestrians. The feat of elevation was successfully accomplished without any interruption to business.

Our roads outside the town varied more than those within it. The Whiskey Point road, leading to the farm over which I traveled so much, was a fair sample of them all. When our summer birds were singing in southern skies, when the frosts had come and the flowers gone, when the rains had filled the ground with moisture and the waters covered the face of the earth, making every depression a slough, without a ditch anywhere to carry off the accumulated floods; then the wheels sank to the hubs, and the hearts of the drivers sank correspondingly; then blows and coaxing were alike unavailing to start the tired teams and the settling loads. It was at such times that the discouraged farmers, wet, cold, hungry and disconsolate, lost in mud and darkness, would cast their eyes longingly towards Whiskey Point, as the weather beaten mariner longs for a friendly port. For the farmer knew that "Old Rowley" had something for him in keeping with the name of "The Point," if he could only manage to get there.

The spring was worse, if possible, than the fall. The snow melted while yet the ground was frozen, and during that time, as far as the eye could see, the

whole outlook, was a shallow, dismal, cheerless lake, without a house, from the ridge to the engulfed city, and from Whiskey Point to the Widow Berry Point, six miles to the south of it. Nothing arrested the vision but a dismal waste of water, with the road submerged, and so cut up that, whereas it had been almost impassable before, it was now utterly abandoned. Woe to the farmer then who should presume to transport anything without a caravan of neighbors to assist with extra teams, to "pack" the bags of grain from one stalled wagon to another.

I remember when a boy, being stuck in a slough a little east of Whiskey Point, in company with an omnibus load of ladies, who had been spending the day with some friends on the Aux Plaine. It was dark when our driver met his Waterloo. Breaking his harness in a vain endeavor to start his load, he went to the city for assistance, leaving us to sing songs and tell stories until his return.

This Whiskey Point road, crossing the Desplaines at Spencer's tavern, was the main road between Chicago and the western towns, before the turnpike, now Lake street, was built. This pike and the Widow Berry pike were for years the only roads running in a westerly direction which had ditches to allow the escape of the water. Lake street became the leading one, being more direct to the principal farming districts, though it certainly had nothing else but that and its two ditches to recommend it. Occasionally efforts were made to get the public to unite on some method of improving these thoroughfares. The

Berry Point was the pioneer, regarding which I give the following: "Notice! The citizens of Cook and the adjoining counties are requested to meet in the Saloon in the City of Chicago on the first Saturday of June next at 2 P. M., to adopt such measures as may be deemed necessary to effect the construction of a turnpike road across the prairie between Chicago and the Desplaines river." An editorial urging it says:

"We are inclined to think that a good turnpike well ditched would drain a good portion of the wet prairie, so that it might be inhabited and improved. The fall between the Aux Plaine and the city is so good that there is no difficulty in draining the intermediate country."

In the issue of the *American* on June 18, 1840, appears:

"The committee appointed found much better ground than was anticipated, and to the surprise of everyone, found by actual measurement that the distance from the city to firm ground on Berry Point is less than 4½ miles. The estimated cost is $3000, which it is proposed to raise by subscription."

Bids for contracts were published July 24. "Road to be 65 feet wide, elevated 3 feet above the level of the ground in the center,"—afterward changed to 2½, or 5 feet to the bottom of the ditch. That outlying territory has become inhabited and improved pretty generally.

After the Lake street pike was thrown up and ditched, John Pierson, a favorite of the farmers, who for a number of years had been successfully carrying

on a tavern at Whiskey Point, a little west of Rowley's old stand, attracted by the pike, moved his caravansary to Lake street, where Austin now is, calling it the Six Mile House. Two miles east of him Rollo Pearsall had his Four Mile House. These houses were both standing at the time the Galena railroad was built, in 1849. The former, with two exceptions, being the only house where the village of Austin now numbers its thousands of pleasant homes.

There are but few residents of Oak Park who will remember how we used to obtain from the railroad officials permission to have the morning train (there was but one accommodation) stop on the prairie, whence we tramped across Pearsall's muddy field to his tavern, where, in a dingy room, filled with the smoke of domestic weeds, we exercised our high prerogative of American citizenship. This carried with it the necessity of walking two miles through the mud to the horse cars at Western avenue, without a sidewalk to bless us, unless "our side" had a lumber wagon at its service, to demonstrate the superiority of its principles.

But the turnpike was never a success. The mud, when in its normal plastic condition always seemed to be several feet deeper than on the prairie. The clay of which it was composed appeared to have a grudge against every living thing, horse, ox or man, and threw its tenacious tentacles around all things, to draw them down to its infernal level. Human ingenuity could invent no rougher or more detestable roads to travel over than was the pike at such times.

Once on it there was no escape to the side, save at the peril of your life.

Even when some of our courageous citizens tried in their desperate moments to "improve it," and made a toll road of it, they found, alas! the task too much for them; the ruts were too deep, the mud too bottomless. Huge stones were hauled on from year to year at a great expense to the disgruntled tax payers, and it was hoped that these would form a good foundation for the improvement. But they only stuck out at every point, sad monoliths of the little ones buried among the broken wheels and axles of defunct wagons. There they stood in stubborn stateliness, while the largest of them defied the best efforts of the corporation to reduce them to cobbles. The curses heaped upon the pike for so many years, and which the brute seemed to enjoy, were now divided between the road and the citizens who had the preposterous audacity to try to reform that which was not meant to be reformed. The band of presumptious men were finally glad to relinquish their hopeless charge to the anathemas of the teamsters and the public, who had no alternative but to continue to drive their sad, galled, prematurely old, broken-down teams over its ever changing surface.

How easily the lenses of the mind restore the bright pictures of the past. Again I am riding out of town, behind "Old Charley," on Lake or Randolph street, winding amongst the modest homes of the west side, which are scattered through the tall grass and sturdy rosinweed, the *Sylphium Laciniatum* of the drug

stores, and cutting across vacant blocks towards the stone quarry at Western avenue, where, if in season, I stop to gather strawberries, growing in perfection. After satisfying my boyish appetite, I am again heading for Whiskey Point (now bearing the less significant name of Cragin) over the most perfect of nature's boulevards,—the unapproachable prairie road—which is spread out before me like a long roll of black velvet, on which the patter of the horse's hoofs is almost as noiseless as the fall of a slippered foot upon a Persian rug.

Nature delights in graceful curves. And it would seem that the ordinary, unpoetic farmers, when they started making one of these roads, by driving to Chicago with their produce and back again, must have been in exceedingly close touch with nature, seeing that they formed such beautiful curves in the luxuriant grass and bewitching flowers. Curves such as no landscape gardener could ever hope to equal.

In such a road there is something indescribably fascinating. Winding thus midst living verdure, saluted with songs of larks and the rollicking notes of saucy bobolinks, even an ordinary hack is at times inspired with the spirit and striving speed of the thoroughbred. Those of us who in our youth galloped or sauntered along those prairie roads have treasures stored up which are never vended in the market place, are incompatible with a densely populated country, and which an advanced civilization cannot bestow.

So many and marvelous have been the changes

which have occured within my recollection, that it would seem as though I had lived a century and must be

NEARING THE END OF THE ROAD.

Still towards the sunset runs the road.
I pause beside the way,
And fondly turn to where life's load
Upon me lightly lay.
I live in boyhood's golden morns,
Which with their hallowed glow
Reveal life's roses, while its thorns
No more amidst them show.

Again upon the root-house roof
I lazily recline.
The sunshine with its warp and woof
Of wind-swayed grass and vine,
Forms couch a king might envy me,
Who, free from manhood's care,
Claims ownership in all I see
On earth, on lake, in air.

Beyond the roll of prairie wide,
Where waves low murmers make,
A sail of mine doth smoothly glide
Upon the gleaming lake.
While now and then 'gainst sky doth float
(Forerunner of to-day)
The smoke of some black-funneled boat,
That churns its white-foamed way.

The yellow turbaned hosts of sun,
That camped with Orient pride,
Through which from me would cattle run
Unseen, though by my side,
The scythe and flame have put to rout,
The flowers all have fled;
While busy toilers move about,
Nor sigh that Pan is dead.

No struggling teams do I now see,
Worn out with heavy load;
On iron horse, most willingly
These burdens are bestowed.
'Tis many years since my young eyes
Saw, free from smoke and shade
Beyond where stately buildings rise,
White caravans of trade,

Yet memory retains for me
Those scenes I loved of yore,
I view them as but yesterday,
Through Time's slow closing door.
'Midst rosinweeds I tend the herds,
O'er fields of waving grain
I catch the songs of happy birds,
And I am young again!

CHAPTER XVII

EARLY REAL ESTATE SPECLUATIONS

The people who in early days passed through Chicago in disgust, looking for dry land, in after years told many strange and pathetic tales of the opportunities they had of purchasing our most valuable lots, blocks and acres, at some nominal price, which they scornfully declined.

They would have nothing to do with our bottomless bogs. We have all heard them talk.

One man said: "I was offered the land where the Brigg's House stands for a span of horses. And it was not much of a span either; and I owned the horses, too."

He was not like our old time notary, John Hamlin, who was offered the site of the First National Bank building and some outlying territory, for a pretty good span; and when he told the story in after years and was chafed about being a big fool for not trading, replied, "The team did not belong to me."

Another said: "I was offered a hull block about where the Auditorium is, as nigh as I can figger it out, for $60. But mud was more'n knee deep on Water and Lake streets—the only business streets there wuz then—and the water was so deep and the grass so high when the fellow and I went out to see the

land, I could'nt see it when I got there. I could'nt see the pesky town, nuther, the rosinweed and slough grass was so high, and I'd been lost if I hadn't hullered after the chap. He reckoned I wasn't on the buy, so he scooted back for another Sucker. Before I got to the tavern I was that tuckered out wallowing around in the mud I wouldn't er gin ten bits an acre fur the whole dod rotted place. I told him,—'No Siree you can't cheat me.'"

Said another intelligent appearing old gentleman: "In the spring of '41 I reached here with my family from York State, my wife and two daughters coming in a good, covered carry-all, driven by my son, while I had a heavy span of grays to a covered wagon containing household goods, clothing, etc. I was offered the block about where Marshall Field's wholesale store is for my wagon and team. There were a number of fine elms on the property, I remember, and it was not far from a yellow house on the east side of Wells street, where a Baptist clergyman by the name of Hinton, lived. But the mud was so deep and everything seemed so forlorn, the rainy day I went out to look at it, that I made up my mind that I would not take the land as a gift and be obliged to live on it, but please don't tell anyone what a natural born idiot I was in '41 to decline such an offer. I was going till I found dry ground, and I found it out on Fox River. Chicago is good enough for me now, though, and I have sold my farm, bought a 25-foot vacant lot on the west side, three miles from the court house for $1,000, which I am going to build

on and settle down with the old lady, and we hope to enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days."

One more and we will drop the subject:

"I was pounced on by half a dozen land sharks as soon as I pulled up my team, in the fall of '40, in front of John Gray's Chicago Hotel,* and I guess I would have taken 40 acres just west of the South Branch for $400, if I hadn't been afraid that I would be cheated. The real estate men seemed so anxious to sell I was fearful they would get the best of the bargain someway. (Say in a whisper what you think it's worth to-day. Don't let my wife hear you, for she wanted me to make the ripple, and has always been pestering me that I didn't.) But it looked kind of lonesome over there, no houses, nor trees, nor hills, nor rocks, so, after resting a couple of days, I pulled out to Garden Prairie, where we have been ever since."

Having cited these instances of people declining to purchase Chicago property "for a song," we will introduce a few purchases that were made.

We feel skeptical regarding the oft repeated story—that "Dr. Wm. B. Egan gave Colonel Beaubien a bottle of whiskey and a Mackinac blanket for the site of the present Tremont House, disposing of it again for $60,000." Those well acquainted with that "Fine Ould Irish Gentleman" and his convivial predilections would believe almost anything except that the genial, whole-souled doctor would put a bottle of whiskey to such a use; while the temperate colonel never placed so high a value upon firewater, and

*This was originally the Green Tree.

kept blankets to sell. His son Alexander, replying to my inquiry, states: "Father sold the corner of Lake and Dearborn for $200. That is right, but I do not remember to whom. That corner was vacant up to 1839, but I don't believe that Dr. Egan—if he did buy from father, got any $60,000 for that property, when there were lots in the neighborhood that could be bought at from $700 to $1,000."

I presume Egan owned this corner, as I distinctly remember "Egan Row," which was a row of small barrack like frames extending from the alley north towards Lake street.

But there was land sold here at almost as ridiculous a figure. For instance, it is affirmed that Sheldon Graves, who came in 1836 with a load of provisions, traded his supplies with the Indians for an acre of land on the southwest corner of Washington and La Salle streets. How he could derive title from his dusky traders I do not know. But as Fernando Jones has his office on that corner, he no doubt could furnish an abstract.

In that same fall Martin N. Kimball came, bringing his fortune of $5.37. Two years afterwards "he secured a farm at $1.25 an acre one mile northwest of the city limits, now worth on Kimball avenue $50 a front foot."

Willard F. Myrick was also an 1836 arrival. "He soon after purchased 25 acres for the startling sum of $1,488.80, nearly $60 an acre, extending from 26th street to 31st street and from South Park avenue to the lake. In 20 years it increased 15 acres from the

washings of the lake." A small lot could now be sold for more than the cost of the 25 acres.

The Kinzie tract cost $1.25 an acre in 1830 and extended from Chicago avenue to the river, and from State street (including the tier of lots on the west side of State) to the lake. I quote from Mrs. John H. Kinzie's Waubun: "The return of our brother, Robert Kinzie, from Palestine (not the Holy Land, but the seat of the Land Office), with the certificate of the title of the family to that portion of Chicago, since known as "Kinzie's Addition," was looked upon as establishing a home for us at some future day, if the glorious dreams of good Dr. Harmon and a few others should come to be realized. One little incident will show how moderate, in fact, were the anticipations of most persons at that period:

"The certificate, which was issued in Robert's name, he representing the family in making the application, described only a fractional quarter section of one hundred and two acres, instead of one hundred and sixty acres, the river and Lake Michigan cutting off fifty-eight acres on the southern and eastern lines of the quarter. The applicants had liberty to select their complement of fifty-eight acres out of any unappropriated land that suited them.

"'Now, my son,' said his mother, to Robert, 'lay your claim on the cornfield at Wolf Point. It is fine land, and will always be valuable for cultivation—and besides, as it faces down the main river, the situation will always be a convenient one.'

"The answer was a hearty laugh. 'Hear mother,'

said Robert. 'We have just got a hundred and two acres more than we shall ever want or know what to do with, and now you would have me go and claim fifty-eight acres more!'

"'Take my advice, my boy,' repeated his mother, or you may live one day to regret it.'

"'Well, I cannot see how I can ever regret not getting more than we can possibly make use of.' And so the matter ended. The fifty-eight acres were never claimed, and there was, I think, a very general impression that asking for our just rights in the case would have a very grasping, covetous look. How much wiser five and twenty years have made us."

There were others who believed that good farms could be made of Chicago acres, by properly ditching them, wet as they often were. John McGaven, with an eye to the river drainage, settled on Madison near Franklin. James McGraw liked Madison, but as he wanted to raise some fruit he went a mile beyond the city limits, to get away from the boys, and located on Madison near Western avenue. John McGlashen selected the beautiful grove on the east side of the South Branch, about 25th street. John and Patrick Welch planted potatoes about three blocks north. George W. Green raised greens about 12th and Throop streets. Hiram Hastings, as I remember him, was not hasty in his movements and kept "close in" as we now call it, on Clark near Adams streets. One of Napoleon's officers, Florimand Canda, being a little aristocratic in his tastes, selected North Wells street. He afterwards located near Chicago

avenue at Oak Park, combining with his plodding toil the graceful art of dancing, in which he gave lessons to the *elite* of the north side, riding to the city for that purpose. Father frequently met him and declared that he made the finest appearance on horseback of any man he ever saw. Our eminent fellow citizen, Mancel Talcott, in his "North Western Passage" for wealth, might have been found in the mud of Milwaukee avenue.

None of these places are being tilled to-day by the men who then owned and worked them or by their descendents. With the exception of Galewood, I know of no farm within the city limits which is still held mostly by the original enter or his family, and that has continued to be used for its original purpose.

CHAPTER XVIII

ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS

The original business of Chicago was fur trading and Indian barter. A great number of Indians were accustomed to hunt and trap in our vicinity, and others came here to dispose of their furs, either to the traders or Government Factor. The profits Uncle Sam received from trade at this point were not so large as the income now derived from the same territory; nevertheless it was with considerable pride that the agents reported that between 1807 and 1811 the income was $3,725. Some sixteen years before our arrival, in 1818 and 1819, the Government Factor bought 189 deer skins, 71 bear, 1182 raccoon, 16 fox and 27,077 muskrat; which figures, of course, do not include the purchases of the several traders. In 1831 thirteen merchants each took out the necessary license of $5. Most of these worthies were Indian traders from necessity.*

At the time of our coming, in 1835, there were 33 business houses, including Indian traders, druggists, storehouse firms, etc., not counting seven shops and six hotels. We have already given a general idea of these. As a suggestion of how business was trans-

*Alexander Robinson, J. B. Beaubien, Robert A. Kinzie, B. H. Loughton, Medore Beaubien, Samuel Miller, Joseph Laframboise, James Beadin, Oliver Newberry, Nicholas Boilvin, Peck, Walker & Co., Joseph Naper, Brewster, Hayden & Co.

acted in those times, it is interesting to look over some of the advertisements and announcements that appeared from time to time in the papers. Especially interesting to me and other druggists is the following, which appeared in the *Chicago American* of Saturday, April 23, 1835, and which I copy for my old friends of the Veteran Druggists' Association, that they may compare the stock carried by the trade in the thirties, with what they now have on their shelves:

DRUGS, MEDICINES, DYE WOODS, DYE STUFFS, ETC.

The subscriber offers at wholesale and retail an extensive assortment of genuine Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c., &c., among which are the following:

Opium	Logwood	Prussian Blue
Alum	Nicaragua	Drop Lake
Camphor	Fustic	Aqua Fortis
Magnesia	Camwood	Rotten Stone
Castor Oil	Annatto	Pumice Stone
Brimstone	Sulphur Ferri	Gum Copal
Sulphur	Sulph. Cupri	do. Arabic
Epsom Salts	Oil Vitriol	do. Shellac
Glauber do.	White do.	do. Myrrh
Rochelle do.	Sugar Lead	do. Assafoetida
Borax Crude	Madder	do. Scammony
do. Refined	Indigo	Senna
Calomel	Nutgalls	Rhubarb
Jalap	Chrome Yellow	Spirits Turpentine
Ipecac	Chrome Green	Lamp Black
Liquorice Ball	Cochineal	Silver Black Lead
do. Refined	Saltpetre	Lemon Syrup
do. Root	Pink Root	German Wine Bitters
Red Precipitate	Cream Tartar	Essential Oils
White do.	Sulphate do.	Perfumery
Surgical Instrum'nts	Trusses	Tooth Powder & Paste
Thermometers	Shaving Soap	Russian Isinglass
Nit. Silver	Tooth Brushes	American do.
Ext. Henbane	Blue Pill Mass	

Druggists, merchants and others, will find it to their advantage to call before they purchase elsewhere.

PHILO CARPENTER.

POTATOES.

1,000 Bushels Potatoes for sale by

PHILO CARPENTER.

GARDEN SEEDS.

13 Boxes Fresh Garden Seeds.

Also Onion Seeds by the pound.
For sale by

PHILO CARPENTER.

LEATHER.

A large quantity of Sole Leather
Bridle do.
Collar do.
Upper do.
Russet do.
Patent do.
Calcutta Kip Skins
Russet Calf do.
Hog do.
20 Dozen Morocco & Sheep do. for sale by

PHILO CARPENTER.

November 11th, 1835, Philo Carpenter's advertisement includes:

STOVES, HOLLOW-WARE & CASTINGS.

Then follows a list of almost everything found in the households of the day, many of which present house-

keepers would be puzzled to conceive what use they could be put to, even Jew's harps for the youngsters. He offers road scrapers, wagon boxes, cart boxes, ploughs, mill irons, etc., etc. As a balm to the members of the family who are indulging in rheumatism, fever-sores, prairie itch, and 99,999 other physical discomforts he offers sulphur and chemical plaster.

There must have been considerable maple sugar made around this neck of woods in those days by the Indians and whites, for Carpenter competed with the hardware men, Henry King and others, in the sale of maple sugar kettles.

In one place W. H. & A. F. Clarke, the fourth drug concern, enumerated 134 items, besides the various kinds of sugars, teas, liquors, cigars, pickles, sauces. jellies, etc., etc.

Had the position of Postmaster of the Town of Chicago been as lucrative then as it is supposed to be now, the *Chicago American* would probably have not contained the following in its issue of April 23, 1836:

WHISKEY.

100 BBLS. OLD WHISKEY,

Just received on consignment, and for sale low for the quine, by J. S. C. HOGAN.

Wonder what a wholesale liquor dealer would ship on an order for "the quine" in this year of our Lord?

John evidently combined a little real estate with his regular store, having:

TO LET

A Blacksmith shop, and an office suitable for a professional gentleman. For terms and location apply to
J. S. C. Hogan.

Lotteries at that time were not confined to churches. The papers were filled with advertisements of "The Virginia State," "The Union," "The Virginia Wellsburg," "The New Orleans," "The Virginia Monongahela," "The Maryland State," etc., etc.

LOTTERY & EXCHANGE OFFICE

A. C. Hamilton, No. 4 Dearborn

OH! THE MONSTER.

$50,000 $20,000 $10,000 50 of $100

Virginia State Lottery
For the benefit of the Mechanical Benevolent Society of Norfolk. Class No. 1 for 1836 to be drawn at Alexandria, Saturday, April 23, 1836.
D. S. Gregory & Co., Managers.

L. W. Clarke also advertises that he is in the brokerage and lottery business, but he does not offer as

tempting bait as Gregory does, nor does he mention benevolence.

CHICAGO SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.*

Charles Cleaver informs the merchants of Chicago and vicinity that he keeps on hand a continual supply of hard and soft soap, mould and dip candles of the best manufacture, which he offers at the very lowest prices for cash, at his Factory on The Point, between the North Branch and main river.

Nov. 4th, 1835.

That New Orleans, Buffalo, and New York were eager to share in our growing business is manifest by numerous advertisements. Transportation Companies galore, by Erie, and Erie and Ohio Canals, Oswego and Welland Canal, Vessels and Lake Steamers. Every last one of the Chicago agents, "having connected themselves with a line of transportation wagons between Chicago and the head of navigation on the Illinois river and other points, will forward daily all goods consigned to them, to any point on the Illinois river, St. Louis or other places of destination."

Those who used to climb the White mountains, but now make the ascent by rail, may like to know

*Cleaver's factory was years afterwards at Cleaverville, now the most aristocratic neighborhood of the south lake shore.

that the builder and operator of that road was Sylvester Marsh, a Chicago packer, who published this:

NOTICE

All persons indebted to the subscriber will call immediately and settle the same with G. Spring Esq., with whom all our notes and accounts are left for collection.

S. MARSH & Co.

Chicago Feb. 4, 1836. Sylvester Marsh.

A man who had the faith that ALL would call and settle could remove mountains, and he did it.

I always entertained the idea that father was an honest man until I saw

TAKE NOTICE.

You are hereby forewarned not to take a certain promissory note drawn by me in favor of John J. Vanriper for the sum of $85, bearing date Dec. 3, 1835, and payable six months after date, as I shall pay no part of aforesaid note, the consideration thereof having entirely failed.

ABRAM GALE.

Chicago April 7.

But father does not seem to have been the only one who adopted this method of settling with those Vanrippers, "wanting in consideration," for here is another,

NOTICE.

We. the undersigned, hereby caution any and every person against paying or buying a note at hand given by Hiram G. Warner and Thomas Jenkins, for the amount of one hundred dollars, bearing date 2nd of March 1836 payable to J. S. Dewey or bearer, due on the 20th of June next. We shall not pay the same note, for the consideration has entirely failed.

HIRAM J. WARNER
Chicago April 16. THOMAS JENKINS.

Notes and due bills did not seem to be of much account in those days, for here is a man who will give one of the latter away for the price of a card in a paper. Witness:

FOUND

This morning near the New York House, a Due Bill for $16.75 signed Isaac P. Blodgett. The owner can have the same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement.
March 31, 1836.

In 1841 Capt. E. B. Ward sent from Cleveland 80 tons of coal to Newberry & Dole on consignment. This was the first ever received here, and I guess that the Captain concluded it should be his last venture, for it took about two years advertising to dispose of it. No one wanted anything but wood stoves, and hardware merchants did not feel inclined to lay in a supply

of coal burners, for the consumption of 80 tons of coal.

Stone cutting, the paper announces, was done at Juliett, Ill., by Brandon & Borland. This was the time when Waukegan was Little Fort; Kenosha, South Port; and Joliet, Juliett.

It seems that those who were hard up in that period of existence had two chances a week:

BRANCH OF STATE BANK OF ILLINOIS.

Chicago, January 26, 1836.

The Bank opens at 9 A. M. and closes at 1 P. M. Discount days are Tuesdays and Fridays. Notes for discount must be offered on Mondays, and Thursdays, before the Bank closes on those days.

W. H. BROWN, Cashier.

This was the first bank, proper, in the town and was located, in September 1835, in the south end of Hubbard's warehouse, fronting on LaSalle street. William H. Brown, the cashier was father of Lockwood and Colonel Charles Brown. Ezra L. Sherman, brother of Mrs. Thomas Church, was clerk. The directors were J. H. Kinzie, G. S. Hubbard, Peter Pruyne, E. K. Hubbard, R. J. Hamilton, Walter Kimball, H. B. Clarke, G. W. Dole, and E. D. Taylor.

At that time our coins were principally English and Spanish. Not much decimal silver had been turned out by the Philadelphia mint. The great storehouse of the white metal in the far west had not been unlocked. A Spanish shilling passed for 12½

cents, an English for twice that sum. A York shilling was of the same value as the Spanish, 8 making $1 while a New England shilling was 16⅔ cents, 6 being $1. A Spanish pistareen just paid the legal price for a half pint of gin, 18¾ cents. There were also halfpennies, or happenies as they were generally called. Although seldom used in this section, they were common at the east. I have heard father say that when he kept a meat stall in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, there was due to a wealthy customer a coin of that denomination, which the man patiently waited for until father could obtain it from one of his neighbors.

It cost something to live then, judging from the following: "Provisions.—Flour is selling here at $10 and $12 per barrel; pork $20, and $22; fresh beef 10 cents a pound; ham 12 cents; eggs (scarce) 12½ cents a dozen; potatoes $1.25 a bushel."

AUCTION STORE.

The Auction store on the street leading from the Draw-Bridge to the Oak Woods and Blue Island is in readiness to receive goods to be disposed of at private sale or public auction.

J. BATES, Jr.,
Chicago July 15, 1834. Auctioneer.

Evidently Oak Woods (now Cottage Grove), Blue Island and the drawbridge were better known than Dearborn street, which was not then thrown up.

The second story of Bates' auction store became in time the Chicago Theatre, under the manage-

ment of Jefferson and McKenzie, the former of whom was the father of the great actor. It was on that modest stage with its primitive surroundings that I heard Master Joseph sing the comic song—"Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy." Dan Marble in his Yankee characters was the bright star of the theatrical firmament in the thirties and early forties.

Bates and his rival, Marshall, had an advertising method that would now be considered unique. In the evening Old Black Pete and equally black George White—the town criers—would perambulate the streets ringing their bells, and shouting—"Walk up, gemmen! Walk up! sales is bout to be commence on der berry bes kine of property. Walk up! Walk up! Gemmen, walk up!" The Hoosiers would string after them. When reaching the front of Marshall's or Bates', respectively, Pete and George would sing Negro melodies until they drew out large crowds, when the wily proprietors would soon have the large crowds drawing out their pocketbooks.

Those town criers were both star performers, and gave a better show than a negro ministrelsy with a new programme every night. As a rule they treated us to rollicking songs, bubbling with merriment, in the plantation dialect. Anon, as their souls seemed shrouded in sorrow, their sympathetic voices rippled like a brook of tears, as they wailed the pathetic story of their hearts.

> The winter's wind now beats the falling rain
> From weeping clouds against my window pane,
> As I recall those "Ethiopian Clouds,"

Whose bells and voices drew the rustic crowds
Along the walks and dimly lighted street,
To hear their songs, which oft they must repeat.
They seem to haunt me, those pathetic strains;
Though lost the words, the weird thought remains.

I wish today those words I still might know,
Which Black Pete sang, so many years ago.
His soul seemed striving through a broken heart
Inspired by Hope, to still perform its part,
That they like him, might some day break away;
The wife, the child, the feeble mother, gray,
From chains which he, through God, had left afar
To meet with him beneath the Polar star.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BIRTH OF INDUSTRIES

The great financial panic of 1836, so depressing in every part of the country, found our state unprepared to protect its credit and redeem the paper money it had issued, most of which had gone to improve rivers and build railroads. State bonds were only worth from 25 to 50 cents on the dollar. George Smith, a keen, shrewd, Scotch business man and his co-adjutors conceived the idea that more money could be made by absolutely MAKING MONEY to loan at a high rate of interest than on real estate, which business Smith first engaged in, but which was depreciating rapidly in value. He and his friends therefore incorporated the Wisconsin Fire and Marine Insurance Company with headquarters at Milwaukee, where Smith placed Alexander Mitchell, whom he had brought from Scotland, as secretary of the new venture. The stock of the company was $225,000, but they issued $1,470,000 in money, or more properly speaking, certificates of deposit in denominations of 1–2–5 and 10, which had every appearance of bank notes. By 1839 banking and brokerage became the principal business which was conducted for several years on the southeast corner of Lake and Wells street, where, in 1836, Smith opened the Scottish and Illinois

Land Investment Co. I do not know what the community would have done without George Smith's money. It was about the only reliable western currency in circulation for years, and although its issue was largely inflated, no person ever lost a dollar from it. As he redeemed his bills both in Chicago and Milwaukee, it was frequently rendered necessary to transmit funds from one place to the other, which in early days could be done only by a special messenger. His nephew, James Smith, made the journey on horseback in a day by frequent relays. It was a dangerous mission, but by doing it as secretly as possible it was always successfully accomplished.

To one actively engaged in business through "STUMP TAIL" times, which continued spasmodically through a number of years, it meant a great deal to have George Smith's money to depend upon. The west should not complain, even if the great financier did leave large holdings behind him, and return to the heaths and hills of his native land, after furnishing for us during so many years the issue of one bank that never failed us.

The business man of to-day is not obliged, as we were, to go to his coin-test bottle and apply acid to the silver offered him, to ascertain if it be from the mint or a counterfeiter's plant. Nor is it necessary for him to take lessons, as we then did, in the art of detecting a counterfeit bank note, or a genuine raised to a higher denomination. Nor need he turn to "Thompson's Bank Note Reporter and Counterfeit Detector" to learn what frauds may have been put

afloat since the last issue. About 1857 all large business centres had daily bulletins issued, reporting the latest value of the thousand and one bank issues throughout the country. Taking bills at those quotations was no assurance of their permanent value; as before we could get the miscellaneous trash to the bank, some of the printed rags might have depreciated 10 or 50 per cent., if they had not become entirely worthless. Those were the times that tried men's "soles," hurrying to the bank on the run half a dozen times a day, lest our tokens of generous confidence should disappoint us. Such a state of affairs was disastrous to all, bank failures being of constant occurrence.

Our earliest merchants, whose dealings were with the Indians, did not require a large amount of money in their transactions, most of it being silver half dollars, which the natives received from the Government. The bulk of the business was barter, paying for pelts in blankets, calico, clothing, guns, ammunition, beads and a variety of trinkets, which they received in return for the furs they sent to the fur companies and other dealers. This system of barter prevailed in later years to a considerable extent in purchasing produce from the farmers. At length the amount of produce received necessitated finding a market for it, which naturally resulted in sending it east. Charles Walker was our pioneer grain shipper; he sent 78 bushels of wheat to Buffalo in 1836. The second venture of any consequence was made by H. O. Stone, who shipped on May 10th, 1839, 700

bushels mixed wheat to Buffalo by the side wheeled steamer, Missouri. This second shipment from our port was large enough to make it the event of the period. The more frequent arrival of boats enabled merchants to ship east more readily, and consequently they made an effort to increase this branch of their business by offering to pay the farmers and Hoosiers one half "store pay" and the balance in cash. By the fall of 1839, Stone, Newberry and Dole, Charles Walker & Co., Joel C. Walters & Co., Henry Norton and Williams, purchased on some days—mostly for cash—from 10,000 to 12,000 bushels of wheat, at from 30 to 40 cents a bushel. All of this grain was of course, brought in wagons from the Wabash country and the west. It was customary for these "forwarders" to send their buyers out on State street and Lake to intercept the Hoosiers and farmers, and competition was frequently lively on the street. To make sure of the proper delivery of the load, the purchaser would mount the wagon beside the owner and drive to the place of business.

Previous to about this time most of the grain brought in was consumed at home. In 1837, John Gage built a flour mill on the west bank of the South Branch, on the north side of Van Buren street. It was not long before Jared Gage joined his brother, and, Van Buren street being so far out of town, they opened a flour and feed store on South Water street, between Clark and Dearborn, of which Jared took charge. In 1846, John Gage, "The honest miller," retired from the business which had been so profit-

able, and engaged extensively in the culture of grapes, at Vineland, New Jersey. John C. Haines, who reached here at the age of 17, one day after our advent, and who literally "grew up with the place," and was for a number of years a member of the prominent dry goods house of Clark & Haines, now closed out his interest in that business and became a partner of Jared Gage. They erected later a large stone mill on the south bank of the main river east of State street, where they carried on a successful business.

It was in their office that Thomas Richmond, Marcus C. Stearns, Edward K. Rogers, Gage & Haines, W. L. Whiting, Charles Walker, James Allen and a number of other citizens assembled for the first time to consider the question of a Board of Trade. At the meeting, adjourned to March 13th, 1848, the Chicago Board of Trade was organized by 82 business men. It is interesting to observe that, of the 25 members of the first directorate so many were in no way connected with the grain or forwarding business. George F. Foster was a ship chandler; C. Beers, a hardware merchant; E. K. Rogers, a coal dealer; Walter S. Gurney, a tanner; I. H. Burch, a banker; Wm. B. Ogden, real estate operator and capitalist; H. G. Loomis, a grocer; J. H. Dunham, a grocer; Josiah H. Reed, a druggist; A. H. Burley, a book seller.

Thomas Richmond was one of the prime movers in this great enterprise. I have a number of times heard Mr. Haines pay a high tribute to the sagacity,

ability and honorable practices of that early grain dealer, shipper, forwarding merchant and progressive citizen.

It is interesting to mark the beginnings of some of our great firms and extensive business enterprises.

Asahel Pierce, that proficient mechanic and honest man, had a little plow factory near West Lake street in 1835, which developed into a large establishment for the manufacture of plows, harrows and farming implements. That tall, plain, dark visaged man was a high minded and valued member of our community, whose fame as a manufacturer and honorable dealer extended throughout the west and in no small degree gave prestige to Chicago and made it easier for similar firms in after years to market the enormous outputs of their various plants.

Cleaver and Kirk in their primitive soap factories, which I remember caused me to hold my nose when in their vicinity, established prosperous businesses, of which the sons of the latter are now reaping the benefit. George Gerts commenced with one man to make brushes. By dint of doing his best with every bristle his firm leads the west to-day.

The sign "Peter Schuttler, Blacksmith" extending across the sidewalk on the south side of Randolph east of Wells was removed to the southwest corner of Randolph and Franklin where it had another board added to make room for the words "and Wagon Maker." Our plodding German neighbor owned in time the lot and the large factory covering it. Leaving his anvil to some new arrival he, with

the constant companionship of his comforting pipe, made the rounds of his ever growing establishment, and Peter Jr. and his brother-in-law, Chris. Hotz, find it almost impossible to supply the Mormons of Utah, freighters of the Rockies, ranchmen of California and the intermediate farmers with the Schuttler wagon from their mammoth west side works.

Father Ryan said: "Time is best measured by tears;" but it is not so measured at the McCormick factory, where a new reaper ticks off every minute of the day. Should the crop demand a quicker movement of the sand glass it can be accommodated to the tune of eight or nine hundred a day.

John P. Chapin was one of our early commission merchants, but in 1846, when he was elected mayor, he was of the wholesale dry goods house of Wadsworth, Dyer & Chapin. The two latter gentlemen were more widely known in their subsequent business as pork and beef packers, a venture which assumed gigantic proportions for those early times. From the dry goods firm descended some of our famous houses. In 1847, the firm became Wadsworth & Phelps. In 1850, Cooley, Wadsworth & Co. John V. Farwell, who arrived here from Ogle county in 1845, was able, by pluck, ability and the $3.25 he had in his pocket at the time of his arrival, to fill the place of Co. in that large establishment. In 1860, a young man then unknown to fame—Marshall Field—who had been clerking in the house for five years, became a partner, together with Levi Z. Leiter, under the name of Farwell, Field & Co. In about a year Field and Leiter

withdrew and bought into Potter Palmer's establishment at 110 and 112 Lake street, the firm becoming Field, Palmer & Leiter. In 1867 Palmer retired, and in 1884, Leiter did. Upon the withdrawal of Field and Leiter from the firm of Farwell, Field & Co. in 1861, Charles B. Farwell, S. M. Kellogg; Wm. D. Farwell and John K. Harmon became partners of J. V. Farwell, under the name of J. V. Farwell & Co., removing from Water street to 112, 114 and 116 Wabash avenue.

George W. Dole is admitted to be "The Father of the Provision, Shipping and Elevator business in the place." In 1832 he built on the southeast corner of Dearborn and Water streets a store which is claimed by many to have been the second frame erected in Chicago. In the rear of this store, in October, 1832, Mr. Dole inaugurated the packing business of the place, by slaughtering and packing 150 head of cattle for Oliver Newberry of Detroit. Charles Reed of Hickory Creek furnished the cattle at $2.75 a hundred, hides and tallow being allowed for slaughtering, which was done by John and Mark Noble on the lake shore. Clybourn had been butchering for a number of years for the home market, but Dole did the first packing for the eastern trade. Dole supplemented his pioneer work by packing hogs for the New York market in December of the same year, being followed in the latter venture by Gurdon S. Hubbard in the winter of '35–'36.

As it was not always going to be desirable to butcher cattle on Michigan avenue north of Madison street and

pack them on Water street, with no place to keep the cattle until ready for the slaughter, the idea of a stock yard was conceived, the original being established south of Madison street at the corner of Ashland avenue in 1848. But this was never satisfactory. It seemed to be out in the country and with no means of reaching it. It was five years after the yard was established, before Frank Parmelee put on a line of omnibuses, which ran from the corner of State and Lake streets. We had no railroads in the city when the yard was started, but about a year afterwards the Galena began to crawl on strap rails a short distance; but Kinzie street was too far from Madison to be of any use to the Bull's Head establishment.

On Feb. 20, 1852, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, then called the M. S. & N. I., entered the city, and on May 21, of the same year, the Michigan Central arrived, together with the Illinois Central. These railways led to the conclusion that it would be better to remove the yard to the lake shore, and it was accordingly moved to Wm. F. Myrick's property in the vicinity of 28th street. About eight years afterwards this gave place to the Union Stock Yards, with its half section of land and a business that seems incredible. I have no statistics at hand on the subject later than for the year 1898, but those figures are startling. Bearing in mind that our city claims to be the greatest grain, lumber, and probably wholesale dry goods market in the world, it may surprise our people engaged in those lines to know that it is maintained by the men doing business on that 320 acres, that

they do more and handle a larger volume than all of the others put together. I am not prepared to prove this, but $650,000,000 is a pretty high mark. They also say they employ 75,000 men. If that be true, allowing that each employe represents a family of four persons, it follows that the number who derive support from that half section is greater than the entire population of the state at the time of our arrival, which was in 1835, 272,427.

But while so many humans thrive on that half section it is a dreadfully unhealthy place for animals, as the records show that from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 die there annually. As the poor fat things cannot waddle the long distance that many of them have to come, the humane butchers send more than 250,000 cars all over the country, that their long, last journey may be made in comfort.

In response to the generally expressed wish of our people, the Common Council passed an ordinance in 1845, establishing a Public Market in each division of the city. The one on the north side at Dearborn and Kinzie, was consumed at the time of the Great Fire. The one on the west side was in Randolph street extending west from Des Plaines. It was demolished that the space might be used by garden-truck venders. This was the site of the Anarchist riot. The State street market was built in 1848 and torn down in 1858. It was a brick structure 40 x 180 feet, fronting on Randolph street and extending to the alley north. It cost a little over $10,000. The

THE FIRST COOK COUNTY COURT HOUSE, 1835. ERECTED ON THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

lower floor was rented for general market purposes, the south end of the second story being the first municipal quarters owned by the city, and occupied by the city clerk, council chamber, etc. The main hall extending north of the city offices was used for holding Mechanics' Fairs and public meetings of every description, and was the connecting link between the modest assembly rooms that had preceded it and the more modern places which have succeeded it.

Upon the day we landed, Judge Sidney Breese was holding court in the Presbyterian church near Lake street on Clark, this being the largest room in this section at the time. It was in great request for public occasions, until the completion of the Court House, which superseded it in a great measure, and was more suitable for shows and miscellaneous entertainments than a church.

The first court house, at the southwest corner of Clark and Randolph streets, was finished in the Fall of 1835, and at once became not only what it was intended to be, but also a place for all kinds of public gatherings, meetings, lectures and entertainments, superseding the Presbyterian church.

The first floor, about level with the ground, was used for offices by the sheriff, surveyor, recorder and other city and county officials. The ground floor entrance was from Randolph street. The court room was on the second floor. It was reached by outside steps that extended the entire length of the Clark

street front. The room was very plain and democratic, with windows on the north and south, a low rostrum in the west end with pine benches facing it and extending about two-thirds of the way to the door, capable of accommodating about two hundred people. Plain as it was, but few court rooms of far greater pretensions have resounded with more logical forensic effort or brilliant oratorical speeches. This primitive court house was occupied until 1853, when the new one in the center of the public square, with jail beneath, was completed.

I do not like to leave the court house square without giving some idea of the various views which were held by our people in those early days regarding the use to which this block should be devoted. The eight lots comprising it had been granted by the Canal Commissioners for public buildings; but many opposed such a disposition of the land, and urged that it should be used as a park and embellished with trees and shrubbery, while on June Fourth, 1835, there was a movement started "to form a stock company and build a reading room upon it." On October 15, 1836, there was an editorial in the *American* which advocated "building a Court House opposite to the Public Square. The recorder's office, jail and alms-house and engine houses already disfigured the grounds, and a few more buildings would altogether shut it from view." (The alms house was on the west side of the square, the other buildings on the north.)

At the time of the Reservation sale, we find the following in its issue of June 15, 1839:

CITY BID.

We understand that the Common Council have made arrangements to put in proposals for the purchase of the eight lots fronting the public square. They will probably be offered to-morrow. As the City intends purchasing them for the purpose of erecting public buildings hereafter, it is hoped they will be allowed this small slice of land without opposition.

(The public square alluded to was the Dearborn, where the Public Library now stands.)

There was opposition, however, and the central court house square, where we used to slide, and play ball, was filched from the small boy and desecrated by public buildings.

It was in the summer of 1836, while living on Lake street, near Dearborn, that I watched the construction of the Saloon building, which was on the corner west of us. I remember I had between my fingers the eruption which was so prevalent in new places of this section, which prevented my playing marbles, and so I spent my time in watching the fascinating work of brick laying. This prairie itch, by the way, is now happily an obsolete luxury in this locality.

The Saloon, despite its name, was an important factor in the progress of our city for many years. Here the Unitarians first gathered, then came the Universalists, followed by the Swedenborgians and all classes of respectable assemblages. Here we went to hear Temperance lectures and concerts, and the varied class of entertainments that is offered in every

young city. It was in the Saloon building that the Mechanics' Institute was organized, January 14, 1837. Their library was housed here, as was also that of the Young Men's Association. There are, no doubt, many still living who attended the instructive free lectures given before the former organization, especially the course in Geology by Wm. Bross.

The Young Men's Association was the outgrowth of the original Chicago Lyceum, formed in 1834, all the aspiring young lawyers in the place being thus afforded an opportunity to practice upon the wondering listeners, who were wont to assemble for those inexpensive entertainments. It was this association which afterwards arranged for those winter lectures by the ablest men in the country, which were so justly popular for a number of years.

The Chicago Library Association, its proud offspring, dated its existence from the 24th of April, 1841, when it was organized by W. L. Newberry, Walter S. Gurnee, Mark Skinner and Norman B. Judd. Who knows but what by being elected the first president of this Library Association, Walter L. Newberry was led to leave that grand monument on the north side to perpetuate his memory, and who will receive the grateful homage, not only of the citizens of the present day but of many succeeding generations, who are to enjoy the advantages of his colossal library. The single book donated on April 24th, 1841, as a nucleus, had increased in sixteen years to nearly 5,000 volumes and had been paid for, as

had been all the other expenses, from dues and voluntary subscriptions.

Those lectures of the Young Men's Association were given in Warner's Hall, and later in Metropolitan Hall. The former was erected by S. P. Warner on the site of his recent blacksmith shop, south side of Randolph, and was far ahead of anything in that line we had ever before enjoyed, even though we were obliged to climb two flights of stairs to reach it. It was a favorite place for public entertainments of a higher order, and was finally used by Dan Emmett—the author of Dixie—who long presided over his popular Negro Minstrelsy there.

It was in the Saloon building that Robert Fergus, a new arrival from Scotland, published the first city directory, in 1839.

Present compilers are not so particular to mention the calling of all our people as was he. For instance we there read:

. . . . . .
. .
. Harper, Richard, called "Old Vagrant." .
. Rogers, Wm. "The generous Sport." .
. Wellington, E. F. "Gambler," Randolph .
. near State. .
. Wells, Seth, "Chess player," Lake House. .
. .
. . . . . .

In the corner, I. H. Burch had his bank. I remember the first night gas was supplied the city, Sept. 4th, 1850. During the grand parade in honor of the event, an explosion occurred in the bank, blowing out the front door and creating great ex-

citement. But the energetic builder, Jacob Harris, was soon there with a gang of men and material and quickly had the damage repaired, leaving less to be remembered and regretted than did the banker's domestic difficulties a few years after. His wife the petted neice of Erastus Corning and a great favorite in society, may have been a little imprudent, and the wreck of a happy home was the result.

As the light faded forever from that once beautiful home, so did the glory of our old Hall fade away in the brighter light of its successors, the State street Market, Warner's and the Metropolitan. But not even the Auditorium enlists the enthusiasm of the public to-day, as did that bare, plain, small room, which was the admiration of that generation of citizens.

Some good firms clustered around the old Saloon. In the store at 121 Lake street were Allen & Boyce, druggists. Leroy M. Boyce was a public spirited citizen, and an unusually broad minded man. He was an ardent promoter of the Young Men's Association, and a leader in all its good works. The following incident reveals his character:

J. H. Reed, before locating in Chicago, came here to look the ground over, and called on Mr. Boyce, who urged him to come and go into business, assuring him that there was plenty of room for another first-class wholesale and retail drug store; that he would undoubtedly do well, and anything he could do for him would be done with the greatest pleasure, at any and all times. Such advice is not urged upon com-

Rotten Row, on Lake, West of Clark. With Tenants of 1843.

petitors every day, and exemplifies the nobility of Mr. Boyce's nature.

The mutability of our Public Halls was equaled by that of our business districts. At the first, business was on the south side of Water street, thence it drifted to Lake street where it remained until about the time of the Fire, though some business was done on State, Dearborn and Clark. I remember there was a frame block on the north side of Lake, west of Clark, called "Rotten Row," yet that old hulk was always in good demand at a high rental, even with the grass in the eaves—which ran parallel with the street—showing a luxuriant growth of two feet in summer. For some time the finest dry goods store in the city was Ross & Foster's, on the south side of Lake, west of LaSalle.

But the Fire, like a mammoth sponge, wiped everything from the blackboard. One of the most difficult problems which then confronted the city was the furnishing of Abstracts of Title to property, after the public records had all been destroyed. It was fortunate, indeed, that Edward A. Rucker, a brother of Judge Henry Rucker, had adopted, in 1838, the occupation of furnishing abstracts. This was the nucleus of that great business which proved to be so all-important when the overwhelming calamity came upon us; for we found that by combining the records of the several firms we could establish titles, and so avert a calamity that otherwise would have been beyond comprehension. In 1841, James H. Reese joined Mr. Rucker. Subsequently S. B. Chase

entered the firm, which afterwards became Chase Brothers & Co. In 1853, Shortall & Hoard also established themselves in the same line, while Fernando Jones followed suit in 1855, forming, later on, a partnership with A. H. Sellers, under the name of Jones & Sellers. The several companies were absorbed by the Chicago Title and Trust Company in the fall of 1901.

It has often been maintained that our great fire was a blessing in disguise to Chicago, by clearing the ground of many buildings and making room for the more uniform grade of modern structures which have superseded them. In one sense, of course, this is true. The city gained in appearance, but it was at the price of the well-being of many of its most worthy citizens. It was no loss to those who had held their land unimproved, preferring to put their money, as fast as it accumulated, into more. Such men, indeed, were benefitted by the fire; but not the men who made Chicago. These saw their stores and houses go up in flames, together with almost every company in which they were insured. Many of the old settlers, too aged or infirm to rebuild, and unable to meet the onerous taxes and assessments which were necessary for the reconstruction of the annihilated city, were obliged to part with their holdings for any offer they might receive. Some, adopting the other course, built immediately, paying extortionate prices for everything, hiring money at a high rate of interest, only to find at last that they could not rent their

property in the chaotic condition of their surroundings. Unable to meet their interest, pay taxes and assessments, they lost everything and died in penury, or lived on the charity of their friends or relatives.

CHAPTER XX

FIRE FIGHTING

The *Chicago American* of October 10, 1835, contains the following:

"We understand that G. S. Hubbard Esq. has ordered on his own responsibility a fire engine with the necessary apparatus, to be sent to Chicago immediately from the East. Individual responsibility being the only means offered for obtaining this important instrument of protection, we trust our citizens will avail themselves of this convenience by establishing a Fire Company without delay."

The company organized immediately and Fire King, Engine No. 1 was ready before long for service. The force was soon increased by the addition of another engine, No. 2, the Metamora.

At our first great fire, when the original Tremont was destroyed, we had but these two engines. The hose from one not reaching from the river to Lake street, No. 1 pumped into No. 2 and in this manner finally arrested the flames. The engine houses were both on the river bank; No. 1 at the foot of South Dearborn, No. 2 directly opposite on North Water. Our only water supply was the lake, the river, a few wells, and now and then a cistern. Wells and cisterns were soon exhausted by the engines, which conse-

quently became useless when they could not draw from the lake or river. At first the buildings were near enough to the water supply for one engine to work to advantage, but as the town grew, we were obliged to have more machines, and then it was the custom to place one at the river, or lake and another at the limit of the hose, and so on until the fire could be played upon.

The good natured rivalry between companies displayed itself in one flooding another by pumping more water into its rival than the latter could dispose of, and in racing to fires. There was great enthusiasm over these combats which compensated in a measure for the toil and danger which the faithful men uncomplainingly endured, and the expenses they incurred for uniforms, etc. Their only recompense was the satisfaction of noble service rendered, together with exemption from jury and militia duty after a service of ten years. This militia duty and drill was a farce, but all had to attend to it, until the burlesque parades of men in the most outlandish outfits and weapons finally put an end to what most folks looked upon as an irksome civic duty. Of course the boys often required help to drag the machines to the fire and to "man the brakes" upon arrival; refusal to aid in the former cost the recalcitrant $1; in the latter $5. The foreman and engineers did not always wait for the slow process of the law, but "knocked down" on the spot. When they or the Fire Wardens, with their staffs of office, gave an

order to an idle spectator, he knew it meant instant compliance or a fine.

Each householder was required to provide himself with as many fire buckets as he had stoves; and it was his duty to see that they were present at every fire. They were made entirely of sole leather, including the handles, and held ten quarts each, the same as a wooden pail; but were quite deep, so that they would not waste so much water in the process of passing as an ordinary bucket; and the shape was such that the water could be thrown where required. The buckets were in no danger of breaking by rough usage.

They were all manufactured by our old time harness maker, Silas B. Cobb, who was now doing an extensive "harness, saddlery and trunk" business at 171 Lake street. By the time S. B. had them painted black, with the name of the owner in yellow letters, they were quite a conspicuous ornament in the front halls of our dwellings, where the city ordinance required they should be kept. It needed watchfulness as well as yellow letters to save them from the public spirited Bucket Co.'s boys, who had a strong proclivity to appropriate any lying around loose, which they would re-christen as soon as they could get them into the Bucket House.

Those "Ancients and Honorables" would make a prominent display among the fine bric-a-brac of our modern parlors, at least they would be curios; and I am not certain but one might be found in the rooms

of the Calumet Club, bearing the name of Abram Gale. I at least know that when that worthy club gave their delightful annual receptions to the Old Settlers, I had usually the pleasure of being father's escort and that upon one occasion he took one of his two buckets with him. Alighting from the carriage with it, Mr. Cobb, who was one of the reception committee, rushed to father, and took it from him with the remark, "I made that, Gale, and I am glad to see it," "I am happy to present it to you, Mr. Cobb," said father, "we are not obliged to be provided with them as formerly, and, having no further use for it, I thought I would present it to you as a souvenir of the past." Cobb took as much pride and satisfaction in displaying his handiwork to his friends and the guests as a young lady would in showing a pretty pattern of embroidery.

Having no bells to sound the alarm, it was the duty of every one having a pair of lungs properly constructed, to start with his buckets for the conflagration with a yell at every step from the time he left his house, and if it was night, he dressed as he ran with his wardrobe on his arm. The good housewives, mindful of the city ordinance, placed a lamp at the front window or a lantern outside, to light the fire fighters on their way. We boys appeared to have a special grade of lungs designed for other purposes than the mere function of respiration, and there was an inspiration in the fact that we were all encouraged to shout, Fire! to the full extent of our marvellous capacity. The farther we ran the more the fun.

When the fire was reached, if there were enough of us for the purpose, we would line up opposite the row of men and pass the empty buckets, and make ourselves useful by picking up the empties thrown from the roofs or ladders and starting them on the journey for more water. If there was but a single line from the fire to the water supply, men and large boys would pass full buckets with one hand, at the same time taking the empties with the other.

In January, 1845, we had our first fire bell, which was located in the Unitarian church belfry. This bell was also rung at 7 A. M., 12 M. and at 6 and 9 P. M. Mechanics worked ten hours in those days, and glad of the chance. The last bell at night served a notice upon merchants and their clerks that it was time to put up shutters and lock up. I still remember Bill Newhall's uncle; the tall, straight, dignified, white-haired old gentleman, the "Father Time" of '41, whose step, as he walked to and from Newhall's shoe shop, was as regular as the reliable bull's-eye silver watch he carried in his capacious vest pocket. After the last peal of the evening bell, the watchmen would call out the hours until daybreak, closing each with "all is well." In 1856 the municipal burdens of the Unitarian church bell were transferred to a larger one placed in the cupola of our second court house, a two story and basement stone structure, placed in the center of the public square.

I was but seven years old at the time of the first "Big Fire," yet I remember reading in the next issue of the *American*, the first public and substantial

acknowledgment to the firemen, which was as follows:

A CARD

To Alvin Calhoun, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

Dear Sir:—

I wish to thank the Fire Department and citizens generally for their noble and successful efforts to save my property at the great fire of Saturday, and as a token of my appreciation, I send you a check for $50. for the benefit of the Fire Department.

A. Gale.

Our firemen, from the start, were business men, and their employees, or those engaged in other callings, whose time was precious. At first they could discharge their self-imposed duties with but little loss of time, but as the place grew, their onerous task greatly increased, much to their personal loss and discomfort, and it was a great relief to the large band of noble men, many of whom had served fifteen or twenty years, when the paid fire department and steam engines were introduced. It was upon the 15th day of February, 1858, that the "Long John," the first machine of this kind, reached the city.

The community always took great precautions to protect itself from the devouring element. With cramped, uncomfortable quarters, it was customary in summer time to have the cooking stove out of doors, or in an outside shed. With high grass on all sides, easily ignited, it was necessary to observe the utmost caution for self protection. Lest any should not

be aware of the danger of letting stove pipes come in close proximity to wood work, ordinances were enacted respecting them, which it was the duty of the four unpaid Fire Wardens of the town to see were fully complied with.

On Nov. 3, 1834, an ordinance was passed prohibiting the carrying of live coals through the streets except in covered vessels. This was a great hardship to the good housewives, who found their carefully covered coals had gone out while they had been absorbed in some household duty, or had tarried a little too long gossiping in the house or over the fence of a neighbor. This was two years before the introduction of Loco Foco matches, and to resort to the tinder box to start a fire was far more laborious than to throw a shawl over one's head and get a good shovelful of live coals from a neighbor.

I distinctly remember making pine splinters three or four inches long, which, after dipping the ends in melted sulphur, were used in the troublesome process of fire lighting. The old tinder boxes sometimes contained punk, or rags dipped in sulphur, but more commonly were partly filled with cotton cloth. When this was ignited, a close-fitting tin was crowded down over the fire, extinguishing the blaze, but permitting it to burn sufficiently to form tinder. Striking steel and flint together, the sparks would ignite the tinder while a sulphur-dipped sliver, coupled with skill, hard blowing, suppressed sulphurous speech, and patience with dry kindling would do the rest.

Sometimes an old law becomes obsolete, or is lost

sight of until suddenly an innocent person suffers from its enforcement. I, therefore, may be doing such a person a good service by calling attention to an old ordinance that I think never has been repealed. It was passed August 5, 1835, and is as follows: "It shall not be lawful for any person to stack hay within the following limits of the Town of Chicago. Viz.: commencing on Washington street, at the U. S. Reservation and running thence west to the intersection of Canal street, thence north to the intersection of Kinzie street, thence east to the intersection of Wolcott, thence to Illinois, and thence to Lake Michigan, under penalty of $25 for each and every offense, and cost of removing the same."

CHAPTER XXI

THE STREAM OF MY CHILDHOOD AND THE CHICAGO RIVER

THE RIVER.

I wish that I could conjure you
  The stream as it was then;
Within the glass of memory
  I see it all again,
But speech is traitor to my wish,—
  Refuses to portray
Its beauty as I saw it first
  One charming morn in May.

I love, in contemplation sweet,
  To bring it back once more,
To watch its sun-tipped waters kiss
  The blue flags near the shore.
Again upon its surface smooth
  I launch my mimic boat,
And see as 'twere but yesterday
  It slowly from me float.

Nature has implanted and civilization has failed to destroy in the breast of a healthy boy a warm sympathy and fellow feeling between himself and a body of water. Its form or condition makes no difference. If it is a body of water it appeals to him, and he responds to the appeal.

What a variety of sports does it afford him. Hunting, fishing, wading, swimming, rowing, sailing, skip-

ping stones, throwing sticks for dogs to retrieve, skating and sleigh riding. Each of these amusements did I enjoy when a boy, on the Chicago river. I loved it and communed with it as with a companion; and after this long lapse of years, the memory of it stirs me like the remembered greetings of a cherished and long lost friend. Speaking to me from the distant past in tones no others hear, in language no others may interpret, delightful scenes come trooping to me again. How distinctly I see the modest river with its verdant banks, which seem to memory so high above its limpid surface. How it appears to melt in the emerald carpet, beautifully embroidered for its reception. Down through the center of this rich setting runs the stream of silver. Dividing at Wolf Point, it curls away to the south a glittering belt of beauty, while the northern necklace is lost in umbrageous timber.

But commerce came; and like some lonely gull, folding its weary wings, the solitary ship furls its weather beaten sails, chafes at its troubled moorings, riding at anchor upon the rolling waves, awaiting a quiet harbor.

The ponderous dredge, that mechanical elephant, which feels with its seeming intelligent trunk far down below the surface of the water, removes the sand bar and the coveted harbor is obtained. That little stream, whose crystal waters had never been parted by anything heavier than a canoe, now buoyed the massive barks of traffic, and became polluted with the sewage of a growing city. And thus the great transi-

tion came, and we were wont to curse the sinless streamlet for it. To think that poor, innocent, abused, baby stream should for so many years have had anathemas heaped upon it by every one, without a friend to stand up for it, is too bad, too bad.

Yet it was very natural it should be so. It was a stranger to most of us. Its foul stenches and black flood too putrid almost to flow, awakened no sentiment in the hearts of aliens who had never seen it in early days, when the violets of its grassy banks, reaching to its brink, played in gentle dalliance with its slowly moving tide. Few among us have seen it when pond lilies floated in all their exquisite beauty upon its placid surface, or when it threw scouting parties inland and placed its sturdy bull-rushes on its disputed borders, in the conflict between the wet ground and the dry. They who abuse it never saw the yellow headed dandelions tacking the spring grasses to the sod through which it slipped, nor the prairie pointers in summer watching their modest drooping forms reflected from its faultless mirror, nor golden-rods, those latest daughters of Flora's happy household, waving their graceful hands tenderly in farewells, as the chilly air of autumn threatened to choke the shallow stream with its frigid breath. Few can recall, as I do, its tortuous windings, which precluded sailing vessels from entering its narrow channel and making their way up stream, to where they would frighten the wild ducks, raising their young along its sedgy borders, or change the course of the numerous birch bark canoes, that with their light loads

and skillful occupants floated with equal grace in the little land locked harbor. We are with scarcely an exception, strangers to all this. We are business men, in a hurry, having no time for nonsensical sentiment. You may sing its praises if you wish, but you can evoke no poetry from us. For years we have known it only as a nasty nuisance, with the bridge invariably turned when we have been in a hurry to catch a train or reach our places of business.

But let us see what our treatment of the stream has been. Have we always treated it justly? Originally it flowed from the west directly into the lake, but the currents of the latter, moving from the north along the western shore, carried much loose sand and deposited it at the uncomplaining mouth of the slowly, moving river, compelling its gentle tide to seek an exit farther and farther south, until ultimately it reached the lake near Madison street. For our convenience, in 1833, we caused a shallow channel to be cut through this north bank, allowing the stream to flow directly east into the lake, though it was not then dredged sufficiently deep to admit vessels. In fact, up to 1835, but one captain had ever been able to bring his craft into the much coveted port. On July 12, 1834, the brig "Illinois," then under the command of Captain Pickering, gained the enviable distinction of being the first vessel, and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the only one that performed that feat up to this period of our narrative. I am aware that it is reported that our old friend, Captain L. C. Hugunin, reached Chicago with his two

brothers, Judge Peter D. and Captain Hiram Hugunin, on the Westward Ho, in August 1833, "and had to go ashore, and hire 8 yoke of oxen to draw the yacht over the bar, at the present mouth of the river." To a person familiar with that bar in the month of August, and the depth of water west of it, where the 8 yoke of oxen would have had to be in order to perform the task, this would seem an impossibility.

For most of the information regarding the work on our harbor, which enabled us to make a short cut into the lake, I am indebted to my old schoolmates, A. V. Jackson and his brother. In May, 1833, their father, Samuel T. Jackson, was sent here from Buffalo by the Government as foreman of construction, under Major George Bender, in the work of improving the harbor, Congress having lately appropriated $25,000, the first money ever voted for that purpose. During the previous year a small, circular stone lighthouse, with six rotary oil lamps, had been built on the south bank of the river immediately west of the fort. Work was commenced on the south pier in the spring of 1833, and on the north pier in the following year. The hard sawed lumber for these piers was furnished by Bickerdike and Kettlestrings, as they owned the only saw mill within forty miles. It was located on the east side of the Aux Plaines river, a little north of Lake street. The hewn timber was gotten out for several winters on the North Branch, about 12 miles above, and brought down on sleds when the river was frozen.

By November, 1833, four or five hundred feet of

the south pier was completed, even to the filling in with boulders. After 1834 the north pier was always kept from two to three hundred feet in advance of the south. It required many years of successive appropriations to complete the piers as far as they have been carried. Congress was so dilatory with appropriations that the public became impatient, and in 1842 the merchants and vessel owners contributed $970 for the deepening of the channel. The work of construction was very interesting to our little community, which turned out every Sunday afternoon in summer to inspect the work, to congratulate itself on the progress made and to enjoy the cool lake breezes.

As the north pier was constructed, the sand, which had heretofore been carried southward by the flow of the lake, was arrested by the pier, and made valuable accretions to the real estate in true Dutch fashion. Many years afterward the north side property owners employed that sound, honest, convincing lawyer from Springfield, Abraham Lincoln, to defend in the courts their riparian rights to the land thus formed.

But the south siders, hitherto protected by the tongue of land between the river and the lake which extended in front of their property, soon saw the waves carry this natural breakwater into the former bed of the stream, and then eat their way into the soft ground east of Michigan avenue, thus destroying much valuable land. As futile as opposing fate itself seemed the efforts of our citizens to check the re-

morseless encroachments of the lake. They were constantly battling with the never weary foe. Piles were driven in near the shore and triangular breakwaters were thrown out at short intervals, but all in vain. The subtle sappers of the deep undermined them, while the Titans of the flood piled their thundering waves against them, tossing rocks and timber alike in scornful derision at the feet of those who had presumed in these later days to repeat the boastful folly of Canute. It was not until the Illinois Central Railroad built, in 1852, their long, continuous breakwater parallel with the shore, that the Scammons, the Wrights, the Gurnees, the Walkers, the Laflins and others who lived on the south side could sleep soundly o'nights, when the tempest tossed waves beat in mad fury against the solid pier.

The washing away of this bank of the river was deplored by us boys less on account of the valuable acres we saw obliterated, than because it deprived us of our old time pleasure of swimming across the stream to rest and sport on the opposite bar.

But to me the destruction of the bank brought a special grief. There was a small, dilapidated old structure, built well inland many years ago, but now being no longer protected by the river's bank, it tottered on the yawning brink, while every storm threatened to engulf it. For that old shanty, worthless as it was, I had almost a veneration. And I probably felt a deeper regret, when I at length saw it yield to the inevitable, than I should have experienced had I seen an elegant mansion swallowed up

by the relentless water fiends. That little shell was, with the exception of the Kinzie residence—now fast going to decay—the oldest house in the place, and, as such, was pointed out to strangers as would have been some marvelous work of nature or an eminent personage. Built by the early Post sutler, and army contractor, John Dean, it had always been a valuable adjunct to the little burg, housing many a newcomer, when no other shelter could be obtained, and serving a variety of useful purposes not contemplated by its original owner. Here, on January 28, 1822, was Alexander Beaubien born,—a hale and hearty man still with us. It was also one of the first buildings used for school purposes. Stephen Forbes and his wife Elvira, who occupied it in 1830, commenced in June of that year to so utilize it. Hon. Charles C. P. Holden, in an address delivered before the Pioneer Club, stated that "the school numbered about twenty-five pupils, of ages from four to twenty, and embraced the children of those belonging to the Fort and of Mr. J. B. Beaubien —owner of the building—and a few others."

There the poor, dilapidated relic of the Post stood trembling on the yielding sand. Shorn of its former importance, having outlived its usefulness, it mutely appealed to the passers by, like some stranded, human hulk, whose younger days may have been prosperous and happy, but who, in the fierce battle of life, has lost all and is aground, awaiting the sands of oblivion to bury it forever.

CHAPTER XXII

CROSSING THE STREAM

One of the first problems that had to be solved by the early settlers was to devise means to get across the river, and the community is confronted by much the same problem to-day. At the first, people crossed in their canoes, which method had the advantage of landing them where they wished to go, but it was rather inconvenient for those who had no canoes.

There soon came into operation several ferry lines. I shall not dignify the first one by that name, as it was only a heavy, cumbersome float, which was seldom served and was but little used. This was followed in a year by the "Grape Vine Ferry," spoken of by Hurlbut, in his Chicago antiquities. It is thus referred to by a gentleman who came here on business in 1830 and who put up at the log tavern on Wolf Point: "On the morning after our arrival," he says, "we stepped into a canoe which was very convenient to the front door, and crossed the Chicago river to the east side by means of a grape vine stretched across it."

Of the early ferry it may be said that it was invariably on the wrong side of the stream; and just as it was making ready to come over for you, proba-

bly a little lumber craft would come in sight, towed by two men in a yawl, and down to the bottom would go the rope that was stretched across the river to be used for propulsion. The yawl would go through with its tow, the skipper responding to the ferryman's cheery greeting as he passed. The craft safely through, Vain Hope would spit on his calloused hands, seize the protruding spokes of his horizontal windlass on shore, and soon the slimy rope, dripping with the ooze dragged up from the river bottom, was in position. Then, grasping it with his wooden pull near the bow, Vain Hope walked slowly to the stern, repeating this movement until the opposite shore was reached; or, standing in one place, would propel from there. Were you in a hurry or in a helping mood, you would lend a hand. And if the passing of some little merchantman detained you, there was ample compensation for the loss of time in the novelty of seeing the stranger, and wondering where it hailed from and what its cargo.

A ferry was less expensive than a bridge, and was sometimes employed even when bridges were in general use. Our first practical ferry was across the South Branch between Randolph and Lake. It was constructed in 1829, by Archibald Caldwell and Samuel Miller, who ran it for two years, when Mark Beaubien became their successor. This ferry was free to the citizens, but when the jolly fiddler met a stranger, he scrupulously followed the Scriptural injunction, and "took him in," for his license, which cost $5, allowed him to discriminate against

aliens to the extent of six and one-fourth cents. His was the first ferry license issued in the new County of Cook.

This ferry was superseded in 1832 by a floating bridge at the same place, which was also tended by Mark. It was a favorite place for the Indians to dive from, and I used to frequently see them sporting in the water, as innocently naked as babies in a bath. Whether it was the prospective pleasure to be thus derived that induced them to contribute the $200 that they are reported to have paid towards the $486.20 the bridge is supposed to have cost, I do not know; but I think they received more pleasure from it than any one else, unless it was Mark Beaubien. This pontoon bridge was moved to Van Buren street, to accommodate the mill people and a few others, in 1847, when Randolph and Madison streets were both treated to something better than the primitive affair of Lake street, which was heartlessly taken from the people of the Point, who had affectionately clustered around it and were obliged to go out of their way to walk over an aristocratic bridge that cost $5,000.

The log bridge, built by Samuel Miller in 1832 across the North Branch, had no provision for allowing the passage of vessels, as such an event was never contemplated in his day and generation. The first bridge after this North Branch venture was the drawbridge at Dearborn street, built in 1834. But this was never reliable and was demolished in 1839 Like a sleepy boy, it was very difficult to start if it

was not disposed to rise; but when up, like Banquo's Ghost, it would not "Down." The public continued the use of canoes in going between the south and north sides, or later went to the Clark street floating-bridge, which was built soon after the demolition of the Dearborn street draw. The following in the *American* of April 18, 1840, establishes the exact date:

"Clarke Street Bridge. The erection of this bridge has been commenced to-day by the driving of piles. We believe all opposition of any consequence to this location has subsided, and the citizens now are in a fair way to have a good and convenient bridge across the main river."

Still we were not happy, judging by the following in the issue of Dec. 15, 1840:

"The streets at the north end of Clarke street bridge are in a terrible state. It is almost impossible for a pedestrian to get on or off this bridge without being stuck in the mud. If this open winter is to continue we would suggest to the Common Council the propriety of mending their ways."

That our bridges even at that early day were a nuisance which had to be endured because not easily cured is apparent, for on February 13, 1836, this notice was issued:

"The Trustees of the Town of Chicago will not hold themselves accountable for any damage which may arise to any person by reason of crossing the bridges over the Chicago river or over the North or South Branches thereof, the said bridges being considered dangerous, and the said Trustees not having funds out of which to repair the said bridges."

Five years later, on Nov. 22, 1841, the city council passed an order directing the street commissioner to inquire whether a person could not be found to attend to the South Branch bridge for less than fifty cents a day; from which we may infer the chronic leanness of the civic purse. It is interesting to study the difficulties that always attended the problem of crossing the river, a problem complicated by the jealousy which existed between the different divisions of the place, regarding the securing of the country trade. All the farm products were received by teams from the west or south. The west side naturally wished to monopolize the western trade, and opposed every measure that would enable the farmers to get their teams across the river. The producers of the Wabash country and vicinity arrived on the south side, and so the merchants of that division did everything in their power to prevent the Hoosiers from crossing to the north side, where most of the warehouses were located. An indication of that jealous feeling is shown by the action of the council, July 21, 1842, in "accepting the report of their committee adversely to opening a street on the north side of the river opposite State street." In the proceedings of the council on May 25, 1840, it was "ordered that C. H. Birkenbile, who, on April 13, had received $50, be allowed the balance of his contract for building a foot passenger scow, which was ordered "to be run at the foot of any street across the river where private subscription will pay for the same." Amended so as to read, "foot of State street so long

as the expenses of the boat can be paid by subscription, and no longer." Adopted. Yet North State had not been opened, and even two years later the council refused to open it.

An editorial in the *American* says of this sumptuous scow:

"THE NEW FERRY BOAT

Is a decided improvement on the old Swiftsure line, and will probably take the bulk of the foot travel, as horses are not allowed on board. The new boat is well built, painted, and has seats for the ladies. It is about 30 feet long by about 12 feet wide, and can cross the river about three times while the old one crosses it once."

Another editorial "opposes making the few pay for the benefit of the many. Allowing the ferry at the foot of State street were solely beneficial to the 1st and 6th wards, we should like to know whether the amount of taxes paid by these wards does not entitle them to some benefit from the public funds. Was the bridge at the foot of Randolph street built with the funds of the 3rd, 4th, and 2nd wards? Is the expense of the bridge across the river at Clark street to be defrayed by the 1st, 2nd, and 5th wards?"

To make these references better understood I will state that the wards were thus limited:

First. South Side, east of Clark street.
Second. South Side, west of Clark to the river.
Third. South of West Randolph, west of the river.
Fourth. West of the river, north of West Randolph.
Fifth. North of the river, west of North Clark.
Sixth. North of the river, east of North Clark.

But little work was done at that time to deepen or widen the channel. The docks mostly came later. Occasionally the council would grant a petition "to build a temporary wharf to land lumber, etc." Vessels were small and towed by men in yawls up and down stream, when the wind was unfavorable. After the docks were built, the sailors would warp their vessels to the desired wharf, while we watched, waited and worried until the bridge could close. As the town grew, there were more boats to wait for, more bridges to wait on, and more people to spend the slowly dragging hours, chaffing in the hot sun, scolding in the storm, or shivering in the cold. As vessels increased in size, we were obliged to wait longer; and instead of turning anywhere in the stream, every one of them felt compelled to go through all the bridges of the main river to the Point, where they would wind, the bridges swinging open again upon their return.

We used to think it took a man a great while to swing one of those cumbersome pontoons, especially against a heavy wind. The rope frequently was caught by the anchor, keel or rudder of the crawling craft and was broken, which made it necessary to lie off a day or two for repairs, or until a new cable could be purchased. In the course of time the river was deepened and widened, and bridges swinging from center piers were introduced.

And we remember how the miserable boats would sneak upon us, like an Indian in ambush. Strolling along leisurely, not suspecting any trouble ahead,

just as we reached the river the tantalizing bridge would turn, and we reluctantly had to "bide a wee." My friend, Wm. Noyes, who kept millers' supplies in Lind's block, on the river bank, conceived the idea of having a bell at each bridge to notify the public when it was about to swing. Noyes hammered away on the innovation until it was adopted, and then when that bell rang, what a race for a couple of blocks was made by men with bundles, women with babies, children with yells, and noisy vehicles of every description, only to be stopped by the mocking red signal, if a second too late. Even our Medicos, who had the privilege of crowding ahead of all the others, could not ignore that.

The monarchs of the world appeared in 1856, the incarnation of indomitable impudence, a thing half angel and half imp, in the shape of a snorting, screeching, screaming, shrieking, splashing, spurging, smoking, saucy steam tug. Then there was music day and night from that one tug, which speedily grew to more of its kind than were required. In course of time, to get a tow they would run half-way up to Milwaukee, and come strutting into port with "my lady," as proudly as a well groomed boy, leading the prettiest girl in the room to his first dance. In the beginning the saucy little things compelled us to open every bridge they came to, but we soon put a stop to that, and made them take off their hats to us when they met us on the bridge, and crawl under. But there was too much of the William Tell spirit in them for such cringing, so they put on caps and kept

them on. We recall that as the tonnage of the vessels increased, so did their liability to run aground at every draw. When that happened, the bridge tender shoveled a car-load of abomination in the channel for the next craft to ground on. The captain seeing this, made use of all the Scriptural quotations that occurred to his pious mind, much to the edification of the waiting crowd. Some of the men echoed the phraseology of the devout captain. Others had a good vocabulary of their own, which they liked to make a little display of when they had an appreciative audience. But those who swore with the greatest energy and unction did not pile up such pyramids of curses as did many a pious looking, silent chap, who got his work in on the quiet. Men with a touch of madness in them took out blocks of paper and pencils and figured out how much it cost in dollars and cents to keep these crowds waiting, through one season of navigation; or calculated how many lives were taken. Not that the bridges ever killed a person, but the hours and moments spent by each, daily, for eight or nine months in a year for thirty-three years, multiplied again by the number of persons at each bridge, with the product multiplied by the number of bridges, conclusively proved that a large army lost their lives in efforts to cross the Chicago river.

These waiting crowds are the tug fiends delight. The larger the vessel, the faster it is stuck, the bigger the crowd, the more the fun. See those begrimed stokers swing open the greedy furnace doors; how

they chuckle to think what a picnic they will have with that unsuspecting assemblage, with their boiled shirts, white hats, light clothes and clean collars. See how their teeth show and their roughish eyes twinkle as they turn towards the constantly increasing numbers. The spunky, saucy little tugs chew that coal as an old tobacco fiend his weed, and begin like him to spit. They stir the sewage where it has lain dormant two feet deep at the bottom of the river, till it reaches the surface, to fill every nostril with its disagreeable effluvium. The fumes of sulphur from the bituminous coal choke the assembled multitude. The people shout to the bridge tender, and he jaws back—if he thinks his political pull strong enough to risk it. After half a dozen tugs whistle until the people are deaf, wild and crazy, smoke them until they are blind, ply them with steam, soot and sulphur until they cannot breathe, the little lawless, tyrants give a parting screech, a farewell belch of gas, soot, cinders and steam, and to our joy we see the jaunty little demons strutting off on the Stygian stream, like victorious bantam roosters, crowing for the next bridge, where there will be a repetition of the same performance before another audience, with every front seat already taken. Now that we have tunnels, and numerous modern bridges, opened and closed almost instantaneously, by the pushing of a button, with a limit set to the time they are allowed to remain open, we are certainly greatly favored, compared with our former state. Then the "Bridge Boss" would wait for every boat between Canalport,

alias Bridgeport, and Waukegan to pass, rather than wind the old hulk with an iron key, which required about 387 rounds on his treadmill circuit every time that he opened or closed his causeway.

The four vessels which visited Fort Dearborn in 1833, with their 700 tons of freight, entered no harbor, but rode at anchor on the lake. In sixty-three years that insignificant commerce has been marvelously increased until, in 1899, it reached no less than 19,112 vessels, with a tonnage of 15,000,000. Ought we not to be willing to pay the price of this immense development of sea borne and lake borne trade? If the pure waters of our little stream have been employed as a diluent of metropolitan sewage, until they have become an unmitigated nuisance, censure not the defenceless stream. It has ever received villianous treatment at our hands, and only once, on that memorable 12th day of March, 1849, has the worm turned upon us, sweeping away the bridges at Kinzie, Randolph, Wells and Clark streets, and crushing vessels in a chaotic mass of floating ice and wreckage.

When it is borne in mind that the Des Plaines river, rising in the low grounds west of Kenosha, is the watershed for 750 square miles, it is not surprising that at times it should require the assistance of our streams to dispose of the 2,880,000,000 barrels per acre of precipitation received during an ordinary winter.

In the spring of 1849 the warm rain carried the snow off so rapidly that there was four or five feet of water pouring into the South Branch, while the

North Branch, being the watershed for about seventy-five square miles, contributed its share in the work of destruction. The only wonder is that we have not had more of the same experience in the past, which we believe the improvement of the Des Plaines will most likely obviate in the future.

Nature designed that our creek should flow placidly along from source to mouth midst matted grasses and graceful ferns. Man decreed otherwise. He demanded it should hide the garbage of a large city so deeply beneath its transparent surface that the wheels of no steamer, the floods of no season should disturb the precipitation; and that, in spite of all, it should remain as clear as when the paddles of Indian canoes alone lifted its glittering diamonds to the sunshine. When men found they were asking an impossibility, that the city offal was being carried to the lake, there to mingle with the supply of domestic water, they became anxious for their health, and demanded that nature should reverse its laws and send the current up hill, from the lake to Bridgeport, a feat that required science. Archimedes declared that he could lift the world if given a place upon which to rest his fulcrum. We prayed for an Archimedes, and while we prayed, Alfred Guthrie and his three sons, Ossian, Samuel and Wardell, created one. You remember the clumsy side-wheel tub, higher than a meeting house and broader than the prairie, on which we were wont to ride to Bridgeport, with Sam for captain and pilot and Ward for engineer and stoker, or vice versa. Reaching the

The Archimedes with its Outrigger, so essential to prevent its capsizing.

head of the canal, we found in the pumping house our clever geologist, Ossian, and his scientific father, solving the question of causing our river to reach a higher level; with a monstrous engine and ponderous pump they forced the South Branch into the canal. They had found the lever Archimedes sought, steam, and the fulcrum, coal. For a season we flattered ourselves that our experiment would prove successful. Archimedes brought the black diamonds and other essentials over a smoother road than the canal commissioner, General Archer, built in 1836—the Archy Avenoo of Dooley—constructed expressly for taking supplies to the canal. The namesake of the ancient Greek philosopher was found so much more useful than ornamental that it was assisted in the course of time by the Indiana, Seneca and Kossuth, which, before the advent of tugs, added to their other duties the towing of canal boats to and from Bridgeport. But the dipping of the South Branch conglomeration into the canal only arrested, but did not cure the disease our city was suffering from. It was left for the drainage commissioners to try more heroic treatment, which we all hope may be satisfactory, that the supply of water for our immense population may eventually be what it should be, equal in purity and abundance to any large city on the face of the globe. Our present consumption is the respectable quantity of some 10,000,000,000 gallons per month. We can well congratulate ourselves that we are not now required to depend upon our old friends, the Pioneer Water Company of Chicago, the

useful and honorable family of John Reis, to supply us with its five carts.

The First of January, 1900, beheld the opening of the Drainage Canal, which unites the Great Lakes and the Father of Waters, a scientific dream tested at the expense of over $33,000,000, to be paid by our people.

And I have often wondered if science will not some time provide a better way to utilize our sewage than to spend $33,000,000 in throwing it away.

However, I am delighted to think that I have been permitted to see the day, when the river, partly freed from its pollutions, promises to be restored to its original condition, and that it may again swarm with its former finny occupants. It is true

I never more at nightfall
Shall see the birch canoe
Propelled by paddles, softly,
Come slowly into view;
A pine knot burning brightly,
The savage 'neath its gleam,
With spear, move like a phantom
Upon its burnished stream.

We hail thee, little river,
Child of the scented plain,
Thy sad, polluted waters
Will soon be clear again.
Those mighty glacial furrows,
Thrown open by the Lord,
Through which have passed such torrents,
Once more shall be restored.

The floods of these fresh oceans
Through their old channels pour,
The savage and the trader,

Though banished evermore,
The portage they made use of
Blazed well for us the way:
Canoes with their pelt cargoes
Led the commerce of to-day.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE STORY OF THE CANAL

The ancient portage of the Illinois river had suggested an artificial waterway between that river and the lake, and this had been frequently and earnestly advocated. As far back as 1822 Congress granted for that purpose "a strip of land 90 feet wide through the public lands, from the Illinois river to Lake Michigan. The Government to go to no expense for surveying." Five years later the projectors were further encouraged by the growing liberality of Congress, which, in 1827, donated to the state for the purpose of constructing the canal, 290,950 acres of land between the lake and the waters of the Mississippi, along the route of the proposed improvement. Daniel P. Cook, after whom Cook county was named, was mainly instrumental in securing the passage of the bill, as he was at that time one of our senators in Congress.

The section of this canal land, one mile square, bounded by Chicago avenue, Madison, State and Halsted streets would now be considered pretty valuable property. In 1829, when the canal commissioners appointed the surveyor, James Thompson, to "Lay Out" the town it was not so valuable. Finding but 7 families in the place, outside of the garrison,

Thompson naturally concluded that it would not require a great deal of land to "Lay Out" such a town, the limits of which were placed between State, Des Plaines, Madison and Kinzie streets: conventionally so called to provide for the time when, in the dim, indeterminate future, the place should become so citified as to require streets. For years streets were only known by the stakes that marked their boundaries. For the time being, traveling on the river was always better than off of it; the sloughs, not being deep enough for boats, yet too deep for boots, the 7 families found birch bark canoes with light paddles good enough for them in summer, while in winter, Jack Frost's pavement rendered it all that could be desired.

September 27th, of the following year, 1830—126 of the lots platted by Thompson were sold by the order of the canal commissioners, bringing from $10 to $60 each; the average price being $34, reaching in the aggregate $4,284. The lots of the original town were 80 by 180 feet. This not furnishing enough money to finish the canal, it was deemed advisable to postpone the work and sale of lots until the arrival of more buyers in the state. By 1836 a considerable addition had been made to the population, computed by those who had unintentionally counted the same citizen twice at from 2,000 to 3,000. But few were men of wealth, if Long John Wentworth's estimate was correct; for he stated that there was not $100,000 in the place when he came here, October 25, 1836. That would not build

the canal, even should it all be employed for that purpose. Still, the commissioners wanted to be sure of that much; therefore, to induce the people to disgorge what cash they had on hand and to secure what they might in the future acquire, they made the terms as easy as did that absent minded speculator, Dr. William B. Egan, who directed his lady patient to take her medicine—"one quarter down, the balance in one, two and three years."

The commissioners had great faith in Chicago real estate operators, believing that if they could only get that $100,000 cash payment, the buyers would have the rest with 6 per cent. interest when their obligations matured.

Every effort was made to effect sales. Newspapers all over the United States were induced to boom Chicago and Illinois, while the few local ones which our young state could boast of, imbued with the spirit of speculation, did everything that was possible to advance the interests of the commissioners. Every sale which had ever yielded a good profit was persistently exploited. It was told how Arthur Bronson's tract, or addition, bought in 1833 for $20,000 was sold in part by William B. Ogden in 1835 for $60,000, one third cash, the balance on one and two year's time at 10 per cent. interest. How that blocks which he could not then sell for $300, sold the following season for $30,000. They were speculators, not prophets, or they might have added that the same blocks would be sold in 1845 for $5,000, and the $4,000 lots of 1836 would be knocked down in 1841 for $200.

They did not foretell that acres sold in Ogden's division, between Kinzie street and Chicago avenue, on the west side, in 1836, at $1,200, would not find a buyer in 1842, at $10. The sequence of these marvelous transactions was a thing of the future. The past and the present were all that they were interested in.

If the following editorial items, which I copy from the *Chicago American* of Saturday, April 23, 1836, would not cause speculators to camp on the land and pile over each other in their scramble for lots, what would?

A FACT.

"There is a piece of land in Chicago which cost in 1830, sixty-two dollars, which has risen in value at the rate of 100 per cent. PER DAY on the original cost ever since, embracing a period of five years. Beat this if you can."

LARGE SALES.

"We are frequently amused at the pompous style in which sales of real estate are announced in eastern papers, especially in Buffalo and New York. Large sales are so common here that they create no surprise. One was made last week for $96,700, one-fourth down, and the remainder in six, twelve and eighteen months, at 10 per cent. interest."

(It was pretty early in the morning for our young game cock to begin crowing over the large cities of Buffalo and New York, but he started the tune right, and has never missed a note since.)

"Mechanics and laborers of all kinds find constant employment at high wages in this town."

"Let it be borne in mind that the Canal Lots in this town will be offered for sale on the 20th day of June next."

"Section 15 has been laid off into large lots, (80x180) with a promenade, (similar to the Battery in New York), between them and the Lake, and will be a very desirable place for residences."

All of which disinterested items were clinched by an advertisement of the canal commissioners, in part as follows:

"We would say to those unacquainted with the situation of the above mentioned property, that these lots, which are described as belonging to the Original Town of Chicago, are situated in the best built and business part of the Town.

"Section 15 is a dry ridge, commencing near the harbor and extending south one mile along the shore of Lake Michigan.

"By order of the Board of Commissioners of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

"Attest, Joel Manning, Secretary to said Board, Chicago, March 17, 1836."

Upon June 20th, therefore, the sales commenced, and while a good deal of land was disposed of, the prices would be considered rather low to-day—even as a valuation for assessment—notwithstanding the herculian efforts of editors, commissioners and the sharp auctioneers, Jimmy Marshall and Johnny Bates. For those "dry lots 80 feet front by 180 feet deep,

so much like the Battery," sold for but a little more than sixty-four cents a front foot. To be exact, $51 each. Many, even at that price, reverted to the commissioners as hard times succeeded, which rendered it impossible for the unfortunate buyers to complete the purchase. A compromise was made with such purchasers, giving them one-quarter of the land they had bid in, for the one-quarter payment they had made.

Two years later, in 1838, so anxious was the state to dispose of the balance, that it offered any of the canal land remaining on twenty years time, 10 per cent. of the purchase in cash, 6 per cent. interest on the remainder, taking in payment state stock at par, which could be bought the following year at one-third of its par value.

What an opportunity for speculation was offered to those who had the thirty-three cents!

In 1836 immediate work on the canal was contemplated, but it was evident to all that it could not be completed from the funds derived from the sale of the canal lands. The state, therefore, negotiated a loan of half a million dollars, which provided for the inauguration of the enterprise. This undertaking, fraught with the brightest promise for the future of our state and inspiring in the people the highest hope, was enthusiastically welcomed by them, and a great celebration was held to mark the initial operations. I quote from the *Chicago American* of May 21, 1836:

NOTICE OF CANAL CELEBRATION!

Citizens will meet at the South Branch Bridge at 9 o'clock on the morning of June 14,* to go by boats, etc., to the place of beginning the Canal. A procession of boats and horsemen and carriages on land, to move to the place opposite, where W. B. Egan will deliver an address, after which there will be refreshments.

Captain J. B. F. Russell, Marshal of the Day, assisted by Coln. E. D. Taylor, J. S. C. Hogan, Robert Kinzie, Henry Hubbard, G. W. Snow and Walter Kimball.

R. J. HAMILTON, Chairman of Committee.
G. SPRING, Secretary of Committee.

This great, historic event was postponed until July 4th.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of that day the small steamer, *Chicago*, towing two diminutive sloops, crowded with men, women and children (I ranked with the latter at that time) proceeded to Canalport, now Bridgeport, to celebrate the great occasion. It was a beautiful day. With a band of music playing, and banners flying, all assembled at the house fitted up for the ceremonies, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Judge Smith, who made a prophetic speech as well, though Dr. William B. Egan was announced as the Orator of the Day.

*The celebration did not occur as announced, and I am uncharitable enough to attribute the failure to the Marshal of the Day. For I well remember that years afterwards, when Captain Russell—(then called Colonel)—was honored with the position of Marshal he so exasperated those taking part in the processions, by the delay he caused them, while he was getting himself up in splendor of polished boots, brass buttons and gilt tasseled scarf, that the honor passed to prompter men.

The *American's* report of this time is as follows:

"They then repaired to the spot designated, when the excavation ceremonies commenced. Col. Archer, the acting commissioner, after a short address, then broke the ground amidst the shouts and cheers of the assembled multitude. He was followed by Judge Smith and Col. G. S. Hubbard, canal commissioner. The Colonel in an impressive manner contrasted the condition of this place and the northern part of Illinois eight years ago when he first ascended the Chicago river in a canoe, at which time all north of St. Louis was a waste uninhabited except by wandering Indians, with its present prosperous and thrifty aspect, its active and enterprising population, its intelligence and beauty."

There is another legend of this event given by Fernando Jones, showing how the Irrepressible Boy nearly robbed the older people of all the glory of the affair.

The shovel used on this historical occasion was donated by Jones, King & Co., the wheelbarrow by one of our typical Chicago men, who never allowed their good deeds to appear in print, while the ribbons with which they were decorated were the gift of the dry goods merchant, Walter Kimball. Lew Hooker, a lad in his uncle Kimball's store, Fernando Jones and John C. Haines, whose employer was suspected of furnishing the wheelbarrow, assumed the responsibility of getting the tools onto the ground; reaching which they felt tempted to proceed with the ceremonies. Fernando gave the barrow a sacred load of earth, Lew wheeled it a short distance, and Johnny

emptied it. The boys having shown how the thing should be done, the sedate seniors were enabled to discharge the duties devolving upon them, and make speeches calculated to encourage their hearers to invest in canal lands and reap a harvest in the glorious future.

In going to the grounds a party of Irishmen, employed by Frank Sherman in his brick-yard near the east bank of the river at Adams street, had assembled to join us, and insisted upon being taken aboard; but everything being crowded no stop was made. At this they were highly incensed, and upon our return they assailed the excursionists with brickbats. But it was the American eagle's birthday and the proud bird, led by the intrepid Ashbel Steele, scattered the hilarious graduates of Donneybrook Fair, returning in triumph with the scalps of a few of the aggressors, (still attached to the heads that grew them), which were placed in the Watch House. Quite a number were hurt on both sides, but the courage displayed by our brave defenders, and particularly by Steele, was highly extolled, and may have had some influence in electing that worthy person sheriff of the county in 1842.

The construction of the canal, so auspiciously begun, was, after many vicissitudes, completed in 1848, and on April 10th a number of packets loaded with officials and prominent citizens, towed by the little steamer, General Fry—named in honor of our leading commissioner and head of the land office at Lockport—started with a band of music and flutter-

ing flags for La Salle, mid the noisy farewells of interested spectators. Bands played, speeches were made and powder burnt at the principal places en route, and the great waterway through which once flowed the ladened floods of the frozen north, following very nearly the course of the Aboriginal canoe, the French discoverers and the Mackinac boats of the more recent Indian traders, was opened for that commerce which has contributed so much to the prosperity of our city and state.

This canal trip in one of those new, inviting packets was for a number of seasons a society fad of which many availed themselves in spring and fall, when the heat was not oppressive nor the mosquitoes ravenous. For weeks, the packet leaving the foot of Washington street every morning was an event of sufficient importance to assemble a crowd of interested people.

CHAPTER XXIV

OUR WATER SUPPLY

To an old Pioneer the water at present consumed by the city seems enormous, it being in August, 1900, 10,685,709,442 gallons, costing $18,409. It is estimated that this quantity would fill a square quarter of a mile in the lake to a depth of $\frac{1}{8}$ of a mile. The Stock Yards alone absorb at least 900,000,000 gallons a year.

It is well that it does not cost as formerly, 10 cents a barrel, but even at that price I do not find listed under the head of multi-millionaires the Hebes and Ganymedes of our little hamlet. There were not many of them. Did you run short some day, you looked for Anton Berg on the west side of La Salle street, about 100 feet south of Lake, or for Joseph Seger on Chicago avenue near Pearson. If you wanted aristocratic watermen, you called for Thomas West on the corner of Pine and Illinois streets, or for James on Michigan between Rush and Pine streets.

On State street was the Reis family, regular ducks, all taking to water; John P. Sr. and Jr. with Michael and Jacob N. at number 175. Peter at 173. These were the regular cup bearers that brought nectar to us gods from the Chicago river, when the Lake was rough and the water roily. With a hogs-

head placed on its side on a two wheeled cart, with a hole sawed in the upper surface to receive the contents of the long handled bucket, the boys would drive into the water, and standing on the heavy shafts fill the cask, which was emptied in barrels at our doors through a short leathern hose.

At times our regulars would have competitors. New arrivals, having enough means to get an outfit would go into the business, until something more promising offered. There being but few wells, the water of which was pleasant to the taste or wholesome to drink, we depended upon our German friends to supplement the rain water in summer and the melted snow in winter, so carefully conserved by all good housewives. Those living near the lake or river helped themselves, as did the cattle; and the teamsters watered their horses there. In the winter they cut holes in the ice at the foot of the neighboring street and dipped up the oft times steaming water. Father's barn was in the rear of the Randolph street lot, and in summer I was wont to ride the horses from there to water; but in winter I magnanimously granted the hired man that privilege. Father at an early day dug a well, however, which saved that trouble and proved a great convenience to the entire neighborhood, including the school in Chapman's building. As our streets were never sprinkled, our lawns—the native sward—never watered, while our gardens bided the time for Jupiter Pluvius to attend to their necessities, but comparatively little water was then required.

The Pioneers, who had been dependent upon a few wells, the rain, melted snow and our indispensable watermen with barrels, for supply, were always hoping for something better. In fact, the Hydraulic Co. had been incorporated by James Long and others as early as 1836, the company obtaining a 70 year's charter, with a capital stock of $25,000. But hard times immediately ensuing, it was impossible to realize on the stock, and it was not until 1840 that work commenced, the funds being then supplied by eastern capitalists. It required $24,000 to complete the enterprise, which was done in 1842.

The event was celebrated by our proud, happy people with a glorious procession, followed by speeches and powder. We were quite vain of our enormous 24 horse power engine on the lake shore at the foot of Lake street, to look after which Ira Miltemore had given up his steam sash factory on the South Branch. It was the boast of the town that with it Ira could raise 25 barrels of the crystal fluid per minute 35 feet above the lake, pumping our 1250 barrel reservoir full in 50 minutes, besides grinding flour. But equally elated were we at our grand victory over the defiant giant that had caused us so many sleepless nights and anxious days along in the thirties.

In spite of hoarse grumbling and mighty waves, we had successfully invaded his treacherous domain, and carried our 14-inch "in take" 320 feet from the shore, protecting it by a well ballasted pier. And how hilarious those aristocrats became, who had two story houses with pipes in the upper story, when in-

credulously turning an up stairs faucet, with fear and trembling, they saw the precious fluid trickle through it.

And how well we remember, as Professor Wheeler puts it, "seeing John McGarvin and his three men working on a lot near Madison street and State, boring 3½-inch holes through those one foot cedar logs 10 feet long." There were two miles of those logs laid more than three feet under ground, where they were safe from the frost, before the water was turned on and we had our blow out. Even to-day men excavating in our streets occasionally find, much to their wonderment, below the lowest stratum of paving planks—where we once had to wallow—what seems to them the aqueduct of some prehistoric city, still in a state of perfect preservation. There were nine miles of these pipes laid under the superintendence of Asa Bradley, at the time the Hydraulic Mills were relieved by the succeeding company of the great task they had assumed of furnishing us with water and helping Gage & Haines to supply us with flour. At times there would be a break-down, requiring the aid of watermen again. Even our wealthy and prominent Jacob Rehm tells me that on such occasions he used to draw water from the river, at the foot of Dearborn street for the use of the Tremont. He was a boy then, but he would not feel above doing it now if he had to.

The Firemen were greatly elated when the council ordered, Nov. 22nd, 1841, "that the Committee act with the Mayor to secure from the Hydraulic Co., the

hydrant already down and procure five additional, on the most favorable terms and have them put down."

James Long, to whom we were so much indebted for our daily bread and water, was appointed Light-house Keeper in 1845, and James Allen, our pioneer dock builder, with Vigil C. Walter, under the name of Allen & Walter succeeded "The Father of the water works."

But the city outgrew its swaddling clothes. The storms filled the in-take with roily water, and, worst of all, with small fishes which, undergoing putrefaction, made the water not only offensive to taste and smell, but detrimental to health. Besides, the growth of the population and the erection of higher buildings demanded a new departure, as radical as any that had been made, to furnish us with an adequate amount of wholesome water.

On February 15th, 1851, a company was organized to increase and improve the water supply, retaining the franchise in the hands of the people.

This measure was strongly advocated by all of our papers, with one exception. On August 25th following, George Schneider, a young German newspaper man, arrived here, and together with the other public-spirited editors was soon an important factor in the fierce battle already begun. Mr. Schneider at once became managing editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, which was started on January 1st, preceding, and was already the most influential German paper in the northwest. A broad, liberal, energetic man, of nervous

temperment, unflinching courage, above the bribes of power and allurements of ambition, he threw into every cause he espoused determination to achieve, guided by the powers of a fine intellect, classical culture and valuable experience as a newspaper man. Thus equipped, he took up the cause of the people for the municipal ownership of their water supply, bending every energy consistent with scrupulous honesty to put into power Walter S. Gurnee, as Mayor, and a board of Aldermen favoring his views. For two months were fought with trenchant blows, James Curtis, Gurnee's opponent, and the truculent spirit of John Wentworth, who, as editor of the *Democrat*, under the specious plea of Economy and Reform, invariably opposed every step of the city's progress, when its advancement would be likely to increase the taxes and assessments on the unproductive property he owned.

The 4,500 voters wisely decided that the people should own their own water plant, and elected the men who inaugurated the system which has been, and will continue to be of inestimable benefit to the community, furnishing water at a reasonable figure, and yet yielding the city a profit of between 15 and 20 millions of dollars. It now nets nearly $2,000,000 a year, of which the people are the recipients. We then had a population of about 30,000 people. To meet our constantly growing needs, has required but a generous expansion of the same general system, inaugurated half a century ago; though to keep the

supply free from contamination has been the most serious and important question with which we have had to contend. At times we are lulled into a feeling of perfect safety by its seeming purity, suddenly to learn that untoward circumstances have rendered it "Dangerous without boiling," though the thought of what we may then be drinking should be repulsive to our sensibility.

It is the anticipation of all that our present drainage system may eventually accomplish the desired object, still we cannot for several years be certain of always obtaining a supply that can be drunk with impunity. It must necessarily be some time before the mass of filth that has been precipitated into the lake for so many years will be removed or become innoxious. The immense volume of water—300,000 cubic feet at a minimum flow and 600,000 cubic feet at a maximum flow—that finds its way every minute through the Drainage Canal, will probably disturb the precipitation, which disturbance storms and the vast fields of ice in their transit will greatly augment, all having a deleterious effect upon this most essential ingredient in our household economy. It is to be hoped that our health officers and physicians will not allow themselves to become inattentive to this important matter in the fond hope that the enormous expense we have gladly assumed to secure pure water must necessarily furnish it; but will continue to be alert until Chicago absolutely and constantly possesses what she has struggled so hard and persistently to

obtain, regardless of millions of expense in water plants and sewerage systems, the greatest supply and purest water of any large city on the face of the globe.

CHAPTER XXV

TRANSPORTATION BY LAND AND WATER

When people first began to think it worth while to come to Chicago, it was not the age of steam and the telegraph—although a steamer is reported to have visited the place in 1818. But such compliments were seldom bestowed until many years after.

In fact, navigation was extremely dangerous, as there was on the entire chain of lakes but one lighthouse, which was located at Erie, Pennsylvania.

The first systematic effort in the carrying trade was the result of an agreement entered into in 1834 between Pratt, Taylor & Co., of Buffalo, and Gurdon S. Hubbard, for forming a Transportation Company, known as the "Erie Line." Their fleet was composed of four vessels, the brigs, Illinois and Indiana, and the Queen Charlotte and Commodore Perry. These war vessels had been raised from the bottom of Lake Erie, where they had lain since 1812, thoroughly overhauled and made ready for business. Arriving on the brig, Illinois, on May 25, 1835, we were the line's first passengers, and our goods made the first freight landed in this place by that or any other organized company.

In the following year a regular steamer was put on between Chicago and Buffalo. It was advertised

that "The steamboat Michigan (propelled by two powerful low pressure engines) will perform her trips for the year 1836 agreeably to the following arrangements: Between Buffalo and Detroit, 26 times," (dates all given). "She will make four trips during the season to Milwaukee and Chicago—weather permitting she will leave Chicago June 13, July 11, August 14 and September 11."

Chicago felt proud of that; and the boys were very happy when the steamboat did as had been announced, for school was dismissed on the occasions of her arrivals, and everybody crowded to the river banks, to welcome the strangers, while the Indians in their canoes paddled in the stream around the monster. Before the gang-plank was out, the wharf was crowded, and the hotel porters, with their extra "Runners," made a perfect pandemonium with their cries of, "This way for the Tremont House, nearest hotel to the stage office." "Free bus to the Lake House on the bank of the beautiful river, and in full view of the lake. The largest brick hotel in the city." "Right this way for the City Hotel, opposite the public square, best meals and cleanest rooms in town." "New York House, newly painted and papered, best beds in town." "Illinois Exchange, a quiet family hotel, free bus right this way." "Mansion House, finest hotel in the center of the place, in the heart of the business district." "United States Hotel, largest hotel on the west side, fine view of a grand western prairie, free bus, no bar."

There were three runners for each caravansary, led by such worthies as Lebbus Ball, Jack Rice and J. B. Hall, yelling constantly at the top of their voices. They seized the old fashioned carpet bags and clothes-ladened champagne baskets from the hands of their suspicious owners, grabbed band-boxes and babies from the arms of protesting mothers; all the while pulling and shouting and crowding, until the bewildered immigrants were almost distracted, and frantic parents, like distressed hens trying to shield their frightened broods from swooping hawks, called out to their scattered youngsters. With many misgivings as to their safety, the new comers were driven to their respective hotels, without much election on their part.

The passengers and their luggage having been disposed of, the docks soon began to fill up with goods of every description for the anxious merchants, who had purchased them over a month ago, and every item of the

"NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED"

was duly advertised in the *American* and *Democrat* in their next issue. There were no commercial travelers in those days, and merchants had to go east in person to select their stocks.

But we did not depend exclusively upon the "staunch, 500-ton steamboat, Michigan," (much larger ones could not then cross the bar) even if she had "improved her ladies' cabin, and added eight large staterooms adjoining." For we read:

MARINE JOURNAL—PORT OF CHICAGO.

ARRIVED:

April 18, 1836. Str., "Supply," from Grand River, Michigan Territory, with lumber and passengers.
19. Str., "Mississippi," from St. Joseph, with flour, lumber, &c.
21. Sloop, "Westward Ho," from Milwaukee, with passengers.

CLEARED:

April 13. Sloop, "Westward Ho," for Milwaukee.
19. Str., "Essex," for St. Joseph.
19. Str., "John Grant Jr.," for Milwaukee.
21. Str., "Supply," for Grand River.

You will observe they all brought cargoes but returned empty. Why should we not grow? I remember that it used to be one of father's boasts that in the fall of 1835, he saw, one Sunday, no less than 9 vessels riding at anchor on the lake.

In 1839 and '40 we showed our appreciation of more rapid transit than we had heretofore enjoyed, by such items as these in the *American:*

TRAVELING.

"Distance in these days should be measured by hours, not miles. New York to Cleveland 84 hours. Cleveland to Chicago by lake 96 hours. Newspapers can now be received in Cleveland from New York in three and one half days, distance 660 miles. From Cleveland to Chicago one may travel in a good steamboat in 4 days, about 800 miles.

June 15, 1839."

"August 13, 1840.

RAPID TRAVELING.

"We understand that one of our merchants recently reached New York from this city in six days. He took the steamer to Buffalo, then railroad and steamer to Lewiston and Syracuse, then railroad to Albany, and steamer to New York, without any delay. This is indeed rapid traveling—and is a remarkable commentary on the past and on the still greater improvements of the future. *Six days from Chicago to New York!* Only think of it."

"August 12, 1840.

GREAT EXPEDITION.

"We understand that goods were received at the warehouse of Bristol & Porter by steamer, Madison, in 12 days from New York City. Shipped by the N. Y. and Ohio Line, on the Canal."

The schooners touching at this port in the early thirties had no return freight, save a few hides, a little wool, bees wax, tallow, honey and pelts. But those conditions gradually changed, and not only were those commodities sent east in larger quantities, but eggs, potatoes, onions, butter, etc., as well as grain, salt pork and corned beef, which were regularly shipped, instead of received.

Our papers not only teemed with the advertisements of New Orleans, Buffalo and New York merchants, soliciting the patronage of the northwest, but with those also of companies desirous of transporting their purchases by "Lake Erie, Ohio and Oswego

Canals, Oswego and Welland Canal, vessels and steamboats on the lakes, and all Chicago agents having connected themselves with a line of transportation wagons between Chicago and the head of navigation on the Illinois river and other points, will forward daily all goods consigned to them to any point on the Illinois river, to St. Louis or other places of destination." To-day hundreds of trains leave the city for each wagon that did then. The transfer of passengers was equally primitive and tedious.

The first line of stages between here and St. Louis was inaugurated by our public spirited citizen, Dr. J. T. Temple, the first stage starting on New Year's day of 1834. This was an unfortunate trip. The driver suffered greatly from the exposure, and was left by the Doctor at Holdeman's Grove, on the road to Ottawa, where he succumbed to his hardships, the perilous duty of driver devolving upon the Doctor and John D. Caton, then a young lawyer. The embryo Judge having been once part way over the road was "retained in this case" as pilot. The narrative given by the Judge of the long, tedious journey is full of interest, but we must omit it.

Before we moved from Lake street, near Dearborn, Frink & Walker's stage office was on the corner two doors east of us, and I was always interested in the arrival and departure of those old stages. Many who had seen similar old hulks in the homes of their childhood had, like me, a sentimental feeling for those swinging, plunging coaches, which was entirely dissipated when they came to ride in them over the cor-

Frink & Walker's Stage Office, Southwest Corner of Dearborn and Lake Streets, 1844.

duroys of Michigan, and with rails pried them out of the sloughs of Indiana. The romance of stage travel wore off with the polish of their boots and the gloss of their clothing. Lost was the charm of the four mettlesome horses that were wont to dash up to the stage office on a dead run, clearing by barely an inch another stage that was just ready, with a bang of the door and crack of the whip, to pull out in another direction.

CHAPTER XXVI

STATE INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS AND URBAN TRANSIT

In 1836 the spirit of speculation, which had recently become rife in Chicago (owing in a great measure to the effort made to sell canal lots), extended far and wide. The little, insignificant trading post had in the minds of many become a veritable El Dorado. This craze pervaded the entire state, and led the excited populace in obscure hamlets to set their traps, that they might decoy some of the infatuated thousands who were flocking hither from all parts of the Union.

This was to be a glorious epoch for our state and people who went wild over internal improvements. No ordinary achievements would satisfy their boundless ambition. They scoffed at the little coal tramway, running six miles from East St. Louis, drawn by mules. Yet modest as it was, it was quite useful, which was more than could be said of the one genuine railroad out of the multitude which the commonwealth, in a paternal spirit, had undertaken to construct. This remarkable exception, finished in 1842 at the cost of a million dollars, bore the expressive name of "Northern Cross Road," a part of which appellation truly expressed the feelings of the commu-

nity when at the end of five miserable years of financial failure they disposed of it for $21,100.

In 1839 (after the inception of this road), Springfield, which was its initial point, became our State Capital. Should you be very solicitous to ascertain the terminal point, search carefully along the Illinois river, and if you have a map containing the name of every cross-road, you will find what you never saw before, the name of Meredosia; known by the suckers only, as "Mary Doash," until it passed into its present state of oblivion.

The building of this railway was in compliance with the demand of the people. To meet that public wish the Legislature of 1836–37 passed a law authorizing the construction of 1300 miles of railroad to and from towns never known, or now forgotten, which were to be commenced simultaneously at each end.

At the same time our State Solons resolved that our dry rivers must be rendered navigable, and that the counties which had nothing to make a river of, and were not treated to railroads, should each have a $200,000 sugar plum. To give the people all of these delightful things—make most of them happy and the rest rich—$8,000,000 more was voted, to be raised by loan, the same as the half million for the canal had been, which work was also voted another loan of $4,000,000.

Thus by legislative enactments did our wise men show their equally wise constituents how easy it was for a man to raise himself by his boot straps.

But our Utopian dreamers were awakened from

their trance, by "The Great Eternal." Old Hickory would not permit his land agents to receive anything but coin in payment for the Public Domain. The cardboard castles fell to the ground, burying internal improvements, state credit and individual hopes in their ruins. In 1837 the banks throughout the country, including our state bank, suspended specie payment. To cheer the hearts of the infatuated people this suspension by our state bank was legalized. More money was needed, and in the following year new loans were made, by issuing state bonds, which were sold at heavy discounts, and the money squandered. More were placed upon the market to meet accruing interest. A large number of the people objected paying interest on par value of the bonds, as in many instances the holders had purchased them at a small percentage of their face value. The legislature, by levying an additional tax of 10 cents on every hundred dollars worth of property, enabled the commissioners to pay the interest, and it also empowered them to decide which would be legal—to pay interest on the full face value of the bonds, or on the amount for which they were sold to present holders. Thus were the difficulties which beset them, for the time being overcome. But on July 1st, 1841, payment of interest was stopped the second time. With a debt of $14,000,000 contracted for internal improvements, and $313,000 for customary expenses of the government; with the currency of the state annihilated by the final failure of the state bank in February, 1842, in consequence of which disaster noth-

ing could be paid or collected; with the state treasury utterly bankrupt, not containing enough money to pay postage on the usual letters, the state and the people were in a truly deplorable condition. Then did Thomas Ford, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and recently elected Governor, set resolutely to work, and, aided by men of probity and ability, successfully redeemed the state and its citizens, and placed its credit in an ever increasing prosperous condition. The process by which all this was accomplished is too lengthy to record here. Enough to say that our people voted, in 1848, in favor of levying a tax of two mills on the dollar, to be levied annually, as long as required, to pay off the balance of the debts. This is claimed to be the first instance of such action in history, refuting the old song,

"Yankee Doodle borrows cash, Yankee Doodle spends it,
And then he snaps his fingers at the jolly flat who lends it,
Ask him when he means to pay, he shows no hesitation,
But says he'll take the shortest way, and that's repudiation."

When the state retired from its internal improvement craze, and left such matters to individual enterprise, it had but 95 miles of railway to show for all its expenditure, while within four years from that time 2,315 miles, built under the new order of things, were completed.

In February, 1841, the *Chicago American* advocated a railroad between our city and Rockford, but, on account of the lead mines, Galena became the objective point. In fact, for a long time the latter place promised to be more of a city than Chicago. To secure

that business, then finding its way down the Mississippi river, the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad was organized, but, owing to the great financial depression, nothing was done for years. It was at length surveyed, and on July 10th, 1848, George W. Waite drove the first grade stake at the corner of Kinzie and Halsted streets, and J. D. Perkins helped to lay the first strap rail. They had to go out of town to do that kind of work, as well as to shoot game, for fear of scaring horses or hurting some one. It would be all right as far out as Halsted street, and even if the Common Council thought otherwise, Halsted being the city limits, its jurisdiction extended no farther, and the railway people could put down all the strap rails they wished. On October 26th, the first train of two cars, drawn by the Pioneer, ran out to Sand Ridge (Austin), and my father was aboard. There was no station at Sand Ridge until 1866, but conductor Allen would always let us off there, and stop the train returning, especially if he thought I had more game than our family required. In this same year, 1848, the United States granted the state 2,595,000 acres of land along the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, to be donated to that company to aid in the construction of the road. And on the 10th of February, 1851, the legislature gave a charter to the company, transferring to it all the land given by Congress, but it was on condition that the road should be completed by 1857 and that after it was finished, 7 per cent. of its gross receipts should be paid into the treasury of the state. I

believe that Senator Douglas drew up this important agreement, and it has defied all attempts to annul it.

There were many sharp bargains made between the authorities and the railroads in those days. This company went so far as to threaten to make Toledo its terminus, unless it was given an entrance along the lake shore. Consequently, in 1852, the legislature authorized the company to run from 12th street along the lake front to Randolph street, practically granting them a strip 500 feet wide for the entire distance, the company immediately beginning the work. In 1855, the Common Council gave the company the land it now occupies north of Randolph street which it had any title to, the General Government also selling it, for $45,000, the unoccupied portion of its Fort Dearborn addition.

Since the erection of an efficient barrier against the lake, the earth obtained from the cellars and basements of our modern structures, together with the street sweepings, have restored much of the lost territory, the work still going on.

The advent of railways occurred years after we had discarded stepping blocks and were indulging in the luxury of plank sidewalks. But still we were not satisfied, and longed for some system of public conveyance that should take us to distant parts of the rapidly growing city. To meet this pressing need, a line of omnibuses was established by S. B. & M. O. Walker in 1852, to run on Randolph street, from the corner of State to B. C. Welch & Co.'s carriage factory on Randolph street, corner of Ann, the route

afterwards being extended to Lake and Robey. Shortly after this, they started another line from the same point to the Southern Hotel, corner of State and 12th streets.

Mr. Frank Parmelee informs me that he came to Chicago in 1852, and that in the following year he established a line running to the Bull's Head Stock Yards, afterwards running in opposition to the Walkers, extending his State street line to Cottage Grove.

But those early busses were fearful things to ride in on a cold winter's night.

I remember that the people who had been riding for years in or on the busses talked of procuring bronze statues of the daring, progressive Chicago Triumvirate who conceived the idea of running horse cars in the city.

Judge Henry Fuller, Liberty Bigelow and Frank Parmelee were eulogized in glowing terms by William Bross, Nov. 1st. 1858, when the Judge turned the first spade of earth, and the good Deacon, (as Bross was affectionately termed), drove the first stake at the initial point in State street, corner of Lake.

My friend, George A. Park, of Austin, boasted less of his first baby than he did of the fact that on February 22nd, 1859, he was on the first car, with David Gage and Liberty Bigelow, when it started at Lake street and ran to Madison, Judge Henry Fuller being driver and conductor.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE EARLY PAPERS AND WHAT THEY PRINTED

In 1814 times were dull at the trading post, and it was a matter of great rejoicing when the few listless, waiting settlers who could read were permitted to peruse *The Intelligencer*, which claimed to be the first newspaper published in the Territory of Illinois. It was issued at Kaskaskia, then the seat of government. There are few things besides cards on which one can kill so much time as a newspaper, and to have one published so near home was certainly something for the public to rejoice over, even if it furnished nothing but local news, with which all were familiar, and political dissertations which afforded subjects for discussion,—except when the eastern or southern papers had been received at Kaskaskia, out of which information from the states and abroad could be gleaned.

In September, 1833, John Calhoun established here the *Weekly Democrat*, which was the only paper issued in this vicinity nearer than Detroit or Galena, until June 8, 1835, when Thomas O. Davis published the *Weekly American*. Publication of the *Democrat* was suspended from January, 1835, until the arrival of our boat on May 25, with a supply of paper.

I had always understood this to have been the

case, but to assure myself I looked through the files of the paper in the Chicago Historical Society. As they were incomplete, however, I addressed a note to Hon. Moses J. Wentworth, inquiring where a complete file might be found, and received the following communication:

"Chicago, Ill., March 11, 1902.

Mr. E. O. Gale.

Dear Sir: The original file of the *Chicago Democrat*, owned by my uncle, John Wentworth, was consumed in the great fire of 1871. After that fire he searched the country for copies and got together nearly a complete file. This last file, after his death, I gave to the Chicago Historical Society. They were the papers you examined. I have nothing now in my possession enabling me to answer your question.

Very truly yours,

Moses J. Wentworth."

In view of the fact that not a single paper is on file between Christmas time in 1834 and the arrival of our brig, a period of five months, I feel confirmed in my impression above given.

At another time its publication was interrupted two weeks from a like cause, until a consignment might be received from St. Louis.

Mr. Calhoun's health failing him he wished to retire. Hearing which the *American* resolved that other people should know it and gave its competitor the benefit of the following announcement in its issue of July 30, 1836: "The *Democrat* of this town is offered for sale. It has been on the market several

weeks, but has found no man courageous enough to purchase it."

But Long John Wentworth, who arrived in the fall, induced some friends to help him financially, and by inking the rollers, folding and distributing the papers to its town subscribers, directing and carrying to the Post Office those for outside patrons, besides writing long Democratic editorials on "Liberty and Economy" and furnishing all "copy" required soon enabled him to gain full control of the paper, which became and for many years remained the leading Democratic organ in this section. Often unjust to those of a different political faith, cruel to men he did not fear, vindicative where the justice of another's cause won for him success, the giant ruled his party; and oft times used his power to curse the enemies of his own creation and to carry out some selfish aim. It was in the office of the *Democrat*, with its primitive printing appliances, that in the summer of 1838, Long John and the Little Giant, then but a stripling, worked off a lot of circulars announcing Stephen A. Douglas as a candidate for Representative in Congress. While engaged on this job, the printer's ink gave out, and a boy was despatched to Michigan City to buy, beg, borrow or steal another bucket.

February 14th, 1840, the *Democrat* became a daily, forced to it by the action of its Whig competitor.

March 25, 1836, the founder and proprietor of the *Weekly American*, Thomas O. Davis, in a prospectus,

states, "The reasons that induced me about a year since to establish my weekly paper, operate with renewed and increasing force in favor of my present design in establishing a semi-weekly paper under the old title."

In April, 1839, under William Stuart, it became the *Daily American*, and on October 4, 1842, the *Daily Express*, under W. W. Brackett, succeeded it. Two years afterwards Richard L. Wilson purchased the paper for $1,500 and issued it as the *Chicago Daily Journal*. Charles L. Wilson followed his gifted brother and became proprietor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. It was in 1852 that I commenced taking the *Journal* for the sake of the articles by the literary editor, Benjamin F. Taylor, who for so many years enriched it with the products of his gifted pen; as did also the high minded editor, Governor Andrew Shuman, whose taste, talent and ability conspired to make the *Journal* one of the cleanest, newsiest and most reliable family papers published in the country. Mr. Shuman, long its editor-in-chief, was a clear reasoner, with a remarkable conciseness of statement, an energetic advocate of whatever was pure and upright, and a power for good throughout his long term of honorable service. His failing health compelled him to relinquish the work he had so successfully and usefully engaged in for thirty years.

As we had been warm friends, and I had frequently contributed to the *Journal* at his request, upon his retirement, I addressed to him a few lines of sympathy

and good cheer, to which I received the following appreciative reply:

"Editorial rooms of the *Chicago Evening Journal.*

Chicago, Jan. 19, 1889.

Mr. E. O. Gale:

My good old friend: Please accept my hearty thanks for your letter of regret and sympathy on the occasion of my withdrawal from the editorship of the *Journal.* I warmly appreciate the spirit and sentiment of your expression, and shall ever be gratefully mindful thereof. Even to a man in poor health, it is a happy thing to know that he has true friends, who sympathize with his griefs and rejoice in his happiness.

Your friend evermore,

ANDREW SHUMAN."

About a week before the good man passed to rest, he called to see me, and urged the publication of my poems, which I promised should be done some day—that consoling, hopeful, indefinite "some day." I little thought that meeting was to be our last.

In 1844, Joseph K. C. Forrest, who had reached here from the Emerald Isle in 1840, assisted Wm. H. Bushnell on Chicago's first successful literary weekly, *The Gem of the Prairie,* which was merged into the *Tribune*—established as a weekly in 1840—as was also, eventually, the *Democrat.* At the time of his death, Mr. Forrest was believed to be about the oldest newspaper writer in the country, and longest in continuous service. He was a valuable assistant to John Wentworth, with whom he was for many years. After the merging of the *Democrat* with the *Tribune,*

he continued in his chosen profession, with other work, furnishing many interesting papers on early Chicago, under the nom de plume of "Old Timer."

While father was in the market business, he used to have his ice from the river, and stored it in a house erected for that purpose on the Randolph street lot. This ice house was made over into a printing office for the *Better Covenant,* edited by Rev. William E. Rounesville. How delightfully comforting it was to me after having had my youthful mind heated by my solicitous Sunday School teacher, Miss King, in the fiery furnace of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, to obtain religious reading from an ice house. No wonder I used to enjoy rolling up my sleeves and helping the other little printer's devil to set type in order to demolish the monstrous idea that I was totally depraved, incapable of good word, thought or deed. The satisfaction I derived in seeing orthodoxy annihilated by the type I set was all the compensation I would accept.

When our town was young, cartoons were very uncommon, but I remember two that appeared in the Whig paper, and I wonder how many others can recall them. One was after a Whig victory, representing Long John's head perched on the exaggerated neck of a giraffe, saying, "I am pretty tall, can overlook almost anything, but I cannot overlook this disaster to our cause." The other was in 1842, when W. W. Brackett was its editor, and it being then the *Daily Express.* I was ten years of age at the time. While standing in the door way of father's market, I

saw a short, thick set man, with sandy hair—I think he was a lawyer by the name of Ryan—running with a heavy whip in his hand, after the editor, who had published something to which he had taken exception. He came up to him in front of the City Hotel, near the corner of Randolph street. He could use his whip but once, before he was tackled by Brackett, and was soon at the mercy of the editor, being thrown and straddled by his anticipated victim, who did not strike him, however. The cartoon represented the *Express* proprietor as holding the disconsolate lawyer in that humiliating position, amid the jeers of the fast gathering crowd, and saying, "Only apologize and I will let you up."

There were many things in our local papers 60 years ago that seem strange reading to-day:

MARRIED.

"On Thursday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell. James A. Marshall to Miss Andelucia Shattuck, all of Chicago. (From the above parties we acknowledge the receipt of a slice of excellent cake). *American*, Sept. 3, 1836."

It was no wonder if editors became dyspeptic when they took pay for all wedding notices in cake. We infer they were thankful to receive almost anything, for we read in the same paper, Dec. 7, 1840:

"Now is the time to bring wood into the city, the sleighing is good, and wood will burn in cold weather. We will take it for subscriptions, old or new."

As late as February 27, 1841, there was continued in the Weekly and Daily:

WOOD AND PRODUCE WANTED.

"If any of our subscribers have promised us wood or edibles for this paper, or wish to pay us in such, we want them now or not at all, as we are making arrangements for the winter."

The editorials were frequently written by men of ability in other walks of life, and even at this late date they are good reading, though many show strong party feeling. Here is a long article upon the U. S. Bank by a prominent Whig, who attributes the prevailing hard times to Old Hickory. It seems like ancient history to read such items, as Benton's Expunging Resolution, a column on the Public Deposits, followed by such news items as

FLORIDA.

"We have no further accounts of fighting from Florida. Letters from Indian Key represent that place, as well as Key West, as being much exposed and wholly without means of defense."

THE INDIANS.

"From a report made to Congress, it appears that the number of Indians removed or emigrated from the east to the west side of the Mississippi is 31,348; the number yet to be removed is estimated at 72,000. The number of Indians of the indigenous tribes being estimated at 150,000, it is calculated that the total number of Indians between the frontier settlements of the whites and the Rocky Mountains, after emigration is completed, will exceed 250,000 constituting a formidable aggregate force, if any occasion should unite in a common cause so many tribes."

"*Davy Crockett not dead.*—We are happy to state, on authority of a letter from Tennessee, that the report of the death of the eccentric David Crockett, is not true, 'He started' (says the letter) 'on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and dropped down into Texas'; but we expect him home in the early spring."

"We learn that the steamer, Lady Madison, arrived at Ottawa on Saturday evening last from Brownsville, Penn., with emigrants."

A FISH STORY.

"Some persons fishing on the North Branch on Tuesday last, caught, among other fish, a gun—which appeared to have been lost there many years since. The barrel was much corroded, and the stock (black walnut) nearly gone. The brass mountings were merely covered with a thin scale, which readily came off, leaving the ornament as bright, as though it had been in constant use."

The old fight against the men in power was as rife in the '30s and '40s as at the present time. Some think that spiritual conversions are often instantaneous; that a bad man may become a good one in the twinkling of an eye. The instantaneousness and completeness of that supposed change are only equaled in politics. A man esteemed by everyone for his good qualities, sound judgment and unswerving fidelity, no sooner awakens to the fact that it is the duty of every citizen to take an interest in municipal affairs or statecraft, or is cajoled into accepting an office, than his whole being undergoes a complete change, if we are to accept as true the surprising charges of his political

opponents. The Whigs and Loco Focos then were as the Democrats and Republicans of to-day.

I quote from the *American* of February 26, 1841:

CITY EXPENSES UNDER LOCO FOCO ADMINISTRATION.

"Read and compare. Last year when the Whigs had the power in the city, the actual expenses of the city were $6,582.80, and at the end of their year the excess of receipts over expenditures was $2,076.20. This year under the "Reform" administration of the Loco Focos, who promised to conduct the affairs of the city so economically, what are their expenses? $7,494.44—about a thousand dollars more than last year, under the *extravagant* administration of the Whigs. And what have they done with this large sum of money? Let the city answer. The same old debts remain and new liabilities have been created until the city is almost wholly insolvent."

Add to this enormous debt (about what 600 barrels of flour, or 350 barrels of pork would then cost) the county indebtedness of $30,562.30 and it would seem as if settlers would shun us. Besides we were paying 8 to 10 per cent. interest on our debts, while the revenue of Cook county for the year ending September 1, 1841, was a little over $12,000, made up of the following items:

County Taxes	$9,777.18
Grocery and Tavern licenses	425.00
Fines, etc	1,384.31
Jury and Docket fees	299.78
All other sources	320.92
	$12,207.19

Still the city and county managed to pull through,

when in the eyes of our good Whig fathers both were "almost insolvent," although that aggregate sum would not pay to-day for much of a town lot. Put $38,056.74 in your pocket some morning and go down town and see how far south on State street you would be compelled to travel to get a building site with it. I think it would be much farther than I used to go to find "Old Suke," when lost among the rosin-weeds and tall grass in the neighborhood of Monroe street.

In 1881, ex-Postmaster-General, Frank Hatton, started the *Chicago Mail,* which became the *Evening Press* on June 25, 1895. On November 16, 1895, an agreement was entered into between the proprietor of the *Chicago Evening Journal* and the *Evening Press* for the consolidation of the two publications. That arrangement called forth the following, which was published in the *Journal.*

THE MAID WHO ALWAYS CALLED FOR ME.

Some four and forty years ago,
One pleasant afternoon,
A maid tripped down the dingy stairs,
Beside the "Old Saloon,"
And brought me B. F. Taylor's thoughts,
Expressed in charming rhyme.
And ev'ry week-day afternoon
Since that delightful time,
No matter what the season was,
Nor what the kind of weather,
The maid has always called for me,
And we've walked home together.

A welcome guest has that maid been,
Informed on all the news,

She modestly presented it
With her well-studied views.
Upon the questions of the day,
In this or foreign land,
She truth and justice did espouse,
And for the right did stand.
Of crimes, which she with drooping lids
Would feel constrained to tell,
With blushing cheek would briefly state,
Yet never on them dwell.

She Taylor's tender thoughts would give
In classic prose or verse!
His quaint devices and conceits
Would joyously rehearse.
His dreamy talks of yesterdays,
Of some long buried June,
Which burst from cerements, damp of Time,
Through some sweet robin's tune.
Whose words delightful diphthongs were,
To join Time's present lays
With those sweet songs our mothers sang
In our bright childhood's days.

Gave Dick's and Charley's piquant words,
Like Prentice's to throw
A caustic cloud of ridicule
Upon some party foe.
And after those strong, worthy men
Had passed from human view
She brought to me the noble thoughts
Of that pure man, and true,
Who modesty with honor joined,
As in the heart of maid,
While goodness, love and charity
Embalmed what Shuman said.

But now I lose my constant friend,
Who for so many years
Has cheered my heart with welcome words.
For others claimed my tears;

Who answered my inquiring eyes,
  Yet never made me talk,
But quietly withdrew her speech
  If I alone would walk,
As I henceforth am forced to do.
  And much to my distress,
For "The cards are out," my Journal is
  To wed the Evening Press.

E. O. Gale.

CHAPTER XXVIII

OUR EARLY CHURCHES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

At the Illinois Methodist Conference held at Jacksonville, in 1832, Jesse Walker was appointed to the charge of the Chicago Mission, to which post he immediately repaired and built a small log structure at the Point on the west side of the North Branch, which served the purpose of a domicile and a place of worship. The room set apart for the latter purpose had a floor of split logs, and seats made of the same, with holes bored in the ends for the four rough legs, with a rude book case in the corner. An aperture was left in the floor, where a fire could be built if the zeal of the worshippers was insufficient to keep them warm; and a perfunctory lath chimney in the centre of the roof, by which the builder may have intended the smoke to be carried off, yet one familiar with Indian lodges, constructed on the same plan, is aware that such openings are more effective in driving the smoke down than in persuading it to follow the thoughts and voices of the assembly and lift itself to heaven. There were a few small windows which could be utilized to let the smoke escape, but were of little use for that or to admit light, as they were usually blocked by the peering faces of Indians.

In the summer of 1834 the Methodists built the

church on the corner of North Water and Clark streets, which has been mentioned previously. The prediction made by "Dave" at that time proved true, for the structure was floated across the river on scows, and placed on the east side of Clark street, south of Washington, after which it was twice enlarged and moved to the corner of Dearborn and Madison, where it was transformed into dwellings. In reply to a letter respecting this church, W. H. Whitehead writes: "A copy from the contract signed by my father to build the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago reads as follows: "A frame building 26 x 38 feet, 12 feet posts, sheeted and shingle roof."

To which Judge Bradwell adds, "A neat pulpit, a platform for table and chairs, the whole to be done in a workmanlike manner for $850."

In the spring of 1845 the society took possession of their new brick edifice on the southeast corner of Clark and Washington, where they remained up to the time of the fire. And here I wish to correct Hon. Grant Goodrich's statement that "The Methodists paid $3,800 for their corner," which has become so valuable. It is with some hesitation that I venture to take exception to the statement of such an authority but I have long known that the Universalists were granted their 80 feet immediately east of the corner by the Canal Commissioners, and I always understood that the Unitarians directly opposite them, the Methodists west of them, the Presbyterians on the corner west of the Methodists, the Baptists, where the Chamber of Commerce is, and the

Episcopalians on the north side of Madison west of Clark, upon which lots the several denominations had built in early days, were all recipients of the Canal Commissioners' favors. When it has been claimed that some of the societies purchased the lots upon which they built, I presumed it was meant that they had paid an equity to some squatter. I inferred that the Methodists might have paid Mr. Tripp something, as he occupied the land soon after his arrival. But Dr. James N. Banks, who has been treasurer of that society for about two generations, assures me that that was not the case, as the deed is in his vault, a gift from the Canal Commissioners, and it never cost a cent. Rev. Henry Whitehead received the first license to preach issued in Chicago; and his son, to whom I wrote, replied: "Many things and persons confirm the following statement: R. Tripp bought the lot on the S. E. Cor. of Clark and Washington streets, in 1836. The M. E. Church bought part of the same, but never made payment for it, because they afterwards secured it as a donation from the Canal Co."

I would state further that Dr. Banks told me in the summer of 1900 that the Methodists had paid from rents of this property $593,000 for church lots, and that he, as treasurer of the society, had for some time previous to the death of Father Tripp sent him regular donations, as his changed circumstances made it a pleasant and loving duty of the church to contribute generously towards his support.

Of Elder Crews, one of our noblest divines, Judge

Bradwell says: "When it was proposed by the North Western University to confer upon the Elder the degree of D. D., that there were some objections to conferring it because it was said it should be conferred only upon literary men, and that Elder Crews was not a literary man although his services to the church and for the kingdom of Christ were acknowledged by all. Whereupon, I, then being a Trustee of the Institution, said: 'For what is the degree of D. D. conferred? As I understand it, it is conferred upon persons who are learned in Godology, and I want to know who knows more about Godology than Elder Crews, who within his saddle-bag has his boiled shirt, Bible, hymn-book, and Methodist Discipline and who rode across the prairies from grove to grove on horseback, through the heat of summer and the frosts of winter, when the country was inhabited by Indians, and civilization was almost unknown; from log cabin to log cabin, he preached of Christ, and him crucified, to the pioneers and friendly Indians, being in danger of the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the hostile Indians. If ever there was a man entitled to this degree, it is Elder Crews.'"

He received it, as all of us who knew the good man felt he should.

The Elder preached from 1830 to 1850.

The small Roman Catholic Church finished on Lake street in 1834, was removed to near Wabash avenue, the southwest corner of Madison, where Colonel Beaubien gave two lots for church purposes. In 1844 the

brick church of St. Mary's was erected directly on the corner, fronting on Wabash avenue. In the summer of 1834, the Presbyterians also built their church on Clark street. Considering that it was not designed for the Baptists, Meeker should have placed it nearer the future sidewalk, as the long planks leading to the door could scarcely be distinguished from the water in the evening, and bewildered Christians were occasionally immersed without the aid of clergy. It was not a very prepossessing structure, and when one of our citizens, with considerable local pride, was showing it to a new arrival, he felt deeply chagrined as his friend remarked, "I have often heard of God's house but I never saw his barn before."

It was a frame building 40x60 feet, and being the largest audience room in this part of the state, it was used for public meetings, court house, school room, etc. One day when she was attending school there my sister, while seated on a bench near the stove, not hearing the teacher's command to arise, was tipped by him onto the heater, which cut a gash in her forehead, of which the scar always remained. No sooner had he done so than a gallant knight errant, in the person of Anton Berg, knocked the wretch down and had we not been an unusually good lot of scholars, the pedagogue would have fared badly.

The first regularly settled Baptist minister was Rev. Isaac T. Hinton, whose yellow house on Wells street on the edge of the timber was a conspicuous landmark for many years.

At the present day our Baptist friends can per-

form all their sacred rites with much greater personal comfort than in those pioneer times. The bayou at the foot of State street was no Jordan, but Mr. Hinton was wont to use it as did John the Baptist the hallowed river of Judea. The revivals of this later Baptist, we observed, were usually held when business was poor, times were hard and our stream was frozen, and also the lake, where immersions sometimes took place, a large hole being sawed in the ice for that purpose. This slough, near its mouth, was often used in extreme cold weather on account of the partial protection afforded from the piercing winds by the sheltering banks.

The frame church erected by the Baptists was opposite the public square on La Salle street.

In the *American* of June 19, 1835, we find:

"A Card,—from the Sewing Society of St. James Parish, voting thanks to Wm. B. Ogden, agent for the proprietors of the Hunter lot, in Wolcott's Addition, which was sold for $295. And to Bates & Montgomery for their Auction room," which was the largest in the place adapted to a Church Fair and was freely given for that purpose. This fair, which was held June 13th, was a phenomenal success, and its proceeds were largely instrumental in enabling the society to erect the first brick church in the place, a pretty structure on the west side of Cass street near Illinois. The ladies were fortunate in the time selected for the fair, as it was in the midst of the excitement consequent upon the sale of the canal lands, which event had been thoroughly advertised, and brought together

The St. James Episcopal Church. First Brick Church in the Place. Dedicated in 1837.

a large concourse of people with money from all parts of the country. The enthusiastic speculators were willing to take chances in fair lotteries presided over by fair ladies, whose gracious smiles and pleasant words non-plussed any avaricious person who had the presumption to hang around a booth for the few dollars that may be due to him in the way of change. Many a poor bashful fellow, ashamed to demand his rights, was thus inveigled into paying $10 for a piece of "lovely, perfectly bewitching" fancy work, for which he had no more use than a Digger Indian for a Latin lexicon. But the brave ladies of St. James accomplished their purpose; with the hearty good wishes of all denominations, and many men of no denomination, their fine church edifice was dedicated Easter Sunday, 1837, the pews being sold on the following Monday.

It was with pleasure that many read in the *American* of June 19, 1841, this

NOTICE.

"The First Unitarian Church will be dedicated to-morrow P. M. at 4.30. The morning services at the Saloon will be dispensed with."

The first sermon ever preached here proclaiming the tenets of Universalism was by Rev. Wm. Queal, in Garrett's Auction room, in 1836. My father at the time knew of but one family in the place of that persuasion besides his own — that of S. C. Bennett — and was agreeably surprised to see the room filled with an interested audience, a number of whom re-

mained after service to arrange for occasional preaching. Rev. W. W. Dean, as I remember him, resembled Abraham Lincoln more closely than any other person I ever saw, both on and off the platform, favored the people with a day every now and then, as did also the Rev. E. Manford, the editor, and William Rounesville, who was a poet as well as preacher and the editor of the *Better Covenant*, then issued at St. Charles. I do not know whether President Lincoln discovered the personal likeness to himself in Mr. Dean, but he appointed him to a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington, where the venerable man is still engaged, though he is believed to be about four score and ten years of age.

These services were at first held in Chapman's building, and afterwards in the Saloon. I remember a little incident connected with seating the audience at the latter place, which everyone acquainted with Dr. Philip Maxwell will appreciate. Mr. Bennett was usher, and occupied a chair beside the entrance door which was between the rostrum and audience. The Doctor, who was the largest and most portly of our citizens and withal a great wag, entered after nearly every seat had been taken, and Mr. Bennett started towards the end of the hall in search of a vacant chair, supposing of course that the light footed and still lighter hearted disciple of Esculapius was immediately behind him. But the Doctor, taking in the situation at a glance, had cooly and comfortably taken possession of the dignified teacher's chair, much to the amusement of the people who were familiar with

his propensity for practical joking. When the good pedagogue halted near a vacant seat and turned to make way for the ponderous craft he supposed was still in tow, the approximation to 400 lbs. avoirdupois rose from his chair and with one of his unapproachable bows, meaning so many thanks to the blushing usher again took his seat, midst the suppressed enjoyment of the house.

In the winter of 1841–'42, the first Universalist Society was organized, a constitution was adopted, Chester Tupper, Abram Gale and Jared Gage were elected trustees and S. C. Bennett clerk. Rev. W. W. Dean preached that winter alternately at Joliet and Chicago, services being held over Goss' hat store, on the north side of Lake a little west of Dearborn. In the meantime father and Mr. Bennett had applied to the Canal Commissioners for the donation of a lot for church purposes, the commissioners having authority to make such grants; but not succeeding in obtaining one, they went to the commissioners' office in Lockport and selected one. General Fry met father a short time afterwards by appointment at the City Hotel where he gave him a deed to the 80 feet on Washington joining the Methodists'.

In 1842, Rev. Wm. E. Manley officiated a few times while en route to Galena, where there was a society. On his return from that place, he called upon father and said he had made a proposition to go to Galena, but if not accepted he would like to settle in Chicago.

There was great religious excitement in our young city at that time, and considerable opposition

was shown to the feeble Unitarian and Universalist societies. For this reason, especially, Mr. Manley, who was a ripe scholar and a controversialist of great power, was urged to take charge of the society as soon as possible. Arriving in March, 1843, he had a joint debate with one of the militant divines, during which there was a disagreement regarding the proper rendering of a Greek text, when Mr. Manley inquired if there was a good Greek scholar in the audience. Daniel McElroy, one of our leading lawyers and handsomest member of the Chicago bar was present, and urged by two or three friends, reluctantly went forward, read the disputed text and explained its meaning in accordance with Mr. Manley's rendering. Mother's forewoman was a staunch Presbyterian, and I remember her asking at the table, whether it would be proper for her to go to a Universalist meeting.

Years afterwards my brother-in-law, B. C. Welch, our earliest carriage maker, who had always attended the Baptist church, heard Elder Knapp make such a tirade against the Universalists that he thought for once he would venture into their denominational fold and see what kind of looking creatures they might be. So he related that with many misgivings he went one evening and quietly took a seat in a corner near the door, and watched the congregation assemble. Much to his surprise he noticed a number of men with whom he had sustained delightful business relations, among them S. B. Walker, the liveryman, and R. K. Swift, his banker, while the whole

First Universalist Church, Erected in 1843, on Washington Street, immediately East of the Methodist Church Block.

service was so consistent with his tastes and ideas that he never afterwards went to any other church.

In 1843 the First church, a frame, 35 x 75, was erected and dedicated in the winter of 1843-'44, with Mr. Manley as pastor, who remained about three years. It was called "the pepper box church," not from hot, peppery sermons, but from its peculiar ornamentation in the way of a cupola.

The location proved to be rather unfortunate, being so near our zealous Methodist brethren, that our less rampant speakers could not be heard when the west windows were open in summer. There was one man, however, a Cincinnati preacher, John A. Gurley, (who built the original Metropolitan block here, a brother of our hotel proprietor, Jason Gurley) who always requested that the west windows might remain open. Gurley was a slightly built man, but when he preached the Methodists had either to close their windows or hear every word of a good, sound Universalist sermon. Gurley afterwards represented his state in Congress, and when he made a speech, it was unnecessary for him to send his constituents a copy of the *Washington Globe;* they recognized his voice across the State of Virginia, into any part of Ohio.

The little "pepper box meeting house" not being large enough, it went out of its original service about 1855, eventually going into the grocery and market business on the corner of Wabash avenue and 16th street. The new stone church on the northwest corner of Van Buren and Wabash was built in 1855-

'56. The dedicatory sermon was preached by that peerless pulpit orator, E. H. Chapin, D. D. Rev. W. W. King, the pastor, was a man of rare ability, filling the church to its utmost capacity, and in the evening it was necessary to place chairs in every aisle. These chairs were left in the large vestibule of the audience room as a matter of convenience during the week, and some time after taking charge of the society, Dr. Ryder suggested to the janitor that they had better be removed, when the undiplomatic assistant innocently replied, "I guess they may as well be, your reverence. We do not seem to require them now, but when Brother King was here we used them every night." Dr. Ryder "wore well" and was admired by all, irrespective of denominational preferences.

The first Sunday school in the place was held August 19, 1832, by Mrs. Charles Taylor, who, with her husband, was keeping the Wolf Point Tavern at the time. The first class contained eight persons, mostly of half-breed children. According to Judge James B. Bradwell, to whom I am indebted for many items of interest, "the first gathering was in the Fort, Frances Jane Johnson securing her mother's wash-bench as a seat for the scholars." Frances was the daughter of Captain Lathrop Johnson, afterwards proprietor of the New York House, and who arrived in 1832.

Subsequently Sabbath school sessions were held in various places, from the doorless, windowless cabin of Mark Beaubien on the reservation to the upper part of Peck's store, or Walker's cabin, or a room in

the fort. Mrs. Taylor's younger sister, Philo Carpenter and others joined heartily in this movement, which flourished as it should.

Soon after the organization of the Presbyterian Society they started a Sunday school. At first the library was so small that Joseph Meeker—its leading spirit—could carry it in his pocket handkerchief. Some of us remember those small religious books of early days, with water-paper covers of sombre hue, mostly melancholy biographies of inconceivably goody-goody boys. As these abnormal children, living in the horrid nightmare of future retribution, invariably died young, what poor incentives those sickly examples offered to a robust, rollicking, roguish little rascal full of animal spirits to become a good boy, as defined by the ascetic fossils who perpetrated such literature to blight the sunny happiness of childhood. It was after this society had moved their church to the west side of Clark street, south of Washington, that I had my religious experience as a Sunday school scholar, under the tutelage of the devout, adopted daughter of Tuthill King, whose conscientious efforts to prove to me every Sabbath my total depravity made a painful impression upon my sensitive nature. My frightened, rather than guilty, conscience left no doubt in my mind that I was in danger of the terrible doom which threatened the son of the good deacon, who actually prayed "Take him, O, Lord! shake him over hell till he squeals like a pig; but, O, Lord! do not let him drop in."

As I looked upon the fragile form of my devout

teacher, I feared her strength might fail her at the critical moment and I should be plunged into eternal perdition. Those Sabbaths became days of torture to me. The red, swollen eyes and dejected countenance I carried home every Sunday with my primer attracted my father's attention, and he permitted me to stay at home and hear him read from the Good Book, the Psalms of David and the lofty teachings of Christ, which I thought infinitely sweeter, purer and holier than the horrid catechism, which my teacher required me to learn and believe. I was glad when the Unitarian society and school started in the Saloon building, and I became the happy member of William Larrabee's class.

I never think of Joseph Meeker but I associate with him the good time the Unitarian and Universalist Sunday school scholars had one Fourth of July on his account. It was the custom for the different schools to march in the hot sun to a north side grove. There, after listening to a stupid oration, eating cake and drinking a little warm, weak lemonade, we would, like a certain king countermarch. But one season poor Meeker was bluer than ever. This year he was opposed to having the innocent children, who did not have better sense than to select Unitarians and Universalists for their parents, join in his procession. While those same children were in the orthodox Sunday schools it was all right, but now that these people had separated, it was a different matter. He was, no doubt, true to his convictions when he declared that he "would rather shake hands with

the devil than with a Universalist." Being thus ostracized by the unco guid, our people gathered a lot of wagons filled the bottoms with hay, covered that and the sides with robes, packed them with joyous children, stretched over all a banner bearing this legend:

"HAVE WE NOT ALL ONE FATHER?"

and accompanied by a band of music, delighted parents, teachers and friends, we spent a charming day at Cottage Grove. It so happened that Captain J. G. Sanger was near with the Chicago Cavalry, and he escorted us through the town, to the great glee of the happy youngsters, who forgave Joe Meeker, but we pitied our young mates who had not participated in our enjoyment.

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR POSTMASTERS AND THEIR OFFICES

Our first Postmaster was J. N. Bailey, appointed by Old Hickory, March 31, 1831. He lived in the Kinzie house, where he also had the Post Office. November 2, 1832, Jackson also appointed our genial John S. C. Hogan. I think it but partly true as declared by some that John originally "kept the Post Office in his boots and the mail in his hat." They claim he nailed the tops of his discarded boots and those of his able assistant, John Bates, against the wall, and used them as the private boxes for the most favored and important of his patrons. However, he inaugurated the special delivery system, as it was certainly his custom to sort the half dozen or so letters and about as many papers, mostly for the Garrison, and as soon as trade would permit, to safely deposit the letters in his hat and start out to find the owners, with his hands full of papers. As the Post Office was so far from the business and residence part of the place, and still more distant from the fort, and the mails were too irregular to be anticipated, the advantage of having a perambulating Post Office and an obliging Postmaster was thoroughly appreciated by the public. Nor was the "Postmaster of the Corners" without compensation, for he thus learned the current news

of the day from the recipients of his official kindness, who also reciprocated his good will by imparting so much of the information contained in the various letters as was proper to give the general public, returning also the well read papers previously received, for a more general circulation among the less fortunate of the community. Hogan thus possessed a great advantage over his neighbors, being the best posted man in the village.

It may be that he did use the boot tops for these papers, but as the postage on letters weighing not over half an ounce was 25 cents, to be collected of the recipient, I do not think John S. C. would be apt to leave the valuable missives in boot tops for each person to help himself. Not but that our people were as honest then as now, but I have frequently heard some of our postwhile wealthy citizens speak of how difficult it was for them at times to procure the two bits with which to get their love letters. In order to save the two bits extra for overweight, those letters were not only written on the thinnest kind of paper, but often every page save the last was covered with fine black letters, and then, the paper being turned upside down, the other side of the line would be utilized with red ink, after which milk would sometimes be employed lengthwise of the paper, which a little scorching would bring out. What skill was required to so fold the product that the back page would be free for the address, all neatly sealed by a wafer or a few drops of sealing wax. Envelopes were never thought of until 1839, and it was a long while after that before they

came into general use. Sometimes the "chalk and water," as Floyd Higgins used to call the product he and his competitors sold for milk, was a sad deception, and after gaining all the information obtainable from the black and red ink, no scorching would leave traces of the lactic fluid message. The heavy postage of early days worked a great hardship upon travelers, especially the merchants going east, who, to oblige their customers, were expected to carry all the letters that might be brought and spend their valuable time at the end of the journey in delivering them. So serious a task did this become that they learned to keep reticent about leaving home, and would start without notice. 1847 was the Year of Jubilee to the afflicted merchants, being the natal year of the postage stamp.

The weekly mail, which we had been accustomed to receive by horseback from Michigan City, before Hogan retired, arrived every other day in a four horse stage, and left as often with the Eastern mail in the same aristocratic manner. The Southwestern, via. Ottawa, the Southern by Danville, and the Western by Dixon's Ferry, were semi-weekly, generally leaving at 4 A. M. That was pretty early in the morning to get started with the mail and sleepy passengers, but it was then or never. Father Dixon, a druggist and a fine elderly man in the fifties when I was acquainted with him, put the stage across the Rock river on his ferry, night or day. The Northern by Green Bay was due at 8 P. M. on Mondays; our little Canadian Frenchman, whom we met at the Green Tree

breakfast table, had now more help in carrying that Green Bay pouch.

Here is a notice I found in an old newspaper:

"Hereafter the Post Office will be open for the delivery of letters on Sundays (when no mail arrives) from 7 to 9 A. M., from 12 to 1 P. M. and from 5 to 6:30 P. M.

N. B. Postage for letters must be paid when taken, hereafter no credit will be given. Any person calling for letters for their friends will please bring written orders for them, to prevent mistake.

J. S. C. HOGAN, Postmaster.
Chicago, Sept. 19, 1835.

No helping yourself from old boot tops in this.

March 3, 1837, Hogan was succeeded by an appointee of Van Buren, Sidney Abell, who held the post at the time of the Tippecanoe election. Poor Tip did not survive his civic victory long enough to appoint a successor to Abell, but July 10, 1841, Wm. Stuart, the editor of the *American*, received the plum from the accidental Tyler. The business had outgrown the cramped quarters in the Saloon building, where it had been placed by Abell, and there being a new two story brick on the west side of Clark street, near the City Hotel, Stuart occupied it and found the adjoining alley a great convenience for receiving and forwarding the mail. It was only a 20 foot front establishment, and we lined up as before, waiting for the one clerk at the one window to deal out the mail to a string half a block long of hustling business men, anxious speculators and expectant young fellows anticipating letters from their best girls.

Then came the Democratic reign of James K. Polk, who supplanted Wm. Stuart by Hart L. Stuart, April 25, 1845. Hart L. was never a very prominent or active man. As a Postmaster he did not exert himself to give us better quarters. Two days less than four years after his assuming his duties, Richard L. Wilson, the George D. Prentice of the *Chicago Journal*, was appointed by Rough and Ready to the now lucrative office, giving place to George W. Dole, September 25, 1850, by the grace of Millard Fillmore. Ike Cook, the protege, of Franklin Pierce, showed us, March 22, 1853, how a Post Office should be run, and he ran it, too, directly across the street. That did not quite suit him. Ike always had a predilection for Dearborn street. There his first saloon was. There on the southeast corner of Randolph he built his gorgeous Young America in after years, and he was determined to enhance the glory of Uncle Samuel's Post Office by getting it on Dearborn street, which he twice did, the first time in 1855, at 84 and 86, giving us more room and two windows, greatly expediting business. This was by all odds the best office we had ever had. Still Ike was not happy. The treatment his friend, Senator Douglas, received from his exasperated constituents for repealing the Missouri Compromise line in his Nebraska and Kansas bill made our little Postmaster quite frantic. The opponents of Douglas had a meeting at South Market Hall, Wednesday evening, February 15, 1854, and passed denunciatory resolutions.

On the Saturday evening following, Cook was chairman of a meeting at the same place, called by the partisans of the Little Giant. But Cook realized that his friends were in a sad minority, and in his desperation he shouted: "When the Judge gets home you fellows will stick your tails between your legs and sneak out of sight. By G–d, Squatter Sovereignty is all right and bound to win, for Truth squashed to earth will rise agin and you can't stop her, by G-d. I'll make all you fellows trot out on the prairie for your letters by G–d!" He did so, too. For the northwest corner of Dearborn and Monroe was practically out on the prairie at that time; and it was his influence that induced the administration to build on the present site of the First National Bank building. Wm. Price was appointed Postmaster, March 18, 1857, by Buchanan. Price remained about a year when Cook again received his commission, and in 1860 had the felicity of seeing us "fellows trot out on the prairie for our mail." As a servant of the people he only enjoyed that pleasure about a year, for the die was cast, Lincoln was President, and John L. Scripps, the pale, haggard looking editor, on March 28, 1860, added the onerous duties of Postmaster of Chicago to the exacting labors of editing one of the the largest and most influential daily papers of the northwest. He succeeded in discharging all of his duties for four years, but evidently at a great sacrifice of health.

Our former jeweler and exemplary citizen, Samuel Hoard, succeeded our hard working editor on

March 9, 1865. Then Andrew Johnson tried his hand in making appointments, July 16, 1866, awarding the honor and emoluments to Col. T. O. Osborn; November 16th, following, to R. A. Gilmore, and on August 27, 1867, to our old friend, General Frank T. Sherman. General Grant, on April 5, 1869, appointed Coln. F. A. Eastman, who saw the Post Office treated by the fire fiend of October 9, 1871, just as if Uncle Samuel had no special privileges which he was bound to respect. But the Col. deserved great praise in making so successful a retreat under such heavy firing, saving every letter and paper entrusted to his care, an achievement of which but few business men could boast. Within a day or two he was selling postage stamps at the old price in Burlington Hall on the northwest corner of State and 16th streets, whence he removed the following November to the Methodist church, which then boasted of the largest mail congregation of any church in the city.

Still, the northwest corner of Harrison street and Wabash avenue was not an attractive neighborhood, and was made less so on July 14, 1874, by the second great conflagration. General John McArthur, who had been under fire with Grant and from whom he had received his civic commission, December 20, 1873, saw church and state mingle their ashes in that sad catastrophe, and moved his headquarters to the northwest corner of Halsted and Washington streets for five weeks and a half, after which, on August 23rd, he settled in the Honore block, on the northwest corner of Dearborn and Adams. Frank Palmer, editor of the

Inter-Ocean, who had been appointed February 26, 1877, by the invincible General, saw, on January 4, 1879, a third fire assault; and on the day of its occurrence he moved what was saved to the northeast corner of State and Washington streets, occupying the basement of the Singer building. Mr. Palmer, who was re-appointed by Hayes, January 7, 1881 and by Arthur, December 20, 1884, held the office longer than any one else in Chicago, remaining from February 26, 1877, until S. Corning Judd was appointed by Cleveland, May 5, 1885,—which was two months longer than that conservative, level headed statesman filled the Presidential chair. Nor has our Post Office ever had at its head a more efficient, genial and worthy gentleman than our public printer, Frank W. Palmer, who informs me that $206,000,000 passed through his hands while Postmaster, and he only charged two cents each for letters at that, instead of two bits as under the accommodating Loco Foco, J. S. C. Hogan.

Mr. Palmer moved the paraphernalia of his office to the basement of the new Government building, erected on the block bounded by Adams, Jackson, Quincy and Clark streets, on May 1, 1879, where it remained until that relic of mediaeval dungeon architecture threatened to crush its occupants. Then another influential and energetic editor, Washington Hesing, of the *Staats Zeitung*, after a hard battle succeeded, on April 18, 1896, in housing the business temporarily at the foot of Washington street on the lake shore. There it is now and there presumably it will remain until the new structure on the old site

is completed. But it would require a prophet to foretell when that event is likely to occur. Hessing received his appointment from our weighty President, November 25, 1893, who also bestowed the same gift upon W. C. Newberry, November 19, 1888; J. A. Sexton obtaining the Federal plum from Harrison, April 16, 1889, and C. U. Gordon from McKinley March 19, 1897.

CHAPTER XXX

OUR MAYORS OF LONG AGO

The government of our town when we first saw Chicago was intrusted to the board of Town Trustees; not a formidable body, I surmise, inasmuch as two years earlier, when the town was organized by a vote of the people, 12 voted in favor of it while only one voted against it. It was two years after we had taken up our residence before the Indian trading post blossomed out into a City. William B. Ogden was elected in 1837, having come here about the time we did as the representative of the Arthur B. Bronson property, on the north side, much of which he sold. He bebecame interested in real estate in this vicinity and, in 1839, erected the finest residence in the city. A man of excellent judgment, he invested wisely and became quite wealthy. Being public spirited, with ample means and great influence, he interested himself and others in the construction and maintenance of railroads, and before removing to New York City, was foremost in every movement to advance the prosperity of this section.

Buckner S. Morris, his successor in 1838, was a leading lawyer and honored judge. He was followed by Benjamin W. Raymond in 1839, who served another term in 1842. Mr. Raymond was originally

engaged with Mr. T. B. Carter in the dry goods business, and later became largely interested in the Elgin Watch Factory. It was mainly through his efforts that State street is as wide as it is, north of Madison, and that the lake shore east of Michigan avenue, also Dearborn Park—now occupied by the public library—were secured from the General Government at the time of the Fort Dearborn Reservation sale.

Our fourth mayor was a carpenter and builder by the name of Alexander Lloyd. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, yet one whom the Washingtonians could not consistently have selected as their candidate for the high office which he acceptably filled. He was succeeded, in 1841, by another prominent contractor, a mason this time, the Hon. Francis C. Sherman, who was again elected in 1862 and 1863. During his mayorality the city charter was changed, in 1863, extending the term of mayor to two years, by which our worthy friend served three years continuously, the last year without popular election.

In 1843, and again in 1845, Augustus Garrett, our whilom auctioneer, was chosen to the elevated position. Retiring from his early calling, he amassed a fortune sufficient to meet the requirements of his family and to enable his wife to erect a monument in the Biblical Institute, which will perpetuate her own and her husband's name, when shall have been forgotten his narrow suggestion, as mayor, that the Dearborn school, our first venture in brick school edifices, should be converted into a lunatic asylum or

a warehouse, and that a smaller building more in keeping with our necessities should take its place.

In 1844, between the two reigns of Garrett, we had another mason and stone dealer, Alanson S. Sherman, a pioneer settler and a very worthy gentleman, who is still living in Waukegan. In 1846 John P. Chapin—of whom I have previously spoken—was called to the mayorality, succeeded by attorney James Curtis.

Our 10th mayor was James H. Woodworth, who served two consecutive terms, 1848 and 1849. Mr. Woodworth had been in the wholesale dry goods trade, but about this time was in the milling business at the Hydraulic Mill. At one time he had the honor of being our representative in Congress. The Democrats were in the saddle in 1850, Curtis being again chosen.

Walter S. Gurnee became his successor in 1851 and 1852, being first elected upon the important issue of the public ownership of the city water supply. An excellent business man and a good organizer, he brought these desirable qualities to the discharge of his public duties and made a popular mayor. As head of the wholesale saddlery and leather firm of Gurnee and Matteson, he did a prosperous business, while as promoter and principal owner of the largest tannery, he amassed a fortune, ultimately taking in as a partner his former book-keeper and subsequent millionaire, P. L. Yoe. Like many of our wealthy citizens, Mr. Gurnee took up his residence elsewhere, finally settling in New York City.

Charles M. Gray, who had a factory in early days on the south side of Randolph between Clark and Dearborn, where he manufactured cradles for the reapers, kindly consented to be our 12th mayor in the year 1853, later being one of our prominent railroad men.

The succeeding year Gray's neighbor of bye-gone days, a fine looking blacksmith, by the name of Isaac Milliken, thought he would like to know how a genuine, hard working and hard muscled descendant of Vulcan could hold down the job. So successful was he that he did no more work for horses, but as a police magistrate, after the mayoralty, he found many brutes more disagreeable to handle; yet he was able to do it.

In 1855 Dr. Levi D. Boone, a grand nephew of the celebrated Kentucky Daniel, was our chief magistrate. The Doctor was an uncompromising temperance man, whose radical action brought on the Lager Beer riot, of which I was a foolish observer. Captain Hunt of the Hyde Park police lost an arm in the fray. For a time things looked quite threatening; but R. K. Swift had a loaded cannon at each corner of the public square, to protect, if absolutely necessary, the jail, in the basement of the large court house, which contained many Germans, who had been arrested for engaging in the riot, and was threatened by the mob. Fortunately better counsels prevailed and a great calamity was averted.

The Doctor had been with us many years, and was one of our leading physicians. As a matter of in-

formation to the Cook County Medical Society, who may be interested in its origin, I insert an article which appeared in the *Chicago American*, October 1, 1836:

"IMPROVEMENT OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Mr. Editor,—

The Physicians of Chicago have recently constituted a Society for the improvement of the Profession, to be known as the Cook County Medical Society, and have directed me (by resolution) to give notice through your paper that the first stated meeting of the Society will be holden at the office of the Chicago Insurance Company on Monday evening next, at which time an essay will be read by a member of the Society.

L. D. BOONE, Secretary."

It was in 1856 that another member of the firm of Wadsworth, Dyer & Chapin furnished us with the material for a good mayor. I always associate the name of Thomas Dyer with a laughable experience we had in our store. There was a great deal of excitement about the time of his election, and one night the Democrats had a grand torch light procession, which passed our drug store. Like the foolish virgins of sacred history, many had no oil with them and rushed into our place to have their torches filled with burning fluid. One of our clerks, William A. Schafer, who was an ardent Republican, took the empty lamps into the back room, filled them with water and charging the Dyer partisans not to light up in the store, he took his dime and was ready for the next. As long as the procession was passing Schafer was happy, while the *Democrat*, not knowing so much about torches as the Wide Awakes did, ran a block

to get his proper place in the line, and was surprised to see how soon his torch went out after lighting.

Young Schafer believing "everything to be fair in politics," said nothing to us about it, easing his own conscience on the following week when the Wide Awakes had their turnout by properly filling their lamps for nothing, saying that the Democrats had paid in advance for their parade.

The 16th mayor was a man known by all, Hon. John Wentworth, the editor of the *Democrat*. He commenced his rule in 1857. It is related that there was once left with him the manuscript of a short history of Chicago to be reviewed and that he obliterated everything but matters in which he appeared. Upon the young man calling, Wentworth handed him his manuscript, saying, "Here is your expurgated and correct history of Chicago."

One term was not long enough for a man measuring 6 feet and 7 inches, so after one year's service he began a second term in 1860, our people running from one extreme to another, from Long John to Short John—who served two terms—then back again to Long John.

John C. Haines arrived in Chicago the day after we did, and on the 16th anniversary of his birth. During a residence here of over sixty-one years, he filled acceptably nearly every position in the gift of his fellow citizens; not that he was a place seeker, but he was an unusually public spirited man. He, as well as his wife, took a deep interest in all philanthropic movements which called for his purse as

well as his time. Ten years previous to the great fire, Julian S. Rumsey, the forwarding merchant and grain dealer became our 18th mayor.

The last reign of F. C. Sherman was succeeded, in 1865, by John B. Rice, who was elected for two years and re-elected in 1867. By the action of the state legislature in March, 1869, the time of holding our elections was changed from April to November, thus extending his term seven months. Mr. Rice was an actor and the proprietor of the first permanent and prominent theatre, being succeeded by our veteran, J. H. McVicker, one of his leading stock actors. That he held the office longer than any of his predecessors was a just tribute to one of the best mayors the city ever had. He was a portly gentleman of commanding presence, a fine scholar, a good speaker, whose upright course won the confidence and esteem of all. A man of good judgment, rare business qualifications and a superior judge of human nature, he gathered around him an honorable and able corps of assistants.

Roswell B. Mason left the high position he occupied with the Illinois Central Railroad in 1869 to become our 20th mayor. It was well for us that we had just such a man at the head of affairs during the great fire, one able to meet wisely the oppressive duties and responsibilities devolving upon him. The smoke of our burning homes was verily a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to direct, not only the army of useful mechanics and laborers, but likewise the motley mass of adventurers, thieves

and desperadoes of every kind who assembled here for plunder. So threatening did these gentry become, that Mason at once directed General Sheridan to place the city under martial law during the terrible excitement, thereby giving a sense of security to the citizens and averting riots, pillage and murder, which, without this wise precaution would have inevitably occurred.

As a notice of Mr. Mason's successors can scarcely come under the head of my reminiscences, I will call a halt, merely adding that if not personally acquainted, I have known every one of our mayors by sight.

CHAPTER XXXI

BEFORE THE WAR

Senator Douglas and his adherents were unquestionably convinced in their own minds that the elevation of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency would result in the secession of the slave states, if not in civil war; and consequently they used every honorable means to prevent his election. Nevertheless they rallied with heart and soul to the defence of the flag and the integrity of the federal union when the fated hour came and the banner of stars on Fort Sumter was assailed. Then they grandly proved that they held patriotism above party; and our chief executive had no firmer friends than the very men who conscientiously opposed his election.

Our state had always held an anomalous position on the slavery question. Most of the other states were either decidedly pro-slavery or anti-slavery. But the southern part of ours was first settled and principally inhabited by people from the south, who had a pronounced antipathy to the Yankees—a universal appellation of contempt which they bestowed upon New Englanders and citizens of the eastern states, by whom the northern portion of the Sucker state was chiefly inhabited.

The first code of our Statute Laws was principally made up from the Statutes of Virginia and Kentucky. A revised copy was published in 1827, by which immigrants were allowed to bring their slaves with them, who, "if they voluntarily consented to serve their masters for a term of ten years, were then held to perform their contract, but if they refused to consent they might be removed by their masters out of the state in sixty days. Children of such slaves were registered and bound to serve their masters until they were 32 years old."

The first legislature of the state passed as stringent laws upon this subject as could be found in any slave state; in fact our "Black Laws," as they were termed, were a disgrace to our people and state. These laws met with the hearty approbation of the majority of the voters in the southern portion of the Commonwealth, while in the central and northern, though there were many whose sense of justice was shocked by their existence, they were looked upon by a goodly number of the conservatives in both of the dominant political parties as embodying certain rights of the slave holder, which it was the duty of all good citizens to see faithfully carried out. As a consequence the Abolitionists, who managed the "Under-ground railroad" and assisted slaves in escaping from their servitude, were looked upon as traitors to their country, a class of fanatics, who were willing to destroy the world's latest experiment in self government, rather

than that a few ignorant blacks should be held in slavery, the majority of whom, in the estimation of these patriots, were contented with their lot. So pronounced was this feeling that, when I was a boy, I heard the leader of that party in Chicago, as frequently referred to as "Nigger Dyer" as Dr. Dyer.

To illustrate public sentiment on the subject, I reproduce a specimen of the advertisements which our papers used to contain; this one having appeared in the *Chicago American* of Oct. 25, 1841:

RUNAWAY.

"From subscriber at Burmingham, Mo. A negro man, named Philip, about 35 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, light black color, or described by some as chestnut color, high forehead and bald. There is a white spot in or near the pupil of his left eye, and a scar on the hinder side of his left arm, ranging from the arm pit to the elbow, and his three last fingers of the left hand fixed half bent turned inward from the effect of the wound.

"I will pay as a reward $150 to any person who may apprehend and deliver him to J. H. Needer at his residence on the bank of the Mississippi river, Cape Gardeau County, or $50 if he is secured and confined in jail, so that I can get him.

JAMES H. NEEDER."

To anyone making a study of the above, comment is unnecessary. The runaway evidently had white blood in his veins, while his scars and deformities witness to the desperate fights he had at some time made for his freedom. I recall a number of wild

scenes, some of which were attended with bloodshed, as large, excited crowds gathered and rushed through the streets to save or capture a runaway. As a rule the masses were in sympathy with the slave, and when called upon to aid the officers of the law in effecting the capture of a runaway, they did so in a manner which left no doubt as to the quarter where their sympathies lay.

Every year the number of determined friends of the slaves increased in our midst, until finally it was seldom that one was recaptured.

I am indebted to my fellow voyager of 1835, in the brig, Illinois—Fernando Jones—for a statement of the following ruse that secured freedom to one of them. "Shortly after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law a southerner came into the town in search of a runaway slave and put up at the Mansion House. While he was there the negro was captured, and as the law would have it, held by the constable, subject to his owner's control. The southerner, in fact, had arranged to take him off on a certain morning. Meanwhile the case had got noised about and there was quite a little breeze of excitement among the citizens of abolitionist tendencies. Prominent among these was Dr. Charles V. Dyer, a Vermonter and a very popular gentleman, who was at that time an officer of the celebrated under-ground railroad and had helped in the rescue of hundreds of unfortunate negroes who sought to escape from slavery. The doctor arranged his plans with a number of congenial citizens,

and on the morning when the slave was to be taken away they entered the Mansion House in imposing force. They were all ostensibly armed as well as deliberate and resolute looking. The southerner had not yet left his apartment. Crowding up the stairway they formed in front of the room and the Doctor knocked.

"What—what is it, gentlemen?" stammered the terrified guest as he opened the door and looked out on the group of stalwart Chicagoans.

"Don't be alarmed, sir. Are you Mr. ——, the owner of the nigger down there?" were the re-assuring words of the bland abolitionist.

"Why, yes, gentlemen—that is—I—I"

"Oh, don't be frightened, Mr. ——; we are merely sent here to protect you, to save your life from the enraged mob. The excitement about that slave has grown fiercely during the night; there were some threats heard among the crowd and we have been sent here, a special posse, to protect your life and uphold the dignity of the law. Don't you be worried a bit, sir! We shall keep guard down stairs and protect your life if the crowd comes in hundreds." After imparting this comfort the Doctor marshaled his friends down the stairway with much ceremony. But the ruse had accomplished its intended effect. The really frightened slave owner went out by the back door, mounted his horse and rode off without the negro. It was claimed by the Mansion House folks that he forgot even to pay his bill. On an early

day thereafter the abolitionists of Chicago presented Dr. Dyer with an elegant gold-tipped cane in commemoration of the event.

I distinctly remember the gold-headed cane of the Dr.'s, of which he was justly proud.

Lincoln and Douglas were the two great men of our state, who played so important a part in the history of those exciting times.

The feeling produced throughout the country by the Nebraska and Kansas Bill of our able senator cannot be fully comprehended by the present generation. The paramount desire to maintain the integrity of the Union, which many sterling patriots of the north believed could be assured only by compromising with the slave power, caused a large conservative class to acquiesce in almost any legislative action that would secure that all important result. But the proposition of our senator to permit slavery to enter territory north of the Mason and Dixon line, once consecrated to freedom, should a majority of the voters so elect, filled the north with vehement protest. In our city a series of public meetings were held both by friends and opponents of the measure, all of which I believe I attended. It was then that I heard E. C. Larned make his unanswerable arguments against the sophistries of Douglas. Larned was one of those lean men Caesar so much feared. He certainly was a profound thinker and convincing speaker. In that old South Market hall I heard S. S. Hayes for the first time, and he made a most excellent speech, probably as good a one as could be made on that side

of the question; cool, clear, dispassionate, logical. I was charmed with the manner and ability of the slight, pale-faced, young-appearing man, who so bravely stood up in the advocacy of an unpopular cause.

I usually heard our able senator when he spoke in Chicago if it was possible for me to do so, as I enjoyed his strong argumentative style and sledge hammer oratory, even if I could not always agree with his reasoning. In one respect there was a great contrast between him and Lincoln. Any one reading their joint debates throughout the state cannot but notice that. Douglas was hardly fair in stating the position of his adversary or in quoting his speeches, while Lincoln either quoted verbatim or gave a correct report of his arguments. This was a marked trait of his style, and I believe it had much to do in securing for him the talismanic title of "Honest Old Abe."

At the Freeport rally, Frank and Jule Lumbard, Jirah Cole and my brother-in-law, Charley Seaverns, sang, and, of course, "Old Shady" was called for. Frank being pretty hoarse asked the boys if any of them could sing it. Charley volunteered, and Frank made his apology, introducing Chicago's favorite tenor.

Now it so happened that Frank had a colored boy as valet, body-guard, or clown, I know not which, whom he had brought from the south. This coon was a character, and he had "Old Shady," as it grew in the cabins, and on the plantations; so I used to get Sam in the back room to sing "Old Shady" for me. Learning it of him I taught it to Charley Seav-

erns, who sang it at Freeport with the true Sambo rendering. Frank and the rest of the boys laughed so that they could hardly join in the refrain, being intensely tickled, as was the crowd.

During the war the Lumbard brothers did more for their country than if they had carried muskets or worn shoulder straps, by singing patriotic pieces to the soldiers all along the front.

If my recollection serves me correctly, it was at Baltimore, in one of the critical hours of the conflict when excitement was running high in that southern city, and the friends of the Union and of the Confederacy were ready to back their sentiments with their arms, that a fierce, surging crowd, maddened to desperation, was shouting and quarreling in front of the hotel where Frank was stopping, when suddenly from an upper window there rang out on the midnight air the magnificent voice of Frank Lumbard, as with flag in hand, he sang with a chant the "Star Spangled Banner." The effect was miraculous. Those maddened men from the northland and the southland, who from infancy were taught to venerate that natal song, touched by the inspiration of the grand singer, as his soul found expression in his stirring anthem, soon forgot their animosities, in the magnetic power of that voice, took up the thrilling story, and sang it till at last they drowned it in wild hurrahs.

As I used to enjoy hearing such Democrats as Cass, Hayes and Douglas, I was still more charmed with Lincoln, and in the good old Whig days was always present when he spoke in our city. No one can

account for his influence over an audience, whether of high or low estate, ignorant or cultured, unless it might be attributed to his evident sincerity, which commanded the respect of his hearers, while his incontrovertable logic wrought convictions. I had the pleasure of hearing every word of his great speech from the Tremont House balcony, which was the most powerful I ever heard him deliver, while its reproduction in all of the Republican papers throughout the country aroused the attention of the entire party. At the same time I think his Cooper Institute Address was his masterpiece in the campaign, and the favorable comments it received had a wonderful influence in educating the people as to the ability and statesmanship of the "Illinois Rail Splitter."

A few days after making his Cooper Institute Speech, an eminent lawyer of New York City was in the store and asked me if "that man Lincoln was fully appreciated in the west." I replied that I thought he was. As for myself, he had never spoken in Chicago to my knowledge within the past fifteen years but what I had heard him. He then said, "My partner and I heard him at Cooper Institute, and for a candid statement of the great issues before the country, close reasoning and convincing argument I never heard his equal. Seward has been our idol and we imagined Lincoln to be a coarse, ignorant man, and we expected him to make a rambling, wild and wooly stump speech, but he had not spoken five minutes before he seemed to demand and com-

mand the respect and all absorbing attention of every person in the vast assembly. At his close, coming out, I took my partner's arm and we walked two blocks before a word was said, when I asked him what he thought of that speech? He immediately stood still, turned around, put his hands on my shoulders and said most impressively, "That man is the most remarkable orator that I ever heard, and mark my words, if William H. Seward allows him to make speeches through the country our senator will not be the next President of the United States, but the Illinois Rail Splitter certainly will be." In the light of our experience how like a prophecy does that appear.

One of my most cherished recollections is the fact that I was in the Republican Wigwam at the time that our great Commoner received the nomination, Friday, May 16, 1860. This wigwam was erected on the site of the old Sauganash, destroyed by fire in 1851, southeast corner of Market and Lake streets, expressly for this convention, and could accommodate 5,000 people. The general impression seemed to be that the distinguished New York senator would receive the nomination, but to make an absolutely certain thing of it his friends thought they would make an effective demonstration and accordingly planned for a great parade before entering the hall. But while they were thus engaged, Lincoln's friends were packing the house with men of good lungs. Mine would carry the best part of a mile and I had a position within fifty feet of the platform. When

the Seward men arrived the delegates just managed to get in through a back door and take their position on the platform, but their friends had to content themselves with backing the swaying mass of Lincoln's admirers, who could not enter the wigwam.

Mr. Lincoln was nominated by Leonard Swett, a Chicago lawyer, and was seconded, I believe, by Henry S. Lane, chairman of the Indiana State Republican Committee, as well as nominee for governor of that state. On the first ballot Seward had 173 and one-half votes, Lincoln following with 102. When this was announced men went wild. Turning to a friend I remarked: "If Seward receives the nomination for the Presidency, (which looks doubtful), Lincoln can have the second place if he wants it." On the second ballot, Seward had 183 and one-half, a gain of 10, while Lincoln had 187, a gain of 85. It looked then as if Seward had polled his full vote, so the west began to rally enthusiastically around Lincoln. Just as the third ballot was about to be taken, Norman B. Judd, chairman of the Illinois Republican Committee, entered the hall with a large, crayon likeness of "Honest Old Abe," while Judge David Davis followed, carrying on his shoulder a long, moss-covered, old rail, bearing the legend, "Split by Lincoln." To say that this stampeded the convention would hardly be a correct statement, as the crowd was too densely packed to be stampeded. Only in one direction was there any vacant space, that was upward; in that direction shouts and handkerchiefs, hats and umbrellas went so high that

their owners never saw nor heard of them again. Men were beside themselves. Old, grizzly-bearded fellows acted like boys, and appeared reckless of consequences to themselves or their belongings could they only make a wild demonstration. 234 votes were necessary for a choice. The third ballot gave Seward but 231 and one-half, and 180 for Lincoln, with 50 scattering. Before the result was announced, Carter, the chairman of the Ohio Delegation, got up on his chair and announced the change of four votes from Chase to Lincoln. The pandemonium grew greater as other changes immediately followed. Finally, when Lincoln got 354 votes, the pale, scholarly chairman of the New York Delegation, the champion of Seward, the disappointed Wm. Evarts, arose and moved that the nomination of Lincoln be made unanimous. This was seconded by Governor Andrews of Massachusetts. It was very difficult to announce intelligibly the result of such a motion under such circumstances, for the frantic ayes and deafening cheers of the zealous sons of Illinois drowned everything else. As each ballot was given it was received at the skylight of the building and made known from the roof to the excited partisans in the street.

Seward, in campaigning later for his successful competitor, made a powerful speech a little south of the wigwam, the immense crowd packing Market street, which was selected on account of its great width.

The subsequent noble career of these great men is a matter of glorious history and does not belong to these reminiscences.

CHAPTER XXXII

SOMETHING REGARDING A YOUNG DRUGGIST

During the year 1899 the *Saturday Evening Post*, established by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia in 1728, had a series of articles by many of our most prominent business men, which undertook to set forth the reasons for so many failures among young men, and to point out the elements or traits of character essential to win success. Unfortunate was it for me that I could not have had the benefit of their experiences and suggestions fifty years ago, when I commenced with Henry Bowman, at 133 Lake street, to learn the drug business, or two years later, when I went to work for J. H. Reed & Co., at 144 Lake. My friend, Bowman, was burned out about a year after my engaging with him, and opened a small store in the Sherman House corner, when he kindly released me from my three years' agreement of $75, $125 and $175 a year, respectively. The two intervening years I spent in studying and working in the carriage factory of my brother-in-law, B. C. Welch.

It was in 1852 that I engaged with J. H. Reed & Co., the leading wholesale and retail establishment in the city, the retail room being the finest in the west. My salary was to be $100, $200 and $300 for the three years, Mr. Reed voluntarily increasing it

50 per cent. each year. I found that my experience with Mr. Bowman had been of great advantage to me, as that gentleman was a thorough druggist and took pains to instruct me and advance me in every possible manner. While there, I read every prescription that was put up in the store, and at my age naturally progressed rapidly, so much so, in fact, that I put up, under supervision, many prescriptions after a few months, and by the time I went to the new firm, which commenced business May 28, 1845, as Stebbins & Reed, at 159 Lake street, I was considered competent to be left in charge of the store on Sundays and at night after regular business hours.

One Sunday, soon after my engagement, Mr. Reed brought in one of Dr. H. A. Johnson's prescriptions which he handed me to put up for Mrs. Reed, and took a seat in the office while I was preparing it. Seeing that it contained strychnine, I asked Mr. Reed if he knew that the doctor had prescribed strychnine. He replied that he did, and was glad that I did, and for that reason he preferred to have me put it up than do it himself, adding that if he did not consider me thoroughly competent to put up medicine for his wife, he would not have me behind the prescription counter.

I loved work, and having plenty of it, was perfectly happy in my position and took as much interest in every department of the business as if the store belonged to me. Mr. Reed never knew that Horace A. Hurlbut and I worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in winter and from fifteen to seventeen

in summer, but he found we were always ready for the next job even if we had worked until midnight, as we frequently did, to be prepared for it. Aside from my regular work it was my custom to read half an hour a day in the dispensatory, and during the first year I got through 365 German lessons. We were living at 109 Wabash avenue (father having built there and at 111), and about ten or eleven o'clock at night I used to go home, awaken my brother Will, recite my lesson to him, prepare one for the next night and then return to the store where I slept.

During the cholera season I was obliged to omit German for a month, but caught up at two o'clock one morning a few weeks afterwards.

This terrible visitation came upon us with great suddenness and virulence, carrying off many people and frightening the rest. Mr. Reed hastened east with his family the day after it made its appearance. The fact that Mr. Ely, one of his most intimate friends, was one of the first victims, perfectly unnerved my worthy employer. Mr. Hurlbut was suffering from a felon at the time, which left only S. S. Bliss and myself to put up prescriptions. The wholesale boys, under Mr. Hurlbut, were necessarily crowded with work, yet we secured one of them to assist us, his duty being to receive the prescriptions as they came in, number them, give a corresponding numbered check, and turn them over to us to fill. This was done in regular order, and then given to the clerk for directions and delivery. In this way

we were enabled to put up several hundred in a day. We soon learned that each doctor generally prescribed the same formula, and by preparing a large quantity at a time we greatly expedited our work. The epidemic lasted for three weeks, during which time Mr. Bliss, the chief assistant, who was very much afraid of it, would not relieve me but on three Sunday nights, when I was permitted to sleep at home. Usually about midnight, as soon as all the customers were served, I threw a mattress and pillow on the marble floor and without undressing, would snatch what sleep I could. I was called up at all hours, but I slept like a top between times. Fortunately I had not the least fear of taking the cholera, notwithstanding the terrible strain and constant exposure I was subjected to.

In the morning Mr. Bliss would find me extremely busy, but I was obliged to leave the anxious customers and hasten home for a hearty breakfast, which I hurriedly despatched, for I knew that there was more than one poor sufferer whose life depended upon prompt treatment, which required my presence and labor. At dinner time it was the same, these two meals being the only ones that I had in the twenty-four hours, twenty at least of which I spent behind the prescription counter. In the evening I had some strong tea, which I took with crackers while at work. The epidemic departed as suddenly as it came, and when the strain was relieved I collapsed completely. So I got onto the cars and ran out to Belvidere for three days, where my best

girl lived, giving the conductor explicit instructions to be sure and awaken me when my destination was reached. They say that I slept eighteen hours of the twenty-four. Nothing could keep me awake and the folks were considerate enough not to try.

Upon my return I almost had to introduce myself to my fellow clerks so great a change had the three days' rest effected in my appearance.

I was a member of the Lyceum for more than three years out of the four that I was in Mr. Reed's employ, and it was my usual custom to be absent from the store an hour for each meal, breakfast and dinner, and half as long for tea. My employer realized that I did not take this set time for the mere reason that I was entitled to it, as he knew that while I was at home I was preparing for my Lyceum duties.

Before he went into George Bormann's drug store my brother Will was an excellent German scholar, and Mr. Bormann, a German, was also familiar with French, in consequence of which, at my brother's request, their conversation in the absence of American customers was always carried on in one of those languages. As it was our intention to buy that gentleman out, and as his trade was largely German, it became essential that I should acquire a knowledge of that language, which I did.

Had I not possessed a strong strain of persistence in my make up, I doubt if I should have carried out my original intention, as Mr. Reed called me into the office one evening of my second year and said, "Edwin, this season I am going to take Horace (Hurlbut)

into partnership with me, and I would like to have you enter the firm next year. I am very much attached to you and realize you are to me. You take the same interest in the store and everything connected with it as if it were your own. And keeping run of the stock as you do, watching to see that it is fully kept up, relieves me of a great deal of care and many annoyances. I want you to know that I appreciate it, and am anxious to retain you, and that I realize I cannot hope to do so without taking you as a partner, which I would like very much to do. As you hung a piece of soiled wrapping paper on the hook the other morning, you remember, I asked you what you did with all the second hand paper you saved? You replied that you never used it excepting to wrap up lamp-black, bath-bricks, a bottle of turpentine or something of that kind, where it answered as well as new paper would. This proved to me, as many other things have, your personal interest in my welfare. Talk it over with your people and see what they think of it. I hope you will conclude to accept my proposition."

I replied that I thought I took after my mother in not allowing anything to go to waste, she having brought me up to be saving without being penurious. She never wasted anything, though she would give away a hundred with pleasure when it was to benefit some needy person. As to a partnership, I realized the high compliment he paid me in making me the offer over Mr. Bliss, who had been with him more years than I had; that my relations with Mr. Hurlbut

and himself had always been the most cordial and agreeable possible, and I could not but be pleased to remain in the finest store, the best house, with the most prosperous business in the country; that considering all these things it might seem foolish to decline and begin in a small retail store, with its peculiar care and anxiety, with the additional risk of ultimate failure. Nevertheless I felt like being the architect of my own fortune. I believed it would develop me more to begin at the bottom, to be the senior partner in a small firm than a junior in a large one. Therefore, to say nothing of the disappointment such an arrangement would be to my brother, I felt I must abide by my original intention; although I wished him to understand that I fully appreciated the great favor he offered me, and, above all, the gratifying evidence which the offer bore of the satisfaction my services were giving, which was a higher compliment than he could in any other manner bestow.

About the time of which I am writing there was a great accumulation of freight at Toledo, from some cause which I do not now remember; and we surmised that some twenty-five barrels of turpentine and camphene belonging to the firm might be among it. There was no stock of either article in the city, and I urged Mr. Reed to allow me to go to Toledo and see if I could not get it. He laughed and replied, "Edwin, the railroad people inform me that there are several acres of freight congested there in perfect chaos. You nor anyone else could find any-

thing." I quietly said, "I would like to try, if you can get me transportation." He thought a moment, and said with a smile, "I think you could bring the goods if anyone could, but no one has succeeded in doing much in that line yet, although a number have tried." However, he got me the transportation, provided me with money and I started to "Take the message to Garcia."

It looked rather discouraging when I arrived at my destination and saw what was before me, but that only made me the more determined. I immediately hired three or four strong men and went at it. Success crowned my efforts. I had an urgent letter from the Chicago agent to the Toledo people to afford me every opportunity to find the goods, and if I should do so to furnish a car and bring them in the first train. Knowing before I left home what my work would be, I wore clothes suited to it. When we found a barrel, we had often to move a dozen packages before we could over-end it to see if it was ours, and then we had to clear a path to roll it to the car. But by dark we had the last barrel in the car, the men paid and the car switched for the train. And I felt as proud as Caesar did when he wrote "Veni, vidi, vici."

The goods reached Chicago nearly as soon as I did, were promptly advertised, and were sold out at a good profit before any more arrived in the city.

Mr. Reed was one of the best business men of Chicago, though he cared but little for the theoretical part of his calling. Soon after I had started with

him I put up a prescription for an ounce of pulverized red Peruvian bark and a pint of best port wine, the symbal O being used to designate the quantity of wine required. After the customer had gone, I innocently inquired of my employer what the letter O stood for. He answered, "A pint." I told him I was aware of that, but I wished to know what word it stood for. His reply was, "It stands for a dollar and a half in that prescription.

It is no disparagement to Josiah Hunt Reed to say that he was not so well informed on the non-essentials of his calling as are the majority of our recent graduates in Pharmacy. In fact when he served his apprenticeship with his uncle, Josiah Hunt, of Auburn, New York, he had no opportunity for acquiring the knowledge which is required of the pharmacist of to-day. The same is true in my case. It was in 1859, three years after I became a proprietor, that a number of us who had not received the many advantages of a technical education, inaugurated the Chicago College of Pharmacy.

Dr. Franklin Scammon was chosen President and was to lecture on Pharmacy, Dr. J. H. Rauch on Botany, Prof. J. V. Z. Blaney on Chemistry. On Materia Medica we had no one. Several of the boys graduated, but I considered it a farce to receive a diploma of Pharmacy when I had never heard a single lecture, and so I declined the too easily acquired honor. Among the most prominent students, I recall Albert E. Ebert, then twenty years of age. Albert came to Chicago in 1839, and always takes pains

to have it known that he was then an infant, so that we may not think him so old as his venerable beard might suggest. Since then he has been President of the American Pharmaceutical Association and Professor in our present prominent College of Pharmacy. As a student of Liebig's he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Munich; an honor that any man might well be proud of. Mr. Ebert ranks among the foremost men of the country in his profession. As historian of the Chicago Veteran Druggists' Association, he has for a number of years devoted much time and money in discharging his trust, and has a great deal to show for his indefatigable and conscientious labors.

Although about the first member in Illinois to join, I never attended but two meetings of the American Pharmaceutical Association, at one of which I was required to read a paper, when I received as punishment a Vice Presidency.

I have not been asked by the Saturday Evening Post, nor anyone else to give my opinion of the course for a young man to pursue in order to achieve success in business. But if a strong, ambitious, honest boy with good habits, fair talents and a love for work, will always be alert to do his whole duty and something more, aiming to fit himself for the highest position in the esablishment which employs him, by doing faithfully, fully, cheerfully and conscientiously the drudgery in all intermediate steps, helping his fellow clerks in their duties, when his own have been per-

formed, I think the chances are he will be spotted for preferment.

My observation has taught me that many boys and young men make the fatal mistake of doing nothing which is not absolutely required of them.

I have in mind two brothers who were book-keepers. One was of an exceedingly suspicious disposition, always on the alert to see that neither his employers nor the clerks imposed upon him. The other was no better book-keeper, but he was an earnest worker, with an obliging disposition, who after he had done his own work took great pleasure in assisting others. This young man rose rapidly in the estimation of all with whom he came in contact, mastered the business in all its details, and is to-day an indispensable partner in a very large firm, where his income each day is more than his brother can command for a month's services.

CHAPTER XXXIII

SOME PERSONAL MATTERS

It was on the 1st of January, 1856, that my brother Will and I carried out our previously formed plan, and bought out the drug store of George Bormann. The Metropolitan and the Briggs House were then among our most popular hotels, and from them we derived considerable patronage, but more from our many friends in all parts of the city. Most all of the property from Randolph street south, and from La Salle street west, consisted of residences and a few small stores with families above. This continued until the Great Fire, when the families were scattered, never to return. Most of these people were Germans, with some Jews, and they were among our most desirable customers, and gave me constant opportunity to utilize my laboriously acquired German.

It was not long after our purchase before the DEUTSCHE APOTHEKE (as our store was called) blossomed out into a beautiful modern establishment, with marble floor, elegant soda fountain, solid mahogany drawers and doors for our attractive upright cases, which were filled with the finest collection of Parian goods in the city. The silver-plated cases were crowded with the choicest quality of toilet articles, while our shop bottles were unequaled in the

west, costing forty cents per pound, the labels of which, burned in the glass ran from 50 cents to $1.75 each. The small trade steadily grew and necessitated the enlargement of the store, which was soon done.

At the outbreak of the Civil war William F. Blocki, who for some time had been our head clerk, served his country in the vicinity of Cairo for three months, and upon his return my brother enlisted for the war which ruined his health, and as he did not wish to again engage in the drug business I bought him out and eventually admitted Mr. Blocki as partner.

It was not long before our increasing trade demanded better accommodations, and in the summer of 1871, father tore down the two east stores and considerably enlarged our premises. These we had just moved into and filled with goods when everything went up in flames, insurance and all.

During the summer we had purposely allowed our stock to become depleted, but in the fall I went east and made large purchases. All of these purchases had been received and were destroyed, excepting a line of imported goods that did not arrive until shortly after the fire. The insurance companies were generally destroyed as well as the property insured. We received comparatively nothing. Many of our recent purchases were paid for but some were not.

Firms who had sent drafts telegraphed the banks not to present them. Eastern merchants invariably extended every favor to their unfortunate customers.

I was living at Oak Park, and while at the breakfast

table that Monday morning, A. T. Hemingway called and informed us of the great catastrophe which had engulfed the city. I turned to my wife and remarked: "I am ready to begin over again with a brave heart, as our beautiful home is left us, and we are so exceptionally blest in that. I will get a store as soon as I reach the city, unless others have anticipated me." The Wells street depot was a pile of ruins, and as the train stopped west of the river I hastened over the Lake street bridge and fortunately found Mr. Blocki in front of Fuller's wholesale drug store, which was on the west side of Market street on the bank of the river between Lake and Randolph, in Lind's block. It was the only business block left on the south side. So fully impressed was I with the necessity of securing a store immediately, that I paid no attention to the fire. Realizing how powerless we were, and how useless were regrets, I seized my partner by the hand and earnestly inquired if we were too late to hire a store on the west side. He mournfully replied, "There are plenty of vacant stores I think, but I have lost everything and cannot engage in business again." While we were talking we had hurriedly reached Randolph street bridge, when I jokingly said: "Cheer up my boy, or I will throw you into the river. Lost everything? Why we have lost nothing but money, which we can soon earn again. We have health, credit, youth, good reputation, our homes are intact, and we are blessed with devoted wives and loving children. We have everything to encourage us, if we wisely look ahead with hope, and

not back of us through cowardly tears. Our customers will flock to us, and in the excitement of new conditions, we shall forget our losses in the pleasure of our new gains." (I do not know but that I talked a bit braver than I felt.) When we reached 57 West Randolph street we found an empty brick store 25 by 60 bearing this blessed legend:

FOR RENT.

On enquiry we learned from the agent that the block belonged to Dr. Ingals, but that a Mr. Wisdom had hired the store and lived over it, and it was doubtful whether he would let it for a drug store, because he had just made out a lease to Weare & Co., Paints and Oils, and withdrawn it. We hied away to Mr. Wisdom, whom we found in his planing mill on Canal street. He told us that we might have the store. We signed the lease already executed, to save time of drawing up another, merely substituting our names and business in place of the original. In five minutes we had a paper sign on the window announcing "Gale and Blocki will occupy this store in a few days with a full line of drugs and toilet articles."

I accompanied Mr. Wisdom to his mill, where I purchased a pile of pine lumber for shelves and counters which was delivered immediately. Where the carpenters came from out of the ashes and flames I do not know, but we soon had five of them at work.

Our clerks, discovering our whereabouts, were soon busy. One was sent to Fuller's to select a line of patent medicines, another to my brother-in-law's drug store at 387 State street to get up a little stock of medicines for prescriptions. While all this was transpiring, Mr. Blocki and I managed to make out a list of goods for him to purchase in the east. By Wednesday noon the goods were received from Fuller's and John Ehrman's; the carpenters had finished and were paid off, and the windows were washed and ornamented with paper signs, such as:

READY FOR BUSINESS.

A FULL LINE OF

TOOTH AND HAIR BRUSHES,

COMBS, ETC.

Our clerks at an expense of $50, had saved these useful articles together with our stock of artificial eyes and our prescription books. As no one had seen a comb or brush since Saturday, they found eager purchasers. When I went home on Wednesday night we had put up three prescriptions and taken $17, which seemed an enormous sum. On Tuesday evening Mr. Blocki went east, our old friend, H. M. Hooker, lending us $100 for his expenses. How did I pay back that $100 the next day, do you ask? I will tell you. It was one of those circumstances that befell many in those wild times, when men carried their

hearts on the outside, and were frequently guilty of almost divine conduct.

That "Grand Old Man," Father Kettlestrings, as we were wont to call him, came to my house and asked me if I could use $5,000. I told him "I should smile," which I guess I did. He said he had that amount which he would be delighted to have me use as long as I wanted it. I asked what security I should give him. "Nothing but your note. That is good enough for me." Why did his voice tremble and the tell-tale tears stand in his eyes when he grasped my hand? Well, if any who read these lines have a heart like his, full of the richest kind of humanity, they well know why. And they will know, too, something of what I felt when he made me that noble offer, which I gratefully accepted. Many will never forget the goodness of the man who never foreclosed a mortgage, nor took advantage of one's necessities, but ever helped the poor to help themselves, assisting many an humble toiler to provide himself with a pleasant home. Their tears as they fell upon his coffin seemed a baptism from their God, and were a tribute to his worth that the proudest of our race might well envy.

I will mention the final outcome of that $5,000.

When I had time to plan beyond the present, I told Mr. Kettlestrings that I would borrow $10,000 on my homestead and pay him up. His reply was, "I do not like to have you mortgage your beautiful home, Edwin." And after thinking a moment he asked if I could get along with $8,000 instead of

$10,000. I replied I could, but thought as long as I was going to hire money I might as well obtain the larger sum. Said he, "I have given my children $3,000, which I will hire and let you have, I will take the mortgage, and should anything happen to you, your wife and 'childers' will never be turned out of doors." His soul stamped his words. Nothing happened to me; but when he was placed in Forest Home Cemetery, I wondered how he could be needed so much in Paradise as here, where he brought the beautiful influence of Heaven to many who so much needed his kind companionship and gentle service.

Mr. Kettlestrings was a Yorkshire man and a devout Methodist. Another man, a neighbor and a Jew, has recently joined company with him in the land where good souls dwell. Yes, William Steiner, who ever emulated our elder friend in kindly deeds, cannot be far removed from him now they have reached that higher plane of soul development.

Mr. Steiner kept the principal store in Oak Park. Coming to the house a few evenings after the fire he said, Mr. Gale, I beg your pardon, but I realize your loss, and I want you to buy everything you can of me for a year. I have almost everything your family require, dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, crockery, clothing, and everything a general country store contains. I will enter in a pass book what you get, and you may put down such prices as you think right. Do that for a year, after which, trade where you please; and when perfectly convenient you can pay me, without interest." Of

course I appreciated the heart that prompted the offer, though it was not necessary for me to avail myself of it.

Jew and gentile were alike to William Steiner. Did an Irish woman lose her cow, the barn of a German burn down, the horse of an American teamster die, William Steiner headed a subscription with a sum that shamed the amount which our stingier selves might otherwise have given. Did a fellow townsman, because of sickness or want of work, suffer from want of cash with which to purchase life's necessities? Never. He could buy as cheaply of Steiner as though he paid cash, and could pay when fortune favored him. It pleases me to tell how I was once able to do him a little service in return.

When Cleveland was President, Steiner and H. C. Hansen were both applicants for the position of Postmaster. Both requested me to sign their petition. I told them that instead of signing petitions, which I seldom did, I would write each a letter, stating that I was a Republican and as such would prefer the present incumbent; but that should a change be made, either William Steiner or H. C. Hansen, who were highly respected citizens, would no doubt be satisfactory to the public. Sometime after giving this indorsement, Judge Tuley and I were talking in the rear of our store when Steiner came in, laboring under great excitement, and wanted to see me a moment. I excused myself to the Judge and heard Steiner's story, which was to the effect that the friends of Hansen had circulated a report that he, Steiner,

was a common drunkard, and as a consequence he had no chance to get the office. I took him back and introduced him to the Judge, whose advice I asked. He wanted to know if I was acquainted with Horace A. Hurlbut, then in charge of the "*Times*," in connection with the Storey estate. I replied that we were warm, personal friends, having been together for four years with J. H. Reed & Co., "Well," said the Judge, "he is the power behind the throne here and can give you anything you want." I went with Steiner to Hurlbut, who said, "Anything you say, Ed., goes with me, I know you would not recommend a drunkard, nor anyone who would not be a suitable person. I will give you a message to our Washington correspondent to deliver immediately to Postmaster General Vilas, and I guess Steiner will get the office." It read:

"Vilas:
The appointment of William Steiner as Postmaster of Oak Park would be a personal favor.
HORACE A. HURLBUT."

The next morning I received from Mr. Hurlbut the following telegram:

"Horace A. Hurlbut:
William Steiner will be appointed P. M. of Oak Park. Vilas."

I took the message to Steiner by first train, and then I called upon Hansen and told him what I had done. I had in the first place spoken well of both applicants and would not favor one against the other.

After which I was bound to fight for the man who was traduced. Had Steiner's friends circulated such lies about Hansen as his friends had against Steiner, he would have been appointed instead of Steiner. Hansen expressed regret that such stories had been started and said that it had been done without consulting him. Nor was I at all sorry to be thus able to serve the man who had tried to serve me.

I think it was on the Thursday following the fire that my wife came into the store and wanted me to go with her to see the ruins of 202. As I had not been there since the fire. I went, and was surprised to find that our Herring safe was intact. Our office had been located nearly over the furnace around which no goods had been stored, and the safe dropped in a corner and was somewhat protected.

While Mrs. Gale was gathering a few relics, I borrowed a sledge hammer, smashed in the door of the safe and was gratified to find everything it contained in good condition, except that the leather binding of the books peeled off, and there was a little discoloration of the papers. I was quite enthusiastic over this find, and my better half remarked: "I don't see how you can appear so happy. You have been fairly jolly ever since your great loss." I told her that I always looked on the bright side, as she knew; and, that with lots of hard work ahead, which I always enjoyed, and plenty of strength to do it, I should be ungrateful if I overlooked the many blessings that still surrounded me.

During the summer my partner and I had con-

tracted for forty acres of beautiful grove property, at $1,000 an acre, between the North Western station at River Forest (then Thatcher), and Madison street, being three tiers of lots 188 feet deep in the half-mile strip. Several friends had agreed to take a half interest with us, to build and settle on it immediately. On the Friday before the fire, we secured the deed in our own name, made the $10,000 payment and arranged with Mr. Fox to go out on the following Monday to make the survey and divide the property.

But our friends were burned out, and could not perform their promises, while our deed and trust deed were consumed with the court house. We offered to return the property for our $30,000 notes, the seller to retain the $10,000 cash we had paid him. He would not do that, and when, the next year, we had an opportunity to sell at a handsome advance, he would not permit us to do so although we offered to turn the cash received and all the securities over to him until he had his equity. I mention this little incident to show that not every man one encountered in those dark days was a Kettlestrings or a Steiner. This $2,400 a year interest with taxes thrown onto a man with a family of fourteen depending upon him was, under all the circumstances, no sinecure, to say the least.

After the fire father offered to give me one-third of his eighty feet if I would build upon it, and he would improve the balance. But I declined the offer, mainly because of Henry Schoelkopf's position on the subject. He was the leading German grocer

in the city, and had long been identified with Randolph street. Immediately after being burned out, he commenced again, as we did on the west side, and started to build on his former site, but declared he would remain for several years where he was and rent his building, which at that time would be a poor place for trade. I tried in every way to show him the folly of such a course. I considered it the duty and policy of all to immediately restore business to its former channels. But I could not convince him, although he afterwards told me that he was sorry he had not taken my advice, as he had vacant stores most of the time, received as storage room from Field & Co. but little and was compelled a few years later to return and occupy his property, after Randolph street had lost its prestige as a good retail point.

And here I am tempted to tarry a little longer over a purely personal matter, that it may be seen how I derived so much courage and strength at home.

Among those who had lost theirs by the great fire was Julian S. Rumsey, who had one of the most attractive places on the north side.

This gentleman surprised me when I returned from the city a few evenings after the calamity, by greeting me with the remark that Charley Jenks, one of his clerks who resided in Oak Park, had suggested that it might be possible for Rumsey to hire our house furnished for a year, and that he had taken the liberty of coming out to see if it could be secured. Just then

my wife entered the room, and with more joy depicted on her countenance than had shown itself since the great catastrophe, said that she wanted to help me all she could and thought she might do so by hiring a cheaper house. She knew of one that could be had furnished for $600 a year, while Mr. Rumsey would pay $1,800 for ours cash in advance. Moreover, she had gladly accepted his offer, subject to my approval. Did I kiss the dear girl? Well, I am not ashamed to say that with trembling lips I did. And the first expression of grief that I had allowed myself to display now dropped from my eyes upon her cheek, as I clasped her hands with a "God bless you, darling wife, I appreciate, I appreciate your love, your fortitude and devotion; but I cannot think of having you leave this sacred spot, our home; no, no, I cannot for a moment entertain an idea involving so much sacrifice."

Then she pleaded with me. She could support the family on the difference in rent, and would not call on me for a dollar in twelve months, and such-like, wifely arguments. But I assured her that as a matter of business policy it would be unwise to display such an evidence of disaster. Moreover, there really was no occasion to go to such an extreme.

Mr. Rumsey was not disappointed at my conclusion but remarked, "If an additional amount of money would be any object, state the sum." I thanked him and said that no money would induce me to leave the dear place.

Again, turning to my wife, I read in her glowing face the brave and tender lines:

"Bitter? I know it. God hath made it so.
But from his hand shall we take good alone,
And evil never? Let the world's wealth go;
Life hath no loss which love cannot atone.
Show me the new hard path which we must tread;
I shall not faint, nor falter by the way,
And be there cloud or sunshine overhead,
I shall not fail thee till thy dying day."

The Fort Dearborn Block House, Demolished in 1856.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CONCLUSION

As at times I have stood in thought on the threshold of advancing manhood and looked back through the doorway of my youth, I have recalled the Chicago as it was in the days of my childhood and marked the changes which time had already wrought. The officer's quarters of the old fort had been laid hold of and dragged to the corner of State and Thirty-third streets. The barracks and other buildings within the palisade had been gradually removed and used for other purposes, as the fear of Indian depredations no longer haunted the people. The tall pickets had been used for the ignoble purposes of boiling cabbages and barring the chilly breath of winter from the stuffy rooms of neighboring cabins and saloons. But it was not until 1856 that the last vestige of the fort disappeared in the demolition of the famous blockhouse. Some of our newspaper historians and imaginative artists seek to increase the importance of this, the second fort, by giving it two of these valuable defences; but they are wrong, it had but one. And I confess that I often wished, when gazing upon that materialized dream—the White City of the World's Columbian Exposition—that this little structure might have been placed

beside the reproduction of the Convent of La Rabida, "where Columbus found shelter in the time of trouble." How eloquently would those two mute relics of the past conjure up the stirring history of the Old World and the recent experiences of the New. That plain blockhouse with its simple story would have been, to the countless multitudes who came from every quarter of the globe to delight in the wonders there revealed, the greatest marvel of them all. Will not our commissioners reproduce it in one of our parks? Beyond the garden and parade ground the primitive houses had given place to the more substantial improvements of stores and warehouses. The groves and forests had long since disappeared, like the Indians who were wont to hunt and pitch their Nomadic lodges in their grateful shade, leaving no trace that they had ever existed. Those noble honey locusts, in the cool shadows of whose graceful boughs and delicate leaves I swung and sported in my boyhood days with my happy mates, had gone forever, like most of that joyous group who spent so many delightful hours there together.

While the generous men who planted and cared for those graceful trees, leaving in them transient yet charming monuments to their forethought and disinterested good will for those who should come after them, though transmitting to us no record of who performed this generous civic act, may have left on the historic page an imprint of heroic deeds in war which a grateful country would not willingly let perish.

I will not dwell on the Civil War, nor speak of what

our patriotic men and women did for its amelioration and the achievement of its successful termination, save to record an incident connected with the presence of Generals Grant and Sherman at one of the Sanitary Fairs. It was on Saturday, June 10, 1865, that the generals arrived. Proceeding after a grand parade and ovation, to Dearborn Park, where the fair was held, they found that the populace had ignored the measures taken for admitting the participants in the parade, and packed the place full. Grant, in performing one of his favorite flank movements to reach the platform with Sherman and President T. B. Bryan, passed through a booth in which was Mrs. General Mulligan, whose little daughter he recognized and stopped to kiss. There was a pathos in the simple act, causing many a tear to flow from those who knew the fatherless child, while those who did not showed their appreciation of the gentle heart that beat beneath the blue by deafening huzzas. Crowding their way to the platform, President Bryan waited until the demonstration had partially subsided, when he introduced the "Silent Soldier," who made as his first speech:

"Gentlemen and ladies, as I never made a speech in my life, I will ask Governor Yates of Illinois to return the thanks which I should fail to express."

Just then some one in the vast assembly shouted, "Grant, if you won't speak, make Sherman." Grant instantly made that historical reply: "I never ask a soldier to do what I cannot do myself."

As it is not my purpose to treat of recent events,

I will close with a brief allusion to the Great Fire, which, starting in the rear of 137 De Koven street, on the west side, about 9 o'clock on Sunday night, October 8, 1871, in a little more than 24 hours destroyed $196,000,000 worth of property.

Everything was favorable for the Fire Fiend. A long, dry and excessively hot spell, accompanied by a strong southwest wind, had prepared the pine kindling scattered through the city in the shape of wooden houses for its successful onslaught. Added to this, there had been, the night before, in the neighborhood of where the second originated, a fire which consumed four blocks. This had somewhat exhausted the firemen, at the same time ruining their hose and damaging the engines; the result being that they could offer but feeble resistance to the flames of that simoon, which drove the burning brands for blocks, dashed them through windows, igniting everything they touched, making waves of fire, hundreds of feet high that nothing could approach, nothing could resist. Marble and stone, bricks and iron went down in that wild ocean of flame, like the prairie grass in autumn when devoured by the same element. Great sheets of fire would dash against our modern fire-proof buildings and pour through them as waters through the openings of a sinking ship. Losing no time, gaining in fury by the inflammable contents they drank, they ran their maddened race, until 1,688 acres of close standing buildings were blotted from existence.

But through the gloom of that terrible disaster did

the star of hope most grandly shine. The world came to our succor, supported and encouraged us by the noblest display of human sympathy, benevolence, and Christ-like action ever exhibited in the annals of the race.

Exactly twenty-two years after the Great Fire I viewed the Cyclorama of it, which suggested the following verses, and, although published at the time in the *Chicago Evening Journal*, I will take the liberty to again present by way of closing my reminiscences.

My brave, dear friend of early days,
  Young city of my constant joy,
Whom I have watched with proud amaze,
  Since you were town, and I was boy,
How marvelous has been thy stride,
  Without a parallel thy growth;
From river bank to prairie wide,
  How marked the changes in us both.

I ever loved you like a friend,
  A cherished comrade of my heart;
I never dreamed that love would end,
  When I was man, and you were mart,
But rather it and pride would grow,
  As years would add but strength to thee,
Though, surely they would filch the glow,
  That youth was pleased to place on me.

I little dreamt that I should see
  This carnival of death, and flame;
That I would have thee snatched from me,
  And in thy ashes write my name.
I little thought as I saw rise
  Palatial homes, and buildings grand,
Saw men of wealth and enterprise
  Come pouring in from every land.

Saw churches line long avenues,
Where I had tramped with dog and gun,
Saw steamers ride, where in canoes
I, Indian races had seen run,
Saw crystal creek, where perch, and bass
Of't struggled on my baited hook,
Become so foul that we, alas,
Would cross it with averted look.

Saw all these changes come, and find
Such marvels, that they almost seem
The tale of some distorted mind,
The senseless image of a dream.
Yet changes stranger were in store
For stream and town, for wood and lea,
Than we had ever seen before—
Since Fort, and Post gave birth to thee.

Thou Carthage of the giant west,
That on this modern Libyan sand
Arose, as by some Dido blest,
By Magic wand in outstretched hand.
No Marius I wished to be,
And on thy smouldering ruins gaze,
But proudly read thy destiny
In less rough paths, in less wild ways.

Then dared no horoscope to show
What I have seen in direful grief.
Thy empty hands upraised in woe.
In woe that passes all belief!
I see the flame from wooden shed
Fast lick with fiery tongue its path,
Its flaming banner overhead,
Portentous of the demon's wrath.

I hear mid crackling flames, the cry
Of terror stricken people, pale;
See burning brands in lurid sky,
Borne far, and high on flaming gale,
As hurled from some volcanic pile,

They, hissing, roaring, drop below,
Intensifying mile on mile
The seething caldron, all aglow.

Wild, frantic horses loosed from stalls,
Rush frenzied in the flames again;
The air is filled with anguished calls,
Of children, women, frightened men,
All struggling under heavy loads,
Of what they, each, may highest prize;
Piled wagons tear along the roads,
Where urging whip, hot flame supplies.

Hemmed in by blinding smoke, and heat,
Surge aimlessly the motley mass,
And gladly follow any street
Through which in safety they can pass.
The young, and old, each other cheer;
Endurance urging to its length,
And tender arms bear those held dear
That never guessed before their strength.

And oft a strong Æneas saved
A Priam from our burning Troy,
No bard to note the perils braved,
Their names to praise, no pens employ.
The flames expire; the embers die,
In ashes, hot, mad demons laugh;
Black clouds of smoke obscure the sky,
A mourning veil and cenotaph.

The night wears on, the morning breaks,
Our hopeless ruin is complete;
Yet ere the dawn man's love awakes,
His untold wealth is at our feet.
Our prayer for daily bread they heard,
Who never knew our tongue before.
By deed 'tis answered, not by word,
And with their hearts, their gifts they pour.

From lands beyond the farthest seas
Come flowing tides of noble men,

Amid our ashes bend their knees,
And raise for us our homes again.
I close my eyes on this changed scene,
On earlier days, in heart commune;
I see the boundless prairie, green,
Aglow with Flora's brightest bloom.

I see the line of shaded grove,
The ash, and oak in varied hue,
I see our town towards them move,
When all the world seemed fresh and new,
I see the great vicissitude,
I see the change from sod to street,
I see from ashes where we stood
My loved Chicago stand complete.

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